

JUNE 1913

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THE
RED BOOK
MAGAZINE



MAY 16 1913 ✓



STORIES by
James Oliver Curwood
Ellis Parker Butler, Ida M. Evans
Frances A. Ludwig, George Pattison
Crittenden Marriott, Walter Jor
and nine other well known writers



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THE RED BOOK

MAGAZINE

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in "Peg O' My Heart"

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in Vaudeville

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with Weber & Field*

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"He stopped
in front of the
place and was
talkin' to her
and takin'
hold of her
arm."



From "For Daisy," a story of department store life, by Frances A. Ludwig, page 284.

June
1913

THE
RED BOOK
MAGAZINE

RAY LONG, Editor

Vol. XIX
Nº 2



Pink Fondant and Gray Serge

by *Ida M. Evans*

Author of "An Uplifter" and "Virginia."

ILLUSTRATED BY

James Montgomery Flagg

GENEVIEVE was head saleslady in the Elite Cloak and Suit Store. Saleslady — not saleswoman. There is a difference.

A saleswoman wears a neat, white shirt-waist, if she lives at home, or her pay envelope is large enough for laundry bills; if not, a neat black silk waist, a trim-belted black skirt, a coiffure you wouldn't be ashamed of at home, no obtrusive jewelry—and her welcome is cordial, but not affectionate.

A saleslady wears a very sheer, very lacy, medallioned lingerie waist, a "swell" black skirt, an aluminum dinner ring whose brilliant setting reaches from the first knuckle of her little finger halfway to her white wrist, a coiffure that is violently redolent of ambergris, and more elaborate than the scenery of "The Garden of Allah;" and she greets you as—"Dearie, I know just what you want—"

The Elite Cloak and Suit Store is one of those places where you are halted, as you scurry past, by a beautiful coat in the

window. It is of royal blue broadcloth, the satiny texture that you dream about, but have never been able to buy; faultless in cut, lined with luscious white satin, tagged only nine dollars and sixty-nine cents. You don't need a coat; you've just had your last year's coat refurbished by the tailor; you can't afford a new coat. The twenty-eight dollars in your pocket-book belongs to the landlord—you merely brought it along because an auto-bandit might drop into the flat while you were away.

But—what a bargain! Anyway, you can run in and try it on.

You are aggrieved when an affectionate saleslady tells you, with tears in her voice, that the coat is either a forty-six waist or a twenty-four bust—whichever is furthest from your size. You murmur that it can be altered; a suave, black-mustached manager standing near tells you sadly that it was sold an hour before. He doesn't understand why it still hangs in the window. "But, Dearie, here is a swell Nile green cheviot," the saleslady hastens to soothe you,—"only twenty-nine dollars!"

You have as much desire for a Nile green cheviot as for a pink-glass dishpan. Green brings out every liver spot in your face, and you loathe cheviot. So you turn to go—only to find exit blocked by a merciless, lingerie-waisted phalanx. Helpless, like a poor mouse among a dozen glib cats, you are tossed from blonde saleslady to brunette, and back again. The suave manager assists. And presently you are stripped of the twenty-eight dollars, and you lug away a purple and plaid garment that, you afterwards realize, you wouldn't wear when you run down to the delicatessen for an extra pint of cream.

In the store, her keen blue eyes glowing with the lust of selling, her full, red lips parted in the friendly smile that is part of a saleslady's wardrobe, Genevieve looked about twenty-nine years old. Her lingerie waists always fitted snugly, and her plump neck and shoulders shone alluringly pink through the lace medallions. The glistening fluffiness of her golden-brown hair testified to intimate acquaintance with brush and shampoo lotions. An appreciative gleam came into the shrewd black eyes of Jerry

Holden, the manager, whenever Genevieve's radiant, spick and span shapeliness crossed his line of vision.

Around six A. M., when Genevieve reluctantly and peevishly got out of bed, yawned, and wiped off what was left of the skin-food that she had kneaded into her face at retiring time, she looked older. Her landlady, a person of slatternly ways but discerning eyes, put her at forty. In the gray dawn, Genevieve's eyes were not keen; they were tired and dull.

She wasn't forty. She was only thirty-four. And in the evening, when a cold-cream massage and a layer of lilac-scented, flesh-tinted aid to the sallow had almost obliterated the fine lines that radiated from her eyes, and the heavy creases on each side of her mouth; when the electric lights of the café were shedding the soft yellow glow that rouge is partial to; and the dreamily-wailed "When other lips and other hearts—" of the orchestra had driven out the sharp light in her blue eyes, calling forth instead a tender, half-wistful scintillation—Genevieve could pass for twenty-five, or even twenty-three. It depended upon the guessing ability of the man. In these days of spermaceti, lanolin, and almond oil, years are not of so much consequence as they were in the preceding century.

Daytimes, when she was interestedly persuading customers that they needed and could afford something that they were grimly aware they didn't need and couldn't afford, Genevieve found life a fairly good proposition. Nothing to laugh light-heartedly over, but still a brisk, cheerful, three-good-meals-a-day affair.

And evenings when she sat at a round table in the Purple Fountain Room of the La Herman House, the lapels of her imitation Persian lamb coat thrown back to display the creamy brocaded satin lining, one white glace-gloved hand carelessly clasping the stem of a glass of amber liquid, while the man on the other side of the table told her in low, tender tones (that grew lower and tenderer after each time the obsequious waiter renewed the amber liquid) the true story of his life, and the points in his wife's personality that rasped his fine sensibilities—then Genevieve was gayly happy, and life was golden.

But in-between-times, she remembered that she was gathering wrinkles faster than cocoanut butter could knead them away; that she was tired of restaurant cooking; that she was traveling swiftly toward forty, that gaunt peak of the years over which every woman peers fear-somely at the grim plain of old age; and that not a soul on earth, except a slatternly landlady, cared a whit whether or not she lost her position the next day.

However, these between-times were brief—the occasional evening when there was no man to take her over to the Purple Fountain Room, and the ghastly five minutes every morning when she lay in bed, battling with sleep, and rebelling nauseously at the same old eight-to-six grind of work. There is some bitter alchemy about that fleeting interval of early morning, when sleep is slowly retreating, and you have not yet got a firm hold of the energy of wakefulness; an alchemy that causes you to see your life as it is, bared of illusion, stripped of glamour. Its outlines, tragic or somber, or merely wearisome, stand naked before you, and you shudder at the sight. Genevieve was quite sure that the two vertical wrinkles between her eyebrows would disappear if she could only plunge straight from sleep into the bustling atmosphere of the Elite Cloak and Suit Store.

Brief as this morning mental douche was, the thought of it sent Genevieve's well-cared-for black eyebrows up scoffingly when Jerry Holden bluntly asked her to marry him. Their acquaintanceship was of long standing; it had begun before he was suave and sleek-groomed, or she was dazzlingly-coiffured and manicured—back in the days when she, rawboned and freckled, not four months from the farm, was learning sales-ladyship in the ten-cent store where Jerry, a gawky, underfed but ambitious young fellow, had charge of the cashiers.

"No, thanks, Jerry," said Genevieve instantly. "Not at my time of life. Oh, I don't mind confessing,"—with an appreciative glance at the glittering chandeliers and the circle of palms screening the orchestra, "that along this time of day, when 'El Miserere' is sliding off the strings, and I'm togged out in my best

clothes and wearing the young care-free feeling that goes with them—I'll admit that for the moment I wouldn't mind being tied to some man whom I could legally compel to listen to my troubles, whether he was bored or not.

"But in the morning—in the *morning*, Jerry, I'm in no frame of mind to listen to a man swear when the razor slips and leaves a gash at that difficult point where the upper lip adjoins the cheek. About then, I'm in a profane humor myself. Sixteen years riding down to work every day in order to make weekly connections with a pay envelope doesn't sweeten a woman's disposition."

"That's it," Jerry went on to explain as he clamped a fork at a Blue Point. "You ought to be tired of that uncertain connection. See here, Genevieve: I've got a few thousand dollars saved, and I know where I can borrow some more at five per cent. There's a location down on Sixth Avenue that's bleating for two bright people to come out and start a ready-made suit store. I aint a fellow to brag, but it isn't bragging when I say that a jobber has got to get up mighty early in the morning to put anything over me. As for you, Genevieve,"—Jerry's voice thrilled with genuine admiration—"I honestly believe that you could sell a pair of antlers to Penrose. Inside a year we'll be oiling our own six cylinders, and you'll be wearing real Persian Lamb instead of imitation."

"Maybe," said Genevieve. "Maybe we'd be riding in a gorgeous limousine, and sporting real fur—and *maybe*—we'd be saving pennies to plug a large and growing cavity called approaching bankruptcy. No, Jerry, a pay envelope may not be so large as you'd like it, but it's fairly reliable."

Mr. Holden did not threaten to hang himself. He disposed of the last Blue Point, and annoyedly asked the waiter if the steak ordered an hour before was still in the stockyards. Then—

"You don't think you're fond enough of me to take a chance?" he asked.

Genevieve's keen blue eyes widened a trifle. An undertone of earnestness vibrated through Jerry's habitual suavity.

But she shook her head. "No,"—candidly, "I'm not."



Jerry could not know that the palm-decked, char place to a Wisconsin hillside . . . and a blue looking—that boy.



chan
blue
deliered restaurant had given
overalld boy—he was good

JAMES MONTGOMERY RACE

"Any other hat in the ring?" queried Jerry.

For the barest flicker of time, Genevieve hesitated. For a second, a mist crept, film-like, over the hard blue eyes. "No," she said dully. "There's no hat—and there's no ring."

Genevieve, in spite of her years of listening to other life stories, had never acquired the habit of spreading her own out for casual inspection. So it was not possible for Jerry to know that during the one second the palm-decked, chandeliered restaurant had given place to a rock-cluttered road, a narrow, twisting road that straggled down the side of a Wisconsin hill. Slippery, clayey, when the spring rains flooded it. Only with the support given by the slim saplings at the side, could you keep a foothold long enough to get the violets that perked purple heads around the stones. A yellow, dusty road in August, banked by tall-stemmed tufts, cool, creamy, sensuous clusters of snakeweed and golden-rod.

Nor could Jerry know that the tinkle of amber-filled glasses was changed to the splash of pebbles in a willow-shaded creek that wriggled around the base of the hill—that instead of imitation Persian Lamb and suede pumps, Genevieve was wearing a faded, shrunken, brown gingham dress, and clumsy calfskin shoes. In those days a shoe meant to Genevieve something to keep the rocks from cutting her bare feet—not a short-vamped contrivance for displaying a silk-embroidered ankle. And the tall, blue-overalled boy who swung around the bend of the creek, just where the rocky road twisted off into the hazel copse, was tolerably familiar with a steer's anatomy, but he had never heard of a planked steak.

He was good-looking, that boy, in a clean, straight-limbed way. Brown-freckled and brown-eyed—a clear, mellow brown that harmonized with the green willow leaves, and the tawny clay, and the purple tufts. Even—from under lowered lids Genevieve shot a glance of distaste across the glittering white and silver of the table—even as Jerry Holden's shrewd black eyes harmonized with the electric lights and the sharp-pointed glass pendants of the chandeliers.

"You're no chicken, you know," Jerry admonished her, with a critical look that penetrated the cold cream and layer of La Renaud. "Say, we wont come here again—they know as much at this place about fixing a decent salad as the deck-hands of a tramp steamer. And some day, m'dear, you'll wake up to find yourself with nothing but a vanishing job between you and the Home for Indigent Old Ladies."

"Maybe," yawned Genevieve, unoffended. "Say, what time is it?"

Jerry exclaimed, as he took out his watch: "Whew! Twelve-twenty. Have another, Genevieve?—No?—Then we better be going. I gotta be down at the store early to-morrow morning. Gotta get out those gray serges that we advertised at twelve-forty-eight this week. Good value for the money, too."

"Gracious goodness!" cried Genevieve, dismayed. "I'd no idea it was that late. I've got to put a crimp in this every-night-in-the-week chasing. It's like pulling a double tooth to pry myself loose from the pillow in the morning."

A week later, Jerry essayed again, choosing a customerless interval one morning when Genevieve, spick and span, and radiant with energy, looked as though she might be more amenable to sentiment and logic.

"Been thinking over that proposition?" he asked. "You know, Genevieve, there's no reason why you and I can't pull together as smooth as glass. We're well acquainted; we're old enough to know that life aint a box of pink-colored fondant; we've no illusions—"

"We're too old," Genevieve crisped. "And we're too well-acquainted—with each other and with ourselves. We've scribbled away all our illusions on sales-checks. A girl of twenty can imagine a fellow is a cross between Lincoln and James K. Hackett, and shake with fear that he'll find out she likes fried onions. And, since he sees her as a sort of callalily and Florence-Nightingale mixture, he double-locks the gate on his little pet grouches, and is willing to remodel himself."

"But after you pass the thirty mark, you sort of feel that you've got a right to your own faults. Anyone that doesn't

like 'em, doesn't have to stay around—"

"You can keep your faults," Jerry declared. "And, if there's anything about my disposition that jars you too hard, just mention it. If the roots aint too deep, it'll come out."

Jerry was so much in earnest that he did not see an approaching customer. His sharp eyes were humble and appealing. Genevieve looked away hurriedly to hide the distasteful expression in her own. Jerry could not know that his sleek, suave, well-groomed appearance was disparaged by the remembrance of a straight-limbed, blue-overalled figure. But he sensed repulsion in her refusal. Its finality was unmistakable.

However, by instinct and training, Jerry was opposed to emotional outbreaks. He did not gaze sadly at Genevieve; he did not emit a weary, heart-broken sigh. He grunted disgustedly, "All right; I aint coercing people," turned on his well-polished heel in time to glimpse that the approaching customer was about to veer exit-ward, and suavely, alertly, smilingly, piloted her around toward Genevieve.

From Genevieve's ruffled spirit distaste and sentimental rememberings fled as does the snow before a January thaw. Smilingly, briskly: "I know just what you want, Dearie; one of those gray serges—"

The customer was a woman about thirty-four years old. But not the massaged, carmine-touched, shining-haired, trim-corseted, lingerie-waisted thirty-four that Genevieve complacently showed the world. It was a tired, shabby, deprecating *middle-aged* thirty-four: a humble, wistful face; eyes the faded blue of sun-withered violets; cheeks sunken and sallow; graying hair brushed listlessly up under a forlorn black hat whose cotton velvet nap had dribbled away in the many years of its wearing until it was no longer velvet, but only some nondescript, smooth, rusty stuff; an old black coat, medieval in cut. "Marie!" hissed Genevieve in the ear of an auburn-haired associate, "*when* were mutton-leg sleeves in style?"

"Dunno," yawned Marie. "Seems t'me, I've heard my mother speak of 'em."

"I only want to look to-day," the faded little woman explained.

"Of course," smiled Genevieve. They all "just wanted to look to-day."

"Something tasty," she continued. Her voice was thin, lifeless, as though vitality had been drained from it. "And—not too expensive. He said I could pay twelve dollars. He said I could get something that'd wear well for that—"

She gently shook her head at the medium gray serge that Genevieve brought forth. "I'm afraid he'd think that was too light. Light goods soil easily—"

Genevieve's shoulders, gleaming pinkly white through the sheer pearline, shrugged contempt at the significant intonation of the pronoun.

"When a woman says 'He' in that capital-letter tone," she murmured to Marie, "she's either neck-deep in love with him, or—she's scared to death of him."

Part of Genevieve's success in her chosen line was due to her inborn knowledge that it is futile to bump your head against a stone wall. If "He" had made twelve dollars the limit, this tired little woman in front of her was not the sort to go above. Genevieve astutely flung back the eighteen-dollar medium gray suit, and pulled a dreary darker gray from the rack—a miserably cut, coarse-textured affair. "S'help me!" quoth Marie, "if anyone shrouded me in one of those, I'd kick a hole in my coffin."

Genevieve yawningly held out the ugly garment. This was stupid work; she liked to pit her energetic wits against a recalcitrant, full-sized brain. The shabby little woman took it obediently, but her faded eyes had wandered to a starry-eyed waxen lady near by who was stunningly gowned in pale purple panne velvet. The lady belonged to the center of the window display, but rush of business had halted her progress. The velvet was chiffon quality, nearly as delicate as satin. Gently, almost reverentially, the shabby woman laid two work-calloused fingers against the soft, shimmering fabric.

"How much is it?" she asked, with awed admiration.

Languidly scornful, Genevieve drawled the price. The shabby woman gasped, "Oh!" and frightenedly withdrew her fingers. Three figures for one dress!

The dreary dark gray was accepted. It fitted her—well enough. So Genevieve, knowing that no money would be forthcoming for alteration, decided carelessly. So the tired, shabby little woman agreed patiently.

"He will come in with me to-morrow morning to get it," she said gently, and was half-way to the door before Genevieve, her keen wits lulled by the seeming ease of the transaction, realized that a customer was slipping away without having made a deposit! The ideal Genevieve's nostrils twitched. The bored look vanished. She sprang after the shabby woman, caught her firmly by the arm.

But there is a force more puissant than a saleslady's will. And that is the fear of a close husband. Genevieve coaxed, stormed, ordered, entreated, threatened, blustered—the shabby little woman listened and shook her head.

The tall, jet-eared blonde, who had the reputation of being able to sell a saloon license to Chapin, took a hand. Auburn-haired Marie, who boasted that she could induce a bar-tender to buy a surplice, helped. Jerry Holden added his suave eloquence. But the shabby little woman continued gently to shake her head. "I can't make a deposit. I have no money." She opened her worn purse and showed its emptiness.

With one concerted movement, the phalanx fell back—disgusted.

Genevieve was furious. Twenty-five minutes wasted! Jerry was nearest, so she vented her rage on him. "That's a specimen of married life for you!"—witheringly. "Why, a self-respecting scrub-woman wouldn't wear those duds. And she said that her husband had four hundred acres in wheat!"

"I don't know what that's got to do with us," Jerry snapped offensively. He too was peeved. When a customer escaped without giving a deposit, the whole store felt the disgrace.

"There's just as many kinds of men in the world as there are women," he added tritely.

Genevieve sailed back to the other end of the store, and wrathfully flung the gray suit to the rack. Jerry's glance followed her gloomily.

At the end of the day she was still out

of sorts, although a heavy afternoon had partially appeased her.

But she frowned when Jerry paused beside her as she was pinning on her hat. "Anything on to-night, Genevieve?" he asked. "Want to go over—"

"The only place I'm going to-night," said Genevieve, not unkindly, "is straight to my downy couch and make up sleep."

She stood in the doorway a moment, undecided whether to eat dinner downtown, or go out to the little café near her rooming-house. Appetite didn't beckon either way. It was one of the moments that life was particularly flat. Suddenly her vagrant glance was focused by a face in the hurrying crowd. She stared, unbelievably at first, then with shining eyes—

"Will!" she called. "Will Hardy!"

The man who turned his head wonderingly at her call was big, broad-shouldered, and well-dressed in baggy, count-trified fashion. His slow, long-strided gait and tanned face marked him as an alien to asphalt. Slowly the wonder in his brown eyes melted into recognition. He looked Genevieve up and down, from her chic hat to her smart pumps; his admiring gaze lingered on the shoulders, gleaming pinkly-white through the thin waist. Around his eyes the tan skin was puffed and crinkly; only a suggestion of the boy's lean grace remained.

"Well, who'd believe it?" he ejaculated in a voice whose heavy timbre matched his big build. "Why—I'd passed you without an idea that *you*,"—Genevieve smiled at the homage of that emphasis—"could be long-legged, freckled Gene Smith."

"You've changed some, yourself," she laughed.

"Yes,"—ruefully. "I've acquired a pound or two of flesh that I could worry along without. Married?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"At this time of day I generally eat," she explained gayly, and her eyes flashed invitation.

He accepted, tucked her arm within his, just as auburn-haired Marie came out. "Gatherin' alfalfa, Genevieve?" murmured Marie.

Genevieve disdained to answer.

Will Hardy had supplemented his former partial knowledge of a steer's anatomy. He was not only familiar with the nature of a planked steak, but he knew the restaurant in New York where it cost the most to eat one, and he conducted Genevieve thither without delay. Presently, under a rose-bulbed chandelier, he bullied a deferential waiter as only the full-pursed dare, while his mellow brown eyes glistened approval of Genevieve—of her shoulders, plump and pink, her full red lips, her radiant eyes, and her trim waist-line. That glistening approval went far to soothe Genevieve for a certain time—

"I get to New York about twice a year," he told her. "But,"—significantly, "I guess I can get here oftener. And plant this in your head, Gene: I may not be so stylish as these city guys, but when it comes to flinging coin around, I'm no rube. We'll have a lot of good times."

"What have you done with that pretty little school-teacher you married?" Genevieve interrupted squarely.

The mellow brown eyes darkened. "I've still got her." There was no joy of possession in his voice. "That was a low-down trick I played you, Gene," he declared, remorsefully. "Throwing you over for her—just because—because—"

"She was prettier," said Genevieve equably. "I remember what saucy blue eyes she had—"

"She aint prettier than you now," said Mr. Hardy disgustedly. "Not by a long shot. The life I've led, Gene—" His voice dropped to a low, confidential murmur.

Now, it was not Genevieve's habit to listen avidly to a "gentleman friend's" recital of his marital infelicity. As a rule, she put an interested expression in her keen blue eyes, a pitying, understanding expression, and gave her ears up to the music, while her vision went appraisingly to a lace waist at the table beyond, or a chiffon blouse across the palm-dotted aisle. And usually her acquaintance with a disgruntled husband terminated at the end of the evening.

"There's enough single men in this world to choose from," Genevieve had more than once confided to auburn-haired

Marie. "I've no ambition to join the correspondents' league of alimony-boosters."

"Same here," agreed Marie. "But, say, did you ever notice how the same chap that's so dissatisfied with his wife's figure, and the way she fixes her hair, and her snippy habit of keeping tab on his doings, will blister his soles getting to her when he's got a touch of lumbago, or a neuralgic jaw that he wants fussed over and hot-water-bottled?"

"You bet, I've noticed," said Genevieve. "He don't bother his 'lady friends' that he's blown his coin on."

But Will Hardy was—different. Genevieve listened. And her thoughts were hard for the woman who had made his face sullen and bitter. As though it were yesterday, she saw the new district school-teacher, a slim, pretty girl with gay violet eyes and soft, saucy mouth. All the boys were wild about her from the first: Will, most of all. So, when Genevieve's father died (her mother had been taken years before to the weed-grown graveyard on the hillside) she abandoned the rock-cluttered farm to the mortgagees, and sought the city that specializes in poulticing heart-aches with toil.

"She's nagged all the good-nature out of him," Genevieve thought, pityingly. "It takes one of those slim, pretty girls to develop into a full-sized shrew."

She watched him push back to the waiter the change that was left from the yellow bill. Big, handsome, generous Will! Married to a woman who didn't appreciate him!

A great wave of sympathy kept Genevieve awake most of the night. Her eyes were still misty, because of it, when she came down to the store the next morning.

"Been thinking over that proposition, Genevieve?" Jerry asked her anxiously. "Honest, Genevieve, you know I aint the kind to sling hot mush, but I can't see a cash register unless you count the cash—"

"Ask Marie," Genevieve coolly advised him. This time she did not trouble to hide her distaste. "I heard her say she'd like to get into business—"

"Marie!" snorted Jerry Holden. "That red-headed—I see myself plugging to buy *her* a Persian Lamb coat! I'd



JAMIE MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"I'll take the dress," said Mr. Hardy. He pulled out his pocket-book . . . second thought brought a rebelling she assured



bluster: "I—I wont." But Genevieve's gaze slashed at his bluster, cut the sinew out of it. "Oh, yes you will," him ominously.

sooner—*Say*, Genevieve, the never-happened has come to pass! Your customer that got away yesterday has come back."

Genevieve looked up—her eyes widened—bulged—Coming down the aisle was the tired, shabby little woman, her faded-violet eyes searching for the saleslady who had waited on her the day before. And by her side—*proprietary* by her side—was Will Hardy!

Genevieve saw his start of surprise.

"Ah!" said Genevieve, drawing a long breath. A blaze came into her blue eyes, a blaze whose intensity had been equaled only once before in her life. That was when a certain fur salesman had asked her to dine with him. She had worn a brand-new velvet dress, and he had escorted her into a get-a-tray-and-wait-on-yourself place.

Whether Genevieve merely wanted revenge for losing a night's good sleep over a non-existent shrew and an oppressed husband who wouldn't know oppression if it bumped into him, or whether her shrewd wits jumped at the chance of making a big sale, or whether she was moved to a great pity by the difference between the gay, violet-eyed girl and the shabby, tired-eyed woman before her—Genevieve never told. She vouchsafed Mr. Hardy an impersonal glance that did not hint at previous acquaintance, sailed away, and returned with—not the gray serges, but the purple panne velvet.

"Oh, not that," Mrs. Hardy hastened to say. "It was dark gray—"

"You didn't make a deposit, y'know," Genevieve explained. "So—we sold it. This is your size—"

"Oh, but—" Mrs. Hardy was perplexed, and scared. But Mr. Hardy took command. After his first start of surprise at sight of Genevieve, there had been a flicker of panic on his broad, tanned face, until her impersonal glance had reassured him. He had been relieved, and glad to follow her cue of ignoring a previous meeting.

Now, he sniffed at the velvet gown.

"She don't want anything like that,"—contemptuously.

"No, indeed," Mrs. Hardy echoed tremulously. "I never thought of buying such a dress. Why, that one costs,"—she

gasped the words—"that one costs one hundred and sixty-five dollars!"

"And cheap at that," Genevieve told her earnestly. "I'm sure your husband likes it." She turned appealingly to him.

"I'd like it on some people," said Mr. Hardy, meaningly. "But—" He looked at his wife, and shrugged his big shoulders.

"You wont know your wife when she has it on," said Genevieve. "One hundred and sixty-five dollars, please." And she called a boy to have it boxed.

Her tone was level and hard. A shade of uneasiness pierced the aplomb of Mr. Hardy's mellow brown eyes. What did she really think? The shade increased under the straight, business-like stare that she gave him. And the boy was departing with the dress to have it boxed.

"When you get a hundred and sixty-five dollars out of me—" he began, annoyed and puzzled.

"Of course not," Mrs. Hardy broke in timidly, with an apprehensive upward glance at her husband. "The saleslady didn't understand. Will couldn't afford that awful price—"

"That isn't much for a dress," chirped Genevieve. "Anyway, when you blow your money on clothes, you've got something to show for it. Now, what I call extravagance is putting nineteen dollars and twenty cents on a planked steak and its accessories—"

"What's that?" exclaimed Mr. Hardy. And now there was more than a flicker of panic in his expression.

"Mercy!" said Mrs. Hardy. "But no one in the world would ever pay that much money—"

"Lots of people do," said Genevieve, sweetly. "I know a man—"

"I'll take the dress," said Mr. Hardy hastily. He pulled out his pocket-book. Over it, his eyes clashed furiously with Genevieve's. And second thought brought a rebelling bluster: "I—I wont!"

But Genevieve's gaze, keen as the edge of a safety razor, slashed at his bluster, cut the sinew out of it.

"Oh, yes, you will," she assured him ominously.

Mr. Hardy, with all the geniality of a cornered, wounded buffalo, counted out the money. His wife was stunned to

silence. He took advantage of her torpor to hiss an aside at the smiling Genevieve: "Smart trick! But you'll lose in the end! Blackmailing—"

Genevieve's eyes narrowed. "I believe," she observed reflectively, "that light purple velvet is rather delicate for common wear."

"You bet it is," Mr. Hardy cried with alacrity, seeing a possibility of escape. "It wouldn't last any time—"

"I s'pose it is," Mrs. Hardy agreed, faintly. Not for a second had she believed that the shimmering radiance was actually coming into her possession. Still—

"So you better get another," Genevieve advised her, "and keep the velvet for special occasions." She stepped quickly to a rack and was back before the astounded Mr. Hardy had found his lost breath. "Here is a lovely dark-blue broadcloth, just your size, imported, only sixty dollars—"

"O-oh!" interrupted Mrs. Hardy with a little gasp.

The hopeful light which had shot into Mr. Hardy's eyes was snuffed out with cruel violence. "I— She can't have it!" he bellowed. "This is outrageous—I won't pay for it—"

"Oh, yes, you will," Genevieve assured him. And then, with a peculiarly soft inflection: "Last night—"

"All right," snapped Mr. Hardy, hastily. "Put 'em in a box and give 'em here." His furious eyes went yearningly to the door! All the mellowness was gone from them.

Genevieve smilingly ushered them out. "Come back again," she cooed. But neither answered. Mrs. Hardy was speechless from amazement, and Mr. Hardy was choked with rage.

Jerry, who had been hovering interestedly in the background, rushed at Genevieve. "Any saleslady," he sobbed, "that can sell stuff like you can, Genevieve, ought to be *ashamed* not to have her own business!"

Genevieve surveyed him intently. She began to realize that after all there was something refreshing in his alert appearance. Not a selfish, sullen line in his eager face.

"Jerry," said Genevieve, "you've got the right idea about life not being a box of pink-colored fondant. But I guess we've got brains enough not to make it gray serge. How much did you say you could get that lease of that place on Sixth Avenue for?"

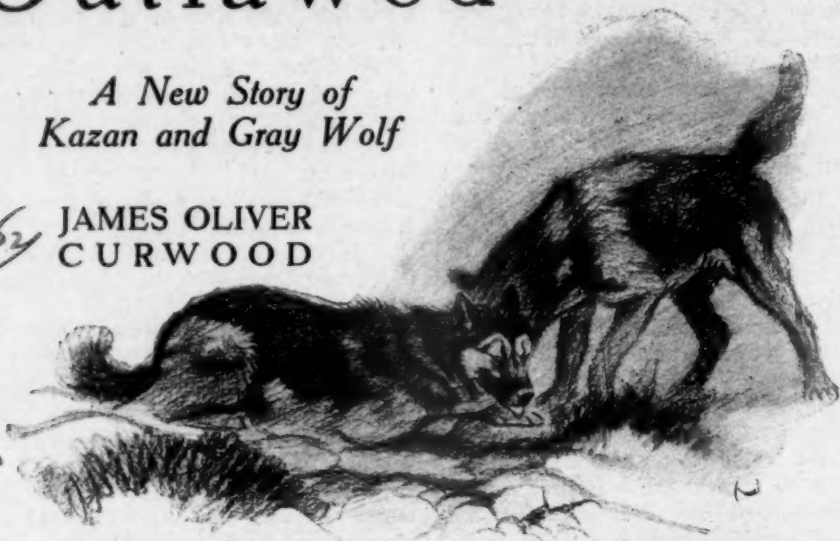
Next Month *Another Ida M. Evans story; another "Kazan" masterpiece; a great new story of New York by James Francis Dwyer, author of the famous "A Bust of Lincoln"; a war story by Edwin Balmer; the latest exploit of Detective Philo Gubb; one of Kennett Harris' rare humor stories, and a host of other short story gems.*

Get In Line

Outlawed

*A New Story of
Kazan and Gray Wolf*

62 JAMES OLIVER
CURWOOD



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

FROM the night of the terrible fight with the big gray lynx on the top of the Sun Rock, Kazan, the quarter-strain wolf-dog, remembered less and less vividly the old days when he had been a sledge dog, and the leader of a pack. He would never quite forget them, and always there would stand out certain memories from among the rest, like fires cutting the blackness of night. But as man dates events from his birth, his marriage, his freedom from a bondage, or some foundation-step in his career, so all things seemed to Kazan to begin with the two tragedies which had followed one fast upon the other after the birth of Gray Wolf's pups.

The first was the fight on the Sun Rock, when the big gray lynx had blinded his beautiful wolf mate for all time, and had torn her pups into pieces. He, in turn, had killed the lynx. But Gray Wolf was still blind. Vengeance had not been able to give her sight. She could no longer hunt with him, as they had hunted with the wild wolf packs out on the plain, and in the dark forests. So at thought of that night he

always snarled, and his lips curled back to reveal his inch-long fangs.

The other tragedy was the going of Joan, her baby, and her husband. Something more infallible than reason told Kazan that they would not come back. Brightest of all the pictures that remained with him was that of the sunny morning when the woman and the baby he loved, and the man he endured because of them, had gone away in the canoe, and often he would go to the point, and gaze longingly down-stream, where he had leaped from the canoe to return to his blind mate.

So Kazan's life seemed now to be made up chiefly of three things: his hatred of everything that bore the scent or mark of the lynx, his grieving for Joan and the baby, and Gray Wolf. It was natural that the strongest passion in him should be his hatred of the lynx, for not only Gray Wolf's blindness and the death of the pups, but even the loss of the woman and the baby he laid to that fatal struggle on the Sun Rock. From that hour he became the deadliest enemy of the lynx tribe. Wherever he struck the scent of the big gray cat he was

turned into a snarling demon, and his hatred grew day by day, as he became more completely a part of the wild.

He found that Gray Wolf was more necessary to him now than she had ever been since the day she had left the wolf-pack for him. He was three-quarters dog, and the dog-part of him demanded companionship. There was only Gray Wolf to give him that now. They were alone. Civilization was four hundred miles south of them. The nearest Hudson's Bay post was sixty miles to the west. Often, in the days of the woman and the baby, Gray Wolf had spent her nights alone out in the forest, waiting and calling for Kazan. Now it was Kazan who was lonely and uneasy when he was away from her side.

In her blindness Gray Wolf could no longer hunt with her mate. But gradually a new code of understanding grew up between them, and through her blindness they learned many things that they had not known before. By early summer Gray Wolf could travel with Kazan, if he did not move too swiftly. She ran at his flank, with her shoulder or muzzle touching him, and Kazan learned not to leap, but to trot. Very quickly he found that he must choose the easiest trails for Gray Wolf's feet. When they came to a space to be bridged by a leap, he would muzzle Gray Wolf, and whine, and she would stand with ears alert—listening. Then Kazan would take the leap, and she understood the distance she had to cover. She always over-leaped, which was a good fault.

In another way, and one that was destined to serve them many times in the future, she became of greater help than ever to Kazan. Scent and hearing entirely took the place of sight. Each day developed these senses more and more, and at the same time there developed between them the dumb language whereby she could impress upon Kazan what she had discovered by scent or sound. It became a curious habit of Kazan's always to look at Gray Wolf when they stopped to listen, or to scent the air.

After the fight on the Sun Rock, Kazan had taken his blind mate to a thick clump of spruce and balsam in the

river-bottom, where they remained until early summer. Every day for weeks Kazan went to the cabin where Joan and the baby—and the man—had been. For a long time he went hopefully, looking each day or night to see some sign of life there. But the door was never open. The boards and saplings at the windows always remained. Never a spiral of smoke rose from the clay chimney. Grass and vines began to grow in the path. And fainter and fainter grew that scent which Kazan could still find about it—the scent of man, of the woman, the baby.

One day he found a little baby moccasin under one of the closed windows. It was old, and worn out, and blackened by snow and rain, but he lay down beside it, and remained there for a long time, while the Baby Joan—a thousand miles away—was playing with the strange toys of civilization. Then he returned to Gray Wolf among the spruce and balsam.

The cabin was the one place to which Gray Wolf would not follow him. At all other times she was at his side. Now that she had become accustomed to blindness, she even accompanied him on his hunts, until he struck game, and began the chase. Then she would wait for him. Kazan usually hunted the big snowshoe rabbits. But one night he ran down and killed a young doe. The kill was too heavy to drag to Gray Wolf, so he returned to where she was waiting for him and guided her to the feast. In many ways they became more and more inseparable as the summer lengthened, until at last, through all the wilderness, their foot-prints were always two-by-two, and never one-by-one.

Then came the great fire.

II

Gray Wolf caught the scent of it when it was still two days to the west. The sun that night went down in a lurid cloud. The moon, drifting into the west, became blood red. When it dropped behind the wilderness in this manner, the Indians called it the Bleeding Moon, and the air was filled with omens.

All the next day Gray Wolf was



Out upon a white finger of sand lumbered a big black bear with two cubs.

nervous, and along towards noon Kazan caught in the air the warning that she had sensed many hours ahead of him. Steadily the scent grew stronger, and by the middle of the afternoon the sun was veiled over a film of smoke.

The flight of the wild things from the triangle of forest between the junctions of the Pipestone and Cree rivers would have begun then, but the wind shifted. It was a fatal shift. The fire was raging from the west and south. Then the wind swept straight eastward, carrying the smoke with it, and during this breathing spell all the wild creatures in the triangle between the two rivers waited. This gave the fire time to sweep completely across the base of the forest triangle, cutting off the last trails of escape.

Then the wind shifted again, and the fire swept north. The head of the triangle became a death-trap. All through the night the southern sky was filled with a lurid glow, and by morning the heat and smoke and ash were suffocating.

Panic-stricken, Kazan searched vainly for a means of escape. Not for an instant did he leave Gray Wolf. It would have been easy for him to swim across either of the two streams, for he was three-quarters dog. But at the first touch of water on her paws, Gray Wolf drew back shrinking. Like all her breed, she would face fire and death before

water. Kazan urged. A dozen times he leaped in, and swam out into the stream. But Gray Wolf would come no further than she could wade.

They could hear the distant, murmuring roar of the fire now. Ahead of it came the wild things. Moose, caribou and deer plunged into the water of the streams and swam to the safety of the opposite side. Out upon a white finger of sand lumbered a big black bear with two cubs, and even the cubs took to the water, and swam across easily. Kazan watched them, and whined to Gray Wolf.

And then out upon that white finger of sand came other things that dreaded the water as Gray Wolf dreaded it: a big fat porcupine, a sleek little marten, a fisher-cat that sniffed the air and

wailed like a child. Those things that could not or would not swim outnumbered the others three to one. Hundreds of little ermine scurried along the shore like rats, their squeaking little voices sounding incessantly; foxes ran swiftly along the banks, seeking a tree or a windfall that might bridge the water for them; the lynx snarled and faced the fire; and Gray Wolf's own tribe—the wolves—dared take no deeper step than she.

Dripping and panting, and half choked by heat and smoke, Kazan came to Gray Wolf's side. There was but one refuge left near them, and that was the sand-bar. It reached out for fifty feet into the stream. Quickly he led his blind mate toward it. As they came through the low bush to the river-bed, something stopped them both. To their nostrils had come the scent of a deadlier enemy than fire. A lynx had taken possession of the sand-bar, and was crouching at the end of it. Three porcupines had dragged themselves into the edge of the water, and lay there like balls, their quills alert and quivering. A fisher-cat was snarling at the lynx. And the lynx, with ears laid back, watched Kazan and Gray Wolf as they began the invasion of the sand-bar.

Faithful Gray Wolf was full of fight, and she sprang shoulder to shoulder with Kazan, her fangs bared. With an angry snap, Kazan drove her back, and she stood quivering and whining while he advanced. Light-footed, his pointed ears forward, no menace or threat in his attitude, he advanced. It was the deadly advance of the husky trained in battle, skilled in the art of killing. A man from civilization would have said that the dog was approaching the lynx with friendly intentions. But the lynx understood. It was the old feud of many generations—made deadlier now by Kazan's memory of that night at the top of the Sun Rock.

Instinct told the fisher-cat what was coming, and it crouched low and flat; the porcupines, scolding like little children at the presence of enemies and the thickening clouds of smoke, thrust their quills still more erect. The lynx lay on its belly, like a cat, its hind-quarters

twitching and gathered for the spring. Kazan's feet seemed scarcely to touch the sand as he circled lightly around it. The lynx pivoted as he circled, and then it shot in a round, snarling ball over the eight feet of space that separated them.

Kazan did not leap aside. He made no effort to escape the attack, but met it fairly with the full force of his shoulders, as sledge-dog meets sledge-dog. He was ten pounds heavier than the lynx, and for a moment the big, loose-jointed cat with its twenty knife-like claws was thrown on its side. Like a flash Kazan took advantage of the moment, and drove for the back of the cat's neck.

In that same moment blind Gray Wolf leaped in with a snarling cry, and fighting under Kazan's belly, she fastened her jaws in one of the cat's hind legs. The bone snapped. The lynx, twice outweighed, leaped backward, dragging both Kazan and Gray Wolf. It fell back down on one of the porcupines, and a hundred quills drove into its body. Another leap and it was free—fleeing into the face of the smoke. Kazan did not pursue. Gray Wolf came to his side and licked his neck, where fresh blood was crimsoning his tawny hide. The fisher-cat lay as if dead, watching them with fierce little black eyes. The porcupines continued to chatter, as if begging for mercy. And then a thick, black, suffocating pall of smoke drove low over the sand-bar, and with it came air that was furnace-hot.

At the uttermost end of the sand-bar Kazan and Gray Wolf rolled themselves into balls and thrust their heads under their bodies. The fire was very near now. The roar of it was like that of a great cataract, with now and then a louder crash of falling trees. The air was filled with ash and burning sparks, and twice Kazan drew forth his head to snap at blazing embers that fell upon and seared him like hot irons.

Close along the edge of the stream grew thick, green bush, and when the fire reached this, it burned more slowly, and the heat grew less. Still, it was a long time before Kazan and Gray Wolf could draw forth their heads and breathe more freely. Then they found that the

finger of sand reaching out into the river had saved them. Everywhere in that triangle between the two rivers the world had turned black, and was hot underfoot.

The smoke cleared away. The wind changed again, and swung down cool and fresh from the west and north. The fisher-cat was the first to move cautiously back to the forests that had been, but the porcupines were still rolled into balls when Gray Wolf and Kazan left the sand-bar. They began to travel upstream, and before night came, their feet were sore from hot ash and burning embers.

The moon was strange and foreboding that night, like a spatter of blood in the sky, and through the long, silent hours there was not even the hoot of an owl to give a sign that life still existed where yesterday had been a paradise of wild things. Kazan knew that there was nothing to hunt, and they continued to travel all that night. With dawn they struck a narrow swamp along the edge of the stream. Here beavers had built a dam, and they were able to cross over into the green country on the opposite side. For another day and another night they traveled westward, and this brought them into the thick country of swamp and timber along the Waterfound.

And as Kazan and Gray Wolf came from the west, there came from the Hudson's Bay post to the east a slim, dark-faced, French half-breed by the name of Henri Loti, the most famous lynx hunter in all the Hudson's Bay country. He was prospecting for "signs," and he found them in abundance along the Waterfound. It was a game paradise, and the snowshoe rabbit abounded in thousands. As a consequence, the lynx were thick, and Henri built his trapping shack, and then returned to the Post to wait until the first snows fell, when he would come back with his team, supplies, and traps.

And up from the south, at this same time, there was slowly working his way by canoe and trail a young University zoölogist who was gathering material for a book on "The Reasoning of the Wild." His name was Paul Weyman, and he had made arrangements to spend

a part of the winter with Henri Loti, the half-breed. He brought with him plenty of paper, a camera, and the photograph of a girl. His only weapon was a pocket-knife.

And meanwhile Kazan and Gray Wolf found the home they were seeking in a thick swamp five or six miles from the cabin which Henri Loti had built.

III

It was January when a guide from the Post brought Paul Weyman to Henri Loti's cabin on the Waterfound. He was a man of thirty-two or three, full of the red-blooded life that made Henri like him at once. If this had not been the case, the first few days in the cabin might have been unpleasant, for Henri was in bad humor. He told Weyman about it their first night, as they were smoking pipes alongside the red-glowing box stove.

"It is dam' strange," said Henri. "I have lost seven lynx in the traps, torn to pieces like they were no more than rabbits that the foxes had killed. No thing—not even bear—have ever tackled lynx in a trap before. It is the first time I ever see it. And they are torn up so bad they are not worth one half dollar at the Post. Seven!—that is over two hundred dollar I have lost! There are two wolves who do it. Two—I know it by the tracks—always two—an' never one. They follow my trap-line an' eat the rabbits I catch. They leave the fisher-cat, an' the mink, an' the ermine, an' the marten; but the lynx—*sacre* an' damn! they jump on him an' pull the fur from him like you pull the wild cotton balls from the burn-bush! I have tried strychnine in deer fat, an' I have set traps and deadfalls, but I cannot catch them. They will drive me out unless I get them, for I have taken only five good lynx, and they have destroyed seven."

This roused Weyman. He was one of that growing number of thoughtful men who believed that man's egoism, as a race, blinds him to many of the more wonderful facts of creation. He had thrown down the gauntlet, and with a logic that had gained him a nation-wide hearing, to those who believed that man

was the only living creature who could reason, and that common sense and cleverness when displayed by any other breathing thing were merely instinct. The facts behind Henri's tale of woe struck him as important, and until midnight they talked about the two strange wolves.

"There is one big wolf an' one smaller," said Henri. "An' it is always the big wolf who goes in an' fights the lynx. I see that by the snow. While he's fighting, the smaller wolf makes many tracks in the snow just out of reach, an' then when the lynx is down, or dead, it jumps in an' helps tear it into pieces. All that I know by the snow. Only once have I seen where the smaller one went in an' fought with the other, an' then there was blood all about that was not lynx blood; I trailed the devils a mile by the dripping."

During the two weeks that followed, Weyman found much to add to the material of his book. Not a day passed that somewhere along Henri's trap-line they did not see the trails of the two wolves, and Weyman observed that—as Henri had told him—the foot-prints were always two-by-two, and never one-by-one. On the third day they came to a trap that had held a lynx, and at sight of what remained Henri cursed in both French and English until he was purple

in the face. The lynx had been torn until its pelt was practically worthless.

Weyman saw where the smaller wolf had waited on its haunches, while its companion had killed the lynx. He did not tell Henri all he thought. But the days that followed convinced him more



Moose, caribou and deer plunged into the water and swam to safety.

and more that he had found the most dramatic exemplification of his theory. Back of this mysterious tragedy of the trap-line there was a *reason*.

Why did the two wolves not destroy the fisher-cat, the ermine and the marten? Why was their feud with the lynx alone?

Weyman was strangely thrilled. He was a lover of wild things, and for that reason he never carried a gun. And when he saw Henri placing poison-baits for the two marauders, he shuddered, and when, day after day, he saw that these poison baits were untouched, he rejoiced. Something in his own nature went out in sympathy to the heroic outlaw of the trap-line who never failed to give battle to the lynx. Nights in the cabin he wrote down his thoughts and discoveries of the day. One night he turned suddenly on Henri.

"Henri, doesn't it ever make you sorry to kill so many wild things?" he asked.

Henri stared, and shook his head.

"I kill t'ousand an' t'ousand," he said. "I kill t'ousand more."

"And there are twenty thousand others just like you in this northern quarter of the continent—all killing, killing for hundreds of years back, and yet you can't kill out wild life. The war of Man and the Beast, you might call it. And, if you could return five hundred years from now, Henri, you'd still find wild life here. Nearly all the rest of the world is changing, but you can't change these almost impenetrable thousands of square miles of ridges, and swamps and forests. The railroads won't come here, and I, for one, thank God for that. Take all the great prairies to the West, for instance. Why, the old buffalo trails are still there, plain as day—and yet, towns and cities are growing up everywhere. Did you ever hear of North Battleford?"

"Is she near Montreal or Quebec?" Henri asked.

Weyman smiled, and drew a photograph from his pocket. It was the picture of a girl.

"No. It's far to the west, in Saskatchewan. Seven years ago I used to go up there every year, to shoot prairie chickens, coyotes, and elk. There wasn't any North Battleford then—just the

glorious prairie, hundreds and hundreds of square miles of it. There was a single shack on the Saskatchewan river, where North Battleford now stands, and I used to stay there. In that shack there was a little girl, twelve years old. We used to go out hunting together—for I used to kill things in those days. And the little girl would cry sometimes when I killed, and I'd laugh at her.

"Then a railroad came, and then another, and they joined near the shack, and all at once a town sprang up. Seven years ago there was only the shack there, Henri. Two years ago there were eighteen hundred people. This year, when I came through, there were five thousand, and two years from now there'll be ten thousand.

"On the ground where that shack stood are three banks, with a capital of forty million dollars; you can see the glow of the electric lights of the city twenty miles away. It has a hundred-thousand dollar college, a high-school, the Provincial asylum, a fire-department, two clubs, a board of trade, and it's going to have a street-car line within two years. Think of that—all where the coyotes howled a few years ago!

"People are coming in so fast that they can't keep a census. Five years from now there'll be a city of twenty thousand where the old shack stood. And the little girl in that shack, Henri—she's a young lady now, and her people are—well, rich. I don't care about that. The chief thing is that she is going to marry me in the spring. Because of her I stopped killing things when she was only sixteen. The last thing I killed was a prairie wolf, and it had young. Eileen kept the little puppy. She's got it now—tamed. That's why above all other wild things I love the wolves. And I hope these two leave your trap-line safe."

Henri was staring at him. Weyman gave him the picture. It was of a sweet-faced girl, with deep, pure eyes, and there came a twitch at the corners of Henri's mouth as he looked at it.

"My Iowaka died t'ree year ago," he said. "She too loved the wild thing. But them wolf—damn! They drive me out if I cannot kill them!" He put fresh fuel into the stove, and prepared for bed.



Light footed, his pointed ears forward, no menace or threat in his attitude, Kazan advanced to the attack.



IV

One day the big idea came to Henri. Weyman was with him when they struck fresh signs of lynx. There was a great windfall ten or fifteen feet high, and in one place the logs had formed a sort of cavern, with almost solid walls on three sides. The snow was beaten down by tracks, and the fur of rabbit was scattered about. Henri was jubilant.

"We get heem—sure!" he said.

He built the bait-house, set a trap, and looked about him shrewdly. Then he explained his scheme to Weyman. If the lynx was caught, and the two wolves came to destroy it, the fight would take place in that shelter under the windfall, and the marauders would have to pass through the opening. So Henri set five smaller traps, concealing them skillfully under leaves and moss and snow, and all were far enough away from the bait-house so that the trapped lynx could not spring them in his struggles.

"When they fight, wolf jump this way an' that—an' sure get in," said Henri.

"He miss one, two, t'ree—but he sure get in trap somewhere."

That same morning a light snow fell, making the work more complete, for it covered up all footprints and buried the telltale scent of man.

That night Kazan and Gray Wolf passed within a hundred feet of the windfall, and Gray Wolf's keen scent detected something strange and disquieting in the air. She informed Kazan by pressing her shoulder against his, and they swung off at right angles, keep-

There came from the Hudson's Bay post a French half-breed named Henri Loti, a famous lynx hunter.

ing to windward of the trap-line.

For two days and three cold, starlit nights nothing happened at the windfall. Henri understood, and explained to Weyman. The lynx was a hunter, like himself, and also had its hunt-line, which it covered about once a week. On the fifth night the lynx returned, went to the windfall, was lured straight to the bait, and the sharp-toothed steel trap closed relentlessly over its right hind-foot. Kazan and Gray Wolf were traveling a quarter of a mile deeper in the forest when they heard the clanking of the steel chain as the lynx fought to free itself. Ten minutes later they stood in the door of the windfall cavern.

It was a white, clear night, so filled with brilliant stars that Henri himself could have hunted by the light of them. The lynx had exhausted itself, and lay crouching on its belly as Kazan and Gray Wolf appeared. As usual, Gray Wolf held back while Kazan began the battle. In the first or second of these fights on the trap-line, Kazan would probably have been disemboweled or had his jugular vein cut open, had the fierce cats been free. They were more than his match in open fight, though the biggest of them fell ten pounds under his weight. Chance had saved him on the Sun Rock. Gray Wolf and the porcupine had both added to the defeat of the lynx on the sandbar. And along Henri's hunting line it was the trap that was his ally. Even with his enemy thus shackled he took big chances. And he took bigger chances than ever with the lynx under the windfall.

The cat was an old warrior, six or seven years old. His claws were an inch and a quarter long, and curved like scimitars. His fore-feet and his left hind-foot were free, and as Kazan advanced, he drew back, so that the trap-chain was slack under his body. Here Kazan could not follow his old tactics of circling about his trapped foe, until it had become tangled in the chain, or had so shortened and twisted it that there was no chance for a leap. He had to attack face to face, and suddenly he lunged in. They met shoulder to shoulder. Kazan's fangs snapped at the other's throat, and missed. Before he could strike again, the lynx flung out its free hind-foot, and

even Gray Wolf heard the ripping sound that it made. With a snarl Kazan was flung back, his shoulder torn to the bone.

Then it was that one of Henri's hidden traps saved him from a second attack—and death. Steel jaws snapped over one of his fore-feet, and when he leaped, the chain stopped him. Once or twice before blind Gray Wolf had leaped in, when she knew that Kazan was in great danger. For an instant she forgot her caution now, and as she heard Kazan's snarl of pain, she sprang in under the windfall. Five traps Henri had hidden in the space in front of the bait-house, and Gray Wolf's feet found two of these. She fell on her side, snapping and snarling. In his struggles Kazan sprung the remaining two traps. One of them missed. The fifth, and last, caught him by a hind-foot.

This was a little past midnight. From then until morning the earth and snow under the windfall were torn up by the struggles of the wolf, the dog, and the lynx to regain their freedom. And when morning came, all three were exhausted, and lay on their sides, panting and with bleeding jaws, waiting for the coming of man—and death.

Henri and Weyman were out early. When they struck off from the main line toward the windfall, Henri pointed to the tracks of Kazan and Gray Wolf, and his dark face lighted up with pleasure and excitement. When they reached the shelter under the mass of fallen timber, both stood speechless for a moment, astounded by what they saw: Even Henri had seen nothing like this before—two wolves and a lynx, all in traps, and almost within reach of one another's fangs. But surprise could not long delay the business of Henri's hunter's instinct. The wolves lay first in his path, and he was raising his rifle to put a steel-capped bullet through the base of Kazan's brain, when Weyman caught him eagerly by the arm. Weyman was staring. His fingers dug into Henri's flesh. His eyes had caught a glimpse of the steel-studded collar about Kazan's neck.

"Wait!" he cried. "It's not a wolf. It's a dog!"

Henri lowered his rifle, staring at the collar. Weyman's eyes had shot to Gray

Wolf. She was facing them, snarling, her white fangs bared to the foes she could not see. Her blind eyes were closed. Where there should have been eyes there was only hair, and an exclamation broke from Weyman's lips.

"Look!" he commanded of Henri. "What in the name of Heaven—"

"One is dog—wild dog that has run to the wolves," said Henri. "And the other is—wolf."

"And blind!" gasped Weyman.

"*Oui*, blind, m'sieur," added Henri, falling partly into French in his amazement. He was raising his rifle again. Weyman seized it firmly.

"Don't kill them, Henri," he said. "Give them to me—alive. Figure up the value of the lynx they have destroyed, and add to that the wolf bounty, and I will pay. Alive, they are worth to me a great deal. My God, a dog—and a blind wolf—*mates!*"

He still held Henri's rifle, and Henri was staring at him, as if he did not yet quite understand.

Weyman continued speaking, his eyes and face blazing.

"A dog—and a blind wolf—*mates!*" he repeated. "It is wonderful, Henri. Down there, they will say I have gone beyond *reason*, when my book comes out. But I shall have proof. I will take twenty photographs here, before you kill the lynx. I will keep the dog and the wolf alive. And I will pay you, Henri, a hundred dollars apiece for the two. May I have them?"

Henri nodded. He held his rifle in readiness, while Weyman unpacked his camera and got to work. Snarling fangs greeted the click of the camera-shutter—the fangs of wolf and lynx. But Kazan lay cringing, not through fear, but because he still recognized the mastery of man. And when he had finished with his pictures, Weyman approached almost within reach of him, and spoke even more kindly to him than the man who had lived back in the deserted cabin.

Henri shot the lynx, and when Kazan understood this, he tore at the end of his trap-chains and snarled at the writhing body of his forest enemy. By means of a pole and a *babiche* noose, Kazan was brought out from under the windfall

and taken to Henri's cabin. The two men then returned with a thick sack and more *babiche* and blind Gray Wolf, still fettered by the traps, was made prisoner. All the rest of that day Weyman and Henri worked to build a stout cage of saplings, and when it was finished, the two prisoners were placed in it.

Before the dog was put in with Gray Wolf, Weyman closely examined the worn and tooth-marked collar about his neck.

On the brass plate he found engraved the one word, "*Kazan*," and with a strange thrill made note of it in his diary.

V

After this Weyman often remained at the cabin when Henri went out on the trap-line. After the second day he dared to put his hand between the sapling bars and touch Kazan, and the next day Kazan accepted a piece of raw moose meat from his hand. But at his approach, Gray Wolf would always hide under the pile of balsam in the corner of their prison. The instinct of generations, and, perhaps, of centuries, had taught her that man was her deadliest enemy. And yet, this man did not hurt her, and Kazan was not afraid of him. She was frightened at first; then puzzled, and a growing curiosity followed that. Occasionally, after the third day, she would thrust her blind face out of the balsam and sniff the air when Weyman was at the cage, making friends with Kazan. But she would not eat. Weyman noted that, and each day he tempted her with the choicest morsels of deer and moose fat. Five days—six—seven passed, and she had not taken a mouthful. Weyman could count her ribs.

"She die," Henri told him on the seventh night. "She starve before she eat in that cage. She want the forest, the wild kill, the fresh blood. She two—t'ree year old—too old to make civilize."

Henri went to bed at the usual hour, but Weyman was troubled, and sat up late. He wrote a long letter to the sweet-faced girl at North Battleford, and then he turned out the light, and painted visions of her in the red glow of the fire.

He saw her again for that first time when he "camped" in the little shack where the fifth city of Saskatchewan now stood—with her blue eyes, the big shining braid, and the fresh glow of the prairies in her cheeks. She had hated him—yes, actually hated him, because he loved to kill. He laughed softly as he thought of that. She had changed him—wonderfully.

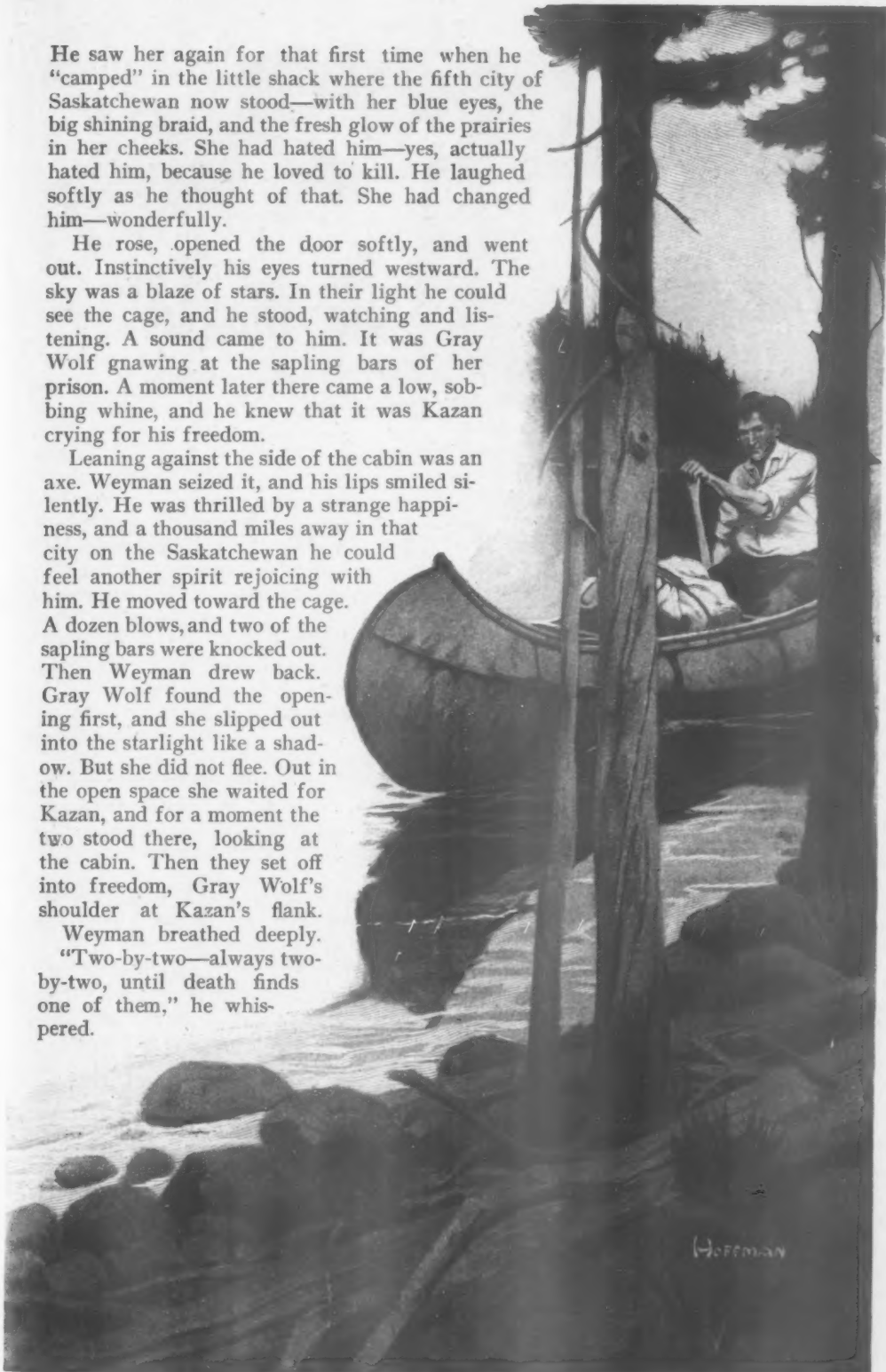
He rose, opened the door softly, and went out. Instinctively his eyes turned westward. The sky was a blaze of stars. In their light he could see the cage, and he stood, watching and listening. A sound came to him. It was Gray Wolf gnawing at the sapling bars of her prison. A moment later there came a low, sobbing whine, and he knew that it was Kazan crying for his freedom.

Leaning against the side of the cabin was an axe. Weyman seized it, and his lips smiled silently. He was thrilled by a strange happiness, and a thousand miles away in that city on the Saskatchewan he could feel another spirit rejoicing with him. He moved toward the cage.

A dozen blows, and two of the sapling bars were knocked out. Then Weyman drew back. Gray Wolf found the opening first, and she slipped out into the starlight like a shadow. But she did not flee. Out in the open space she waited for Kazan, and for a moment the two stood there, looking at the cabin. Then they set off into freedom, Gray Wolf's shoulder at Kazan's flank.

Weyman breathed deeply.

"Two-by-two—always two-by-two, until death finds one of them," he whispered.



A young university zoölogist, working his way by canoe and trail.



P i e r r o t

by WALTER JONES

Author of "One to Fill," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

THE sun stole in at the nursery window where Little Son lay in his bed, and whispered to Little Son through the swaying green leaves of the tall trees, and dappled a pattern of glowing gold on his downy coverlet. Little Son stirred with the cosy warmth and blinked his drowsy eyes. Then he awoke with a gleeful chuckle and struck out his chubby fist at a streamer of yellow light. A head looked in at the nursery door; there was a swish of skirts on the nursery floor; and Little Son buried his curly locks in the laces at Mother's neck and dug his pink nails into the dimple in Mother's cheek.

"Come, Little Son," she cried. "It's time to get up. See, Big Sun is calling you!"

Little Son twiddled his stubby round toes and grabbed at a fleeting beam. "But

Muvver," he begged, "I'm so cwmfy now. I can play with my Big Sun here."

"Very well," Mother said, with a smile that was oddly mysterious, "though I thought that to-day was the day of all days you wished to be up with Big Sun."

"Why, Muvver?"

Mother did not answer. She went to the nursery window and raised it wide. "Listen, Little Son," she said.

Far down the street, from the straw-mill lot, came a rumble, distant and low, like the roll of a far-off thunder-clap or the wheels of some god-man's car. The moment Little Son heard it, he sprang from his bed with a war-whoop cry and danced about the room with his hands full of shoes and garters and clothes.

"Muvver," he cried, "dress me, dress me quickity quick! It's my circus coming by and I'll miss the peeyade, and the

lyings, and the lalligators, and the funny clown. Please, Muvver, hurry. Make 'em wait with my clown till I get all dressted."

As Mother dressed him, he flew to the window a dozen times with shouts of delight in his voice and tears of anxiety in his eyes. When she had assured him finally that there was plenty of time for the parade and the performance, he ran off to his box of toys and hunted an old linen book which he placed beside his breakfast bowl. He shuffled the leaves till he came to the page of a Pierrot with a painted face of white, a bristling ruff and great, gathered pantaloons, with round, red buttons on them, scattered thick as stars! The rogue stood on one crimson ear, and above his kicking feet he balanced aloft a jovial moon. Little Son bent down and laid his own red lips against the jester's scarlet mouth, and laughed till he choked on his bread and milk.

"Muvver," he asked, "will there be a Pirryot, and will he make me laugh?"

"There always was when I was a little girl. But you mustn't expect him to stand on his ear."

"Maybe he will," ventured Little Son, with a comforting sigh, "if he knows I'd yike him to."

Then suddenly he pricked up his ears and scrambled down from his chair; but it wasn't the parade at all. It was only the tiresome old ice-wagon. After a miserable waiting hour, Mother snapped the firm new rubber of his straw hat under his chin, grasped his hand very tightly in hers and led him skipping off down the street toward the straw-mill lot.

There had been some pretty big times in Little Son's life: once, when he had been stopped in the street by a scareful old gentleman, with round pink disks that came off in his mouth, all sticky and sweet; once, when he first climbed on Father's back and clasped his arms round his neck tight, while they ran up the dark stair to beard the Bogie Man in his lair; and once, when Mother lay ill and he couldn't find her, and he called and cried until he was sick and scared, and finally crept to a shadowed room where she slept on the bed with a strange, soft bundle at her side.

But all these faded into insignificance beside the bigness that swelled up in his breast as he heard the crashing of the circus band and the parade debouched by the hitching-post on which he stood, with his arm clasped about Mother's neck. His eyes opened wide as saucers at the bandy-men's gilt wagon with its flashing mirrors that gave back himself for the teeniest part of a second, at the gorgeous satin ladies on the gorgeous champing steeds, at the fearsome open cages with their lalligators lalling and their lyings weaving to and fro.

"Muvver," he commanded, bending down in anxious ecstasy, "we must tell Favver to have the Santy Man put them all in when he brings my Nora's Ark."

But gradually, as the long, gleaming line of splendors shimmered by, Little Son's blue eyes narrowed, his merry mouth drooped. "Muvver," he whispered fearfully, "where's my clown, my funny clown?"

"Look!" his Mother pointed. "I think he's there, where the boys are flocking."

Little Son looked, and presently, with a joyful, "Ki-yee!" beheld his Pierrot. He was riding a queer little horse with the longest ears, and around him swarmed a crowd of boys as thick as flies on a slice of sugared bread, and some of them were almost as small as Little Son himself. There, as plain as day, were the painted face and the bristling ruff and the gathered pantaloons, with their round, red buttons thick as stars; and on the old scamp's ear was a crumpled place which he had probably worn by standing on it. Little Son wished he were standing on it now, but he wasn't. He was sitting on the little horse, his head almost sunken on his breast and his hands folded across the pommel of his saddle; and his lips were two straight, stupid crimson lines—not a bit like the laughing arcs Little Son always kissed in the linen book. "Muvver," he cried, with a weepy choke, "my clown isn't busted, is he?"

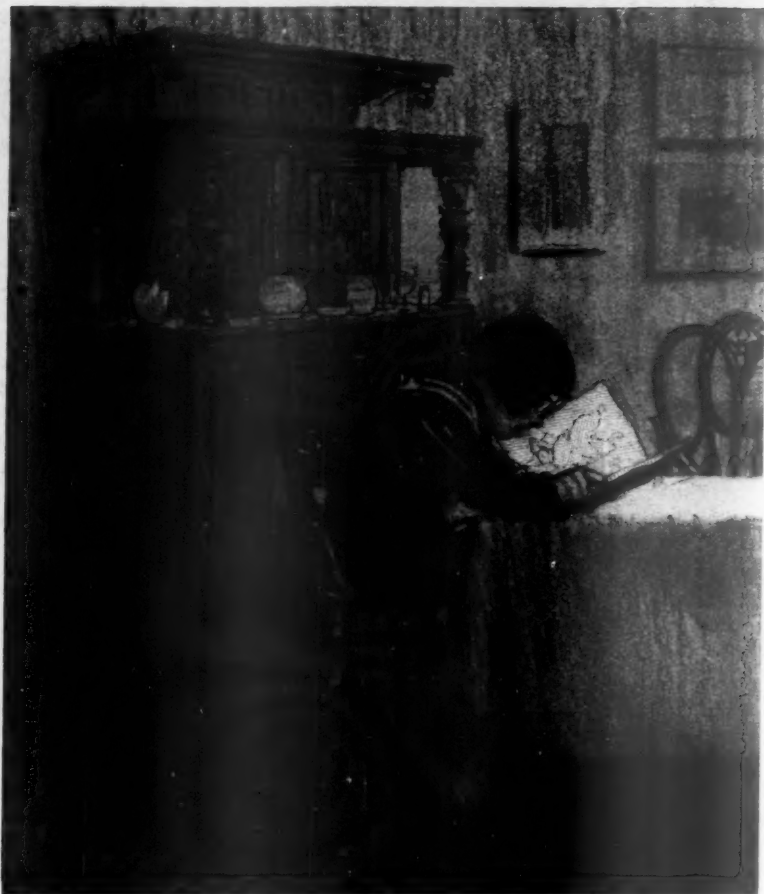
But before his Mother could answer, a tiny wag threw a pebble and hit Pierrot on the forehead. Then Little Son saw it was all a play. Quick as a wink the clown straightened up in his saddle, shot out his long, floury hands, and sent the

urchins scampering. He doffed his peaked cap and waved it to the left and right, and ogled and grimaced with such a diabolical leer right at Little Son, that he doubled up with laughter, fell off the hitching-post, and begged his Mother to let him follow that funny clown.

But she said he mustn't right away. He had better go home first to dinner and instruct Father what animals to have the Santy Man put in the Nora's Ark, before he forgot. And, on second thought, Little Son decided he'd better, too.

He brought his linen book to the table, and after the fauna of the Ark had been disposed of, he demanded to know of Father where was the funny clown's jovial moon? Father didn't seem to comprehend much about it; but he said he guessed it only came out in the evening. Whereupon Little Son's countenance drooped so dolorously that Mother hoped maybe Pierrot sometimes balanced it in the afternoon—and suddenly remembered that they must start immediately if they expected to see the menagerie.

The canvas top was very similar to the sacking top in the Baily boys' back yard, only a couple of million times larger; and Little Son felt sure the menagerie was just like Nora's Ark would be if you could put all the animals inside and crawl in after them. Mother and he lin-



He shuffled the leaves till he came to a page of a Pierrot . . . The rogue a jovial moon. Little Son bent down and laid

gered so long before the lairs of the laligators and the lyings that when they entered the biggestest tent, they had to walk almost a mile to high, tottery seats, close up by the runway lane where the performers passed in. But Little Son didn't mind, for there were lots of peanut men handy and he liked the real near crash of the band.

He was so charmed by queer genii that clung to ropes in the air and spun round like spiders, by tall, spangly men in bright clothes that stuck to them, who played with each other like kittens, by calico horses that trotted in circles with no one to drive them, that he had almost forgotten to look for his Pierrot—when lo, there was a blare from the horns and a bevy of clowns burst into the rings!



stood on one crimson ear, and above his kicking feet he balanced aloft his own red lips against the jester's scarlet mouth.

Came clowns in all the garbs Little Son had ever seen and many he had never seen, even in the linen book. They danced and pranced and sent him into screams of laughter with their doings—shooting off fizzy waters into each other's faces, lighting bonfires on their neighbors' heads, and whacking one another with resounding staves.

And everywhere, twining in and out among them, pirouetting lightly, with pantaloons bellying and red-lipped face a-grin, was Pierrot. Now he pulled at a champing charger's tail and dodged a kick for his pains; now he tickled a ring-master's ear with a straw and wriggled aside from the sizzling coil of his whip; now he waltzed with a great, tall Bogie Lady who suddenly parted company at

her waist, leaving her head in his arms while her body scampered nimbly away. Sometimes he stood on his head and sometimes he stood on his hands, and Little Son was sure he was about to stand on his ear, when the horns blared out again and the whole covey of clowns gamboled off toward the runway. And thanks to the fortune that sometimes favors Little Sons, his Pierrot was last.

He climbed up on his seat with Mother's arms clasped tight about his chubby legs. His cheeks were red as flame. His eyes were bright as little sparkling beads. He leaned far out, and, as the Pierrot swung by,

he waved his hands and cried, "Ki-yee, ki-yee! My clown, my funny clown!"

Pierrot wiped glistening drops of sweat from his brow, and his glance ran along the tiers of applauding benches till it rested on Little Son. His rouged lips twisted into a horrible leer of mirth, and his gaunt, flapping arms shot upward. Then, as swift as a spent ghost's shadow, they dropped to his sides, and, with head bent, he darted through the runway.

The laughter died on the child's lips. His fists flew up to his close-squeezed eyes. With a startled sob, he buried his face in his Mother's breast. "Muvver," he choked, "it's my Pirryot! *He's so funny it hurts.*"

She comforted him in a snug embrace

and when he looked up an interval after and saw the human kittens still playing, and the spiders crawling, and the horses dancing through their circles, he smiled again.

And though all too soon the splendors of the afternoon were over, Little Son kept on smiling at the memory of his wonderful day until he had eaten his supper, and said his prayers, and lay tucked in his tiny bed, watching the red afterglow through the nursery window. From the bedpost floated a saucy balloon, and a taffy square graced the bureau shelf. The light in the hall burned low as Mother slipped through the nursery door to sit by Little Son's coverlet and start him on his journey to the Sand Man.

"Muvver," he said, with a gust of a sigh, "I'm waky, just awfully waky to-night." And he reached out one pudgy pink toe and tickled the saucy balloon. "Can't I sit up and play at the circus awhile?"

"Not to-night, Little Son,"—as she captured the pudgy pink toe and tucked it away with its brothers. "Big Sun is already in bed. Go to sleep now real quick and see if you wont beat him up in the morning."

He turned on his side and heaved a deep breath, and then, in the gravest of whispers, he asked: "Muvver, what do you guess that I'll be when I'm grown to a man?"

"Why, my Big Son, then, I suppose."

"No—a clown, a funny clown, Muvver, like that clown that maked me laugh."

"Why a clown, Little Son?"

"So then I can wear cwomfy trousers, and paint on my face, and laugh all the time—till it hurts."

II

The sun stole in at the sleeper window where The Clown lay in his berth. It shone busily down between the close-packed cars on the siding until it found a crevice where it slanted across his cotton blanket in a ribbon of yellow and gold. The Clown stirred in his troubled sleep and blinked his heavy lids. He awoke with a weary yawn and swore at

the column of welcoming light. A head peered down from the berth above; there was a creak of groaning boards; and a hairy foot clamped hard on The Clown's broad chest.

"Git up, you lazy loafer," cried a noisy voice, "because I got it from a boob outside it's more'n a mile to the lot. Git up and splash your lamps."

The Clown turned slowly out of his bunk and drew on his clothes with a gape. Down the dark, tiered aisle of the sleeper he stumbled, poured a cooling stream on his tousled head, and looked on the world half awake. With a belt and a tie in his fists, he jumped nimbly down from the car-step. His heavy boots crunched on the cinder bed of the siding.

With never a glance at the shimmering stretch of the tracks behind or the towering factory smoke-stacks belching at his side, he cut through a meadow of clover, with eyes all intent on a strip of the dust-white road far ahead where the heavy show wagons rumbled. As he reached the low brow of a hillock, the lot spread its flat length before him. He threaded its mazes of pile gangs, and work teams, and townspeople staring, toward a canvas top with its flaps raised wide to the sunlight. He walked through a long vista of sleek, oil-clothed tables and sat down across from a dark little man in a blue flannel shirt and riding breeches and a sombrero.

"Howdy," said the dark little man to him gravely. "Bum lot. Slow pull in. You're lookin' cheerful as a funeral in Phoenix. Pass the bread."

A large, flashy lady in a blue velvet skirt and a gay kimono jacket made room for The Clown grudgingly. "Good mawrning," she said. "You got to excuse me, but I can't move along no fu'ther 'cause my feet's in a puddle awready. It's a wonder they wouldn't pitch the cook-house in a swamp."

The Clown nodded absently to the fellow opposite and to the woman beside him. A boy with a dirty apron brought him a square of steak and some fried potatoes and set down his cup of black coffee. The woman with the gay kimono jacket took a gusty gulp and glanced at the hot fluid sociably. "The bilge is rotten this morning," she said, with a sigh.

But The Clown did not answer. His gaze was fixed on a man who advanced down the cook-house aisle with a mail-sack slung on his shoulder. Into The Clown's outstretched palm dropped a thin little envelope with an oblong blue stamp in the corner.

The lady's eyes fell on it greedily. "A special deliv'ry!" she shouted. "Gee, she must have it on you some bad." The man with the sombrero poised his knife and his fork in the air.

The Clown sat long with his letter. His face grew white and his coffee cold.

the man with the sombrero asked.

"In Erie—next week, she's joining; but The Kid—"

He pushed his plate from him and brushed his sleeve across his forehead; then he got up and staggered out, leaning against the center-pole.

"My Gawd!" whimpered the lady.

The man in the sombrero followed him and clapped a swart, friendly hand on his shoulder. "Lookit here," he said awkwardly, "I'm with you, bud. I left one o' mine out in Butte with no more'n a stick fur a marker. It aint much com-



The Clown sat long with his letter. His face grew white and his coffee cold. His neighbor grew impatient. "Throwing him the con," she said to the dark little man, with a wink.

His neighbor became impatient. "Throw-in' him the con," she laughed to the dark little man, with a wink.

"Shut up," he said to her, harshly. "It's from his old lady."

The Clown crumpled the letter and thrust it in his breast. He took a feeble sip at his coffee. It spilled in his shaky fingers and ran down the gay kimono jacket. The lady wiped it away without a murmur. "Never mind," she said. "I didn't know it was from your podner. I hope they's no bad news about The Kid?"

"Where is it you said she is joining?"

fort a guy ken be them times; but if I could come across with the kale—?"

The Clown shook his head. "No," he said. "But thanks, thanks a lot."

The man with the sombrero bowed and The Clown slunk away from the cook-house clamor and the noise of the lot and mounted the brow of the hillock. He threw himself down in the clover, and lay staring up at the sun, till the parade call sounded. He crossed the field to the dressing-tent and raised the top of his trunk and saw the pictures of his Old Lady and The Kid against the lid. Setting his hand-glass in front of them, he chalked

his cheeks, brightened his dull eyes with beadings of kohl, and rouged his dry lips into arches of red. Then he put on his bristling ruff, and his peaked cap, and his baggy pantaloons with their big, round buttons thick as stars, and went out.

With misty eyes he wandered up to the little scarlet and gilt chariot The Kid drove in the parade; but as he stopped a moment to rub the ponies' noses and caress the red plush padding, a tiny boy with yellow-gold hair stormed up and kicked his shins. "Git out of here," he commanded sternly. "Dwinkie's dead, 'n' this is my chariot now."

He turned silently away and climbed up on his donkey. He scarce noticed the bystanders flocking around him, or when the parade started, or when it moved. His mind was busy with dizzy, terrible thoughts that have no place in the rollicking heart of a clown.

There had been some pretty sad times in his life: once, when he fell from his bar and lay with a handful of teeth in his palm, and a twisted foot,—and knew that his days in the air were over; once, when he stood at the lying-in ward while a grave interne railed at him: "How can you look for a woman to muscle herself hard as nails and go through a function like that!" And once, in the cold, bare loft of a stable, when a belt-rope broke and The Kid's first somersault ended in a heap of quivering flesh on the floor. Then the hospital bills, and the hope of the long, suffering months, and to-day—

The Clown started at the sharp rebound of a pebble from his forehead. He looked up stupidly and saw that he was still riding through the streets with the hot sun beating down on him, the band crashing, and the gaping rabble around him. The whole gaudy scene closed in and stifled him. He clawed out his hands and cleared a momentary space about his donkey. Then, stretching his mouth in a fiendish leer, he ogled this way and that and took off his peaked cap and waved it, here toward a giggling chambermaid and there at a chubby child who stood on a hitching-post.

And the little boys who ran beside him, pressed again nearer and called out impudent, innocent nothings and caught at

his donkey's bridle. As he looked at them, he was seized with a wild desire to spring from his saddle and chase them away, for all their faces mocked him with images of the smiling face of The Kid.

After the parade, he took off his Pierrot's livery and limped away over the brow of the hillock, and buried his burning face in the cool clover. The cook-house hour came and went, and still he lay until it suddenly burst upon him that in his own selfish grief he had forgotten another's. Pulling his slouch hat low on his forehead, he hurried through the jostling, festive streets to a dispatch office, where he wired fifty to his Old Lady and told her to go the limit for The Kid.

It was after two when he panted back to the grounds and hurried into his make-up in time for "The Third Display and Spectacle." To a dissonant blare of the horns, the clowns catapulted into the rings and Pierrot was soon darting in and out and around, taking comical liberties with policemen, and ringmasters, and pugilists, to the wild delight of the spectators. But it made no difference whether he pulled the tail of a prancing charger or tickled a ringmaster's ear with a straw: above the laugh that followed, he always distinguished some childish treble that pierced his heart like a knife-stab. At last, when it seemed to him that he had been in the arena a century, he waltzed with the Bogie Lady till her head came off in his arms. He stood a moment, fatuously regarding her vanishing limbs; then he dropped her torso on the turf and slipped through a network of ropes toward the runway.

As The Clown passed along by the tiers of applauding benches, his glance strayed aloft, high up in the rows where an old wardrobe dame always sat with The Kid, and he saw a chubby child, with rose-red cheeks and eyes like sparkling beads, leaning out over the heads of the throng and calling to him. He wiped the glistening drops of sweat from his brow, and his gaunt, flapping arms shot upward. But a sharp, choking sob of recall stayed his gesture of joy; his arms sunk down limp, and, head bent, he sped swiftly on through the runway.

Numbly the hours wore on. And when

at last the evening performance was over, The Clown dodged through the network of ropes and cringed out of the runway without looking up at the benches at all.

The night was decked with stars and the torches that flared for the work teams; and along the dusty roadside the "kinkers" were winding their way toward the train. The Clown stole over the brow of the hillock and through the cool clover alone. Against his side pressed the phantom form of his Old Lady, and in his palm snuggled the warm little fist of the Kid. Ahead switched the lights of the cars on the siding, and a jangle of bosses and brakemen broke out on the still of the air. The Clown clambered up in his sleeper unheeding, and jerked off his clothes, and climbed into his bunk—not to sleep, but to tossing and turning, till the man overhead halloed down.

"Aint no sleep in me, nuther," he grumbled. "D'you hear from your doll, an' how is she?"

"Oh, she's joining next week," said The Clown. "It's my kid—he cashed in."

"Why, bo—Dwinkie dead! Why, bo—he's the comingest kid with the show. Awready last year I was kiddin' him 'long, an' he says next season he signs with an act an' when he grows up, he's goin' out with a show of his own. An' you're plantin' him now," sighed the man overhead sympathetically. "But you never can tell. That there jinx is hung over us all. Just to-day a jumbo went *musth* and tossed Dopey Harry, and a center-pole fell on a new canvas-man. I laugh at them things an' hold onto my goat. But I spose they're tin hell for you fam'ly men, eh?"

"Yes—they're hell," sobbed The Clown.

"Stiddy, Steve. Mebbe one o' them storks'll be bringin' another."

"No," said The Clown, "they'll not bring me another." And his dark thoughts flew back to the lying-in ward and the grave young interne. "It seems kind of hard, when the world's *full o' kids*, that a guy can't grab hisself *one*."

"Ye', it's hard," said the man overhead, stirring drowsily. "'S too bad you can't live all the time in your make-up. Then *all* of 'em 'd be yours. Never seen a kid yet wouldn't fall for a clown. Never seen one yet." And he settled himself to his slumbers.

But The Clown lay long staring into the abyss the thin little envelope opened. Yet when it seemed to him he must cry out or go mad, his thoughts slipped away from The Kid's aching image to that other little boy who had smiled at him from the hitching-post and leaned out, with beadlike eyes, from his mother's arms, in the reserved seat section; and to the gleeful gamins that crowded his donkey in the parade; and then, to the hundreds of other little boys that awaited him in the parades to come. And he seemed to see them beckoning to him and smiling. What if, as the man overhead had said, there never was a little boy but "fell for" a clown?

Why then, as long as he was Pierrot, they were all his, all the little boys in the world. And they were his all: not one to love forever, but many to love for a day. And if he loved them *enough*, perhaps they would make up a *little* for The Kid. He had never thought like that about being a clown, if indeed he had ever thought at all; but the vision seemed so beautiful to him, and so comforting, that it lifted him out of his sorrow and softened his sad lips into a smile—and he slept.



One Night in Kentucky



by CRITTENDEN
MARRIOTT

Author of "Sally Castleton, Southerner," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER POPINI

DISCONSOLATELY, Jack Westlake turned back into the Pullman and stopped beside one of the sections. "Doc," he said, addressing a young man about his own age, "the conductor says there's a washout down the road and that we're hung up here for two or three hours. Let's go see the town."

The doctor raised his eyes and stared lazily through the window into the fading daylight, then shook his head. "Thanks," he answered, "I'll stay here."

"Oh, come along, stretch your legs. Maybe we can stir up an adventure."

"An adventure? In Kentucky? Where half the population totes pistols and the mortality among innocent bystanders is something fierce? Not for me, thank you. The girls are too pretty, and the whiskey too good. One woman and a snake raised a rumpus in the Garden of Eden, and neither of them was up to Kentucky standards, at that. Go if you like; and come back if you can. I've got my tools with me, and I'll patch up the fragments."

Jack laughed and went. A few seconds later he was starting up the nearest highway.

The street lay at first between mean and tawdry buildings devoted to fruit stands, saloons, and groceries. Then it led by offices and tightly closed wholesale houses that graded into brilliantly lighted retail stores. Next it passed by

a long line of dwellings standing cheek by jowl, from whose open doors were wafted appetizing odors. Finally it broadened into a handsome suburb, where detached houses alternated with strips of lawn that ran down to the hedge-bordered pavement.

Jack sauntered steadily on until at last he found himself passing in front of a house and lawn that occupied a whole square.

"This seems to be the end of the town," he meditated. "And there's nothing doing. Guess I'll go back."

Abruptly a woman's voice reached his ears. "Don't stop and don't look around," it said, sharply.

Most men, thus adjured, would have disobeyed instantly. Jack, however, did not look around and did not halt; he only slackened his already slow pace.

"You are in great danger," went on the voice, breathlessly. It was a very sweet voice; every word was exquisitely distinct. "You were seen at the depot and word was sent of your coming. The boys are watching for you at the next corner, and by now they have closed in behind you. Your only chance is to get through to Pine Street. When you reach the gate just ahead, dodge through it. I am behind the hedge at your right. I will guide you."

Jack did not hesitate. He had found his adventure. He understood, of course, that he had been mistaken for some one



"What will they do if they catch me?" he asked. "Why, they'll shoot you, of course," she answered. "Didn't you expect it?"

else, but that fact did not make him pause any more than did the suggestion that he was in danger. The latter, in fact, absolutely decided him to go on. Besides, the girl's voice was decidedly interesting.

The gateway was only a step or two ahead, and when he reached it he obeyed orders exactly. As he did so a girl's face flashed white in the twilight before him. A moment before he had wondered whether her face would match her voice. Now, instantly, he decided that it did. Perhaps the fading light affected his judgment, but to Jack she seemed both young and beautiful. His heart leaped. The adventure was turning out exactly as it should.

The girl, however, gave him no time to congratulate himself. "Come," she ordered, quickly, turning her back squarely upon him, and racing off across the lawn. Most women run badly, finding skirts, especially modern skirts, a bad hamper to their movements; this girl, however, ran like an *Atalanta*. Jack watched her with delight as he sprinted by her side.

"What will they do if they catch me?" he asked, with pardonable curiosity. He had not the remotest idea who "they" were.

The girl swung her face toward him swiftly and curiously. Her eyes gleamed in the fading light.

"Why, they'll shoot you, of course," she answered, simply. "Didn't you expect it? But no, after all, maybe they won't. If you were one of our own people, of course they would, but as you're a Yankee, they may just tie you up and beat you half to death."

Jack's back tingled uncomfortably. The threat to shoot him left him cold, but the threat to lash him sounded less preposterous. The girl was plainly in desperate earnest, and he remembered that he was in the land of White Capers and Night Riders. Confound it, who were "they," and what were they angry about?

He looked about him curiously. The sun had set, but the after glow still crimsoned the west, giving plenty of light to see and be seen. He and the girl were running across a broad lawn, dodg-

ing through the rather plentiful shrubbery, apparently heading toward a break in a hedge that ran across their path half-way to the back. They had almost gained it, when the girl checked sharply and threw up her hand.

Jack stopped. The murmur of men's voices behind the hedge sounded in his ears; and the next instant he felt the girl's hand dragging him back.

"They're there," she panted. "I've led you right into them. This way, quick! We must hide."

Dragging him with her, she dodged backward behind a clump of bridal wreath, all white with feathery blooms. "Down, down!" she panted. "Crouch down. They'll see you if you stand." She sank on her knees as she spoke.

Instantly Jack followed suit, dropping to the ground behind the bush. His momentary uneasiness had passed; this last episode was too fantastic, too theatrical to be real. For a moment he wondered whether the girl could be out of her head, but quickly dismissed the idea, deciding that she was altogether too beautiful. Then he wondered whether she could be playing a rôle in some extremely up-to-date bunco game; but this thought, too, he dismissed; somehow he felt extremely sure of her innocence. Finally he decided that she must be a novel-reading school girl carried away by some romantic fancy; he hated to believe this, but he had to admit that it supplied the only credible explanation of the episode. Well, he decided, if she wanted to play that sort of game, he would play with her—till train time.

The murmur of voices continued, but the speakers did not appear, and after a moment he leaned toward the girl. "Now's our chance," he whispered. "Let's run." He made to rise.

But the girl dragged him back. "Are you mad?" she gasped. "There's nowhere to run to. The others are in front by now. Oh, why did you come? Why didn't you come before? Why didn't you write? It was cruel to make no sign for so long, and it was madness to come after all these months. Oh, you make it so hard for me!"

"For you? Don't you know that it was because of you that I came?"

"Because of *me*?" The girl turned on him with a look of such utter amazement that his assurance suddenly failed. "Why, you never saw me in your life!"

Jack gasped. Her answer was probably the most amazing that she could have made. Any lingering hope that she had in good faith mistaken him for some one else went by the board instantly.

He was, however, too used to bandying small talk to be wholly silenced.

"No, but I've always known that you existed," he said. It was quite true, he assured himself; he had always been sure that a girl like this one must exist somewhere. "Besides, I've heard so much about you."

"Oh!" Again she gave him a startled glance.

"Yes." Jack felt that he was getting on famously. The voices still murmured behind the hedge and he made up his mind that they were going to stay there and that their owners were not in the least concerned about him. The whole thing must be a plot. The girl wanted to flirt. Well, he would keep up his end.

Quickly he leaned over and kissed her cheek.

She did not utter a sound, but he saw her shudder. Slowly she lifted her handkerchief and rubbed the spot where his lips had pressed. Then she threw the handkerchief away.

Jack's heart dropped. The girl was not a flirt. He had wantonly insulted her. She was honest in what she was doing. Utterly and absolutely he was convinced of it. And abashed as he was, he felt a sore delight in his conviction. "I—I beg your pardon," he faltered.

"It is not necessary." The girl did not look at him. She was staring straight before her. "It is exactly what I ought to have expected from a man like you. What Mary sees in you I cannot understand—but Mary always sees good in everyone. If it wasn't for her, I would leave you to Uncle and Snead."

"Uncle! Snead! Mary?" Who the dickens were they? Even in his abasement Jack could not help wondering.

"I beg your pardon," he breathed once more. "I acted like a cad. I am one."

"Yes. I suppose you are. You must be

to have acted as you have. I don't mean just now, of course. I mean—you can guess what. But I don't understand. A moment ago I was wondering. You didn't seem the sort of man I had supposed. But now—"

"I'm sorry," Jack broke in desperately. His brain was whirling. A moment before, the girl had said that she didn't know him. Now she seemed to be saying that she did. He could not understand, but he was anxious to be forgiven. "I'm sorry," he declared. "I'm more sorry than I can say. I,"—recklessly he bounded to his feet—"I've got to confess," he cried. "I have deceived you. I am not—"

But the girl had found her tongue. "Sit down. Please sit down," she begged. "You don't know—you can't understand. Please, please—"

"It's all right. There's no danger. I'm not—"

He stopped. The girl's hand was pressed over his mouth. She had leaped to her feet and was dragging him back into the shadows. He did not resist. Whatever else might be true, he realized that she was in real terror for his sake. The least he could do was to yield to her wishes.

He let her drag him behind the bushes, but as he did he heard feet on the gravel walk close by, and he turned to look.

A big man was hurrying through the gate in the hedge. He was much taller and heavier than Jack. He was coming straight for the bush, head up and fists balled. There could not be the least doubt that he had seen or heard Jack, and that he meant to attack him.

Not since he had been a boy had Jack engaged in a fist fight, but he had much experience in the gymnasium, and had learned to hit cleanly and powerfully. He had a deceptive lot of muscle, too. Moreover, at the moment he had a wicked desire to punch some one's head. He had "got in bad" with the girl and he wanted to take it out on somebody.

That is, later, in looking back and trying to explain his actions, he decided that he must have been actuated by these motives. At the time, however, he

did not pause to consider. He merely stepped automatically from behind the bush, ducked beneath a swinging blow that would otherwise have ended him, and then struck out and up, hard. His fist landed on the point of the giant's chin, and the latter rocked back stiffly, crashed down upon the grass, and lay quite motionless.

Jack glanced at him and turned to the girl. "Don't be alarmed," he said, quietly. "He isn't really injured. He'll be all right in a few minutes. I had to do it. He wouldn't have listened to any explanation. But now I must tell you I am not the man you think me."

"Oh, I know it, I know it!" The girl was staring at him with amazed eyes. "I've utterly misunderstood you. I never dreamed you were such a man—that you would dare to face one so much bigger and stronger. We've all misunderstood you." Her eyes roved to the man on the grass. "You're sure Snead's not much hurt?" she asked.

Her solicitude somehow irritated Jack. "No," he answered a little bitterly. "Snead's not hurt much. I'm sorry I had to spoil your friend's looks, but—"

"He's not my friend. He's only the man who wants me to marry him. But he's Mary's brother and— Why, you know who he is."

"I don't." Jack felt relieved somehow. The girl's words had not shown any great friendliness for the man he had knocked down. "You must let me explain," he began. "I am—"

The girl clasped her hands. "If you only *could* explain," she cried. "But you can't. You can't. Uncle will never forgive you. He warned you at the beginning and he meant it. He won't accept any amends. Why didn't you act as bravely in the first place as you do now. Then Uncle mightn't have been so prejudiced against you. He won't change now, even for Mary's sake."

Jack caught at the words. "You're sure he won't let me explain and set things right?" he asked anxiously. "You're sure?" His anxiety was not at all feigned. More than anything else in the world he wanted to propitiate "Uncle."

The girl was staring at him with incredulous eyes. "Do you dare to risk it? But no! It would be madness to face him. It wasn't only your defiance! It was what came after. It was the public mortification. I suppose you came back to try to make amends—of course you did—you couldn't have come for anything else. But it's useless. Uncle will never forgive it—not for years, anyway. And the boys would never forgive—not until they had half killed you. Your only chance is to escape. Good Heavens! He's reviving. You must hurry, hurry. You can write to Mary and send the letter to me and she can join you and perhaps after a long time—"

"Join me?" The truth burst on Jack. He was supposed to be married to "Mary," and as clearly he had treated her badly. For obvious reasons the latter fact did not trouble him greatly, but to have the exquisite girl beside him believe him married was really too much to be borne with equanimity.

"Good Lord," he cried. "You're wrong. All wrong. Listen—"

He broke off. The swish of feet on the grass beside him caught his ear and he spun around.

Three men were racing toward him across the lawn—three huge men, almost as big as the one who was just sitting up on the grass—men whose swift, elastic movements showed that they were as active as they were large. Like the first, they stopped not to question or to parley. They simply hurled themselves at Jack.

He struck out once. The blow went home, stopping one of the giants in mid-career. But he had no time to strike again. The other two fell upon him and he went down, crushed by their weight. As he fell, he heard the girl's shriek. His head struck violently against something. He did not quite lose consciousness. He felt vaguely that he was being hauled to his feet and was being rushed across the lawn to the house. At the door he tried to resist, but a knee was driven violently into his back. He heard the girl cry out "Snead" in bitter protest, and sick and giddy he submitted to being propelled into the house and into

a brilliantly lighted room, where he was suddenly released. He reeled, catching at a heavy arm chair that stood beside him. The next instant he gasped, as a glass of ice-water was thrown in his face.

The shock revived him. He let go the chair and drew himself up, dripping with water and as mad as a wet hen. He stood with white cheeks and dilated nostrils, reading the scene before him.

The room was large and handsomely furnished; its fittings gave evidence of wealth and cultivation. Jack did not stop to study it; he merely felt its atmosphere. He did not look at the girl or at the men who had dragged him in, though he was conscious of their presence. He noticed nothing and no one except an old man who sat watching him with a grim smile.

He was an extraordinary-looking old man. Jack guessed that in his day he must have been a very large and powerful one—larger and more powerful than any of the younger men who stood by, sons of Anak though they were. Even his great frame, however, lost by contrast with his face, with its haughty, high-bridged Roman nose, brilliant hawk-like eyes, and thick thatch of snow-white hair. Evidently he was not a person, but a personage.

Jack pulled himself together, and met the old man's eyes squarely. "Well, sir?" he questioned sharply.

The old man's eyes flashed. He ignored the question in Jack tones, and spoke, evidently following a course already determined. "So, sir, you have dared to come back?" he said, slowly, in a high, cracked voice—the voice of old age. "I did not expect you, sir. I could scarcely believe that you had really come. I did not believe that you had the courage to come!"

Jack's compressed lips did not relax. Silently he waited.

The old man went on. "I can scarcely believe it now," he rasped. "That is why I directed my sons to bring you here instead of shooting you down. I myself am measurably brave, but I should not have dared to come back to this town after doing what you did, and I wanted

to ask you how you dared to come!"

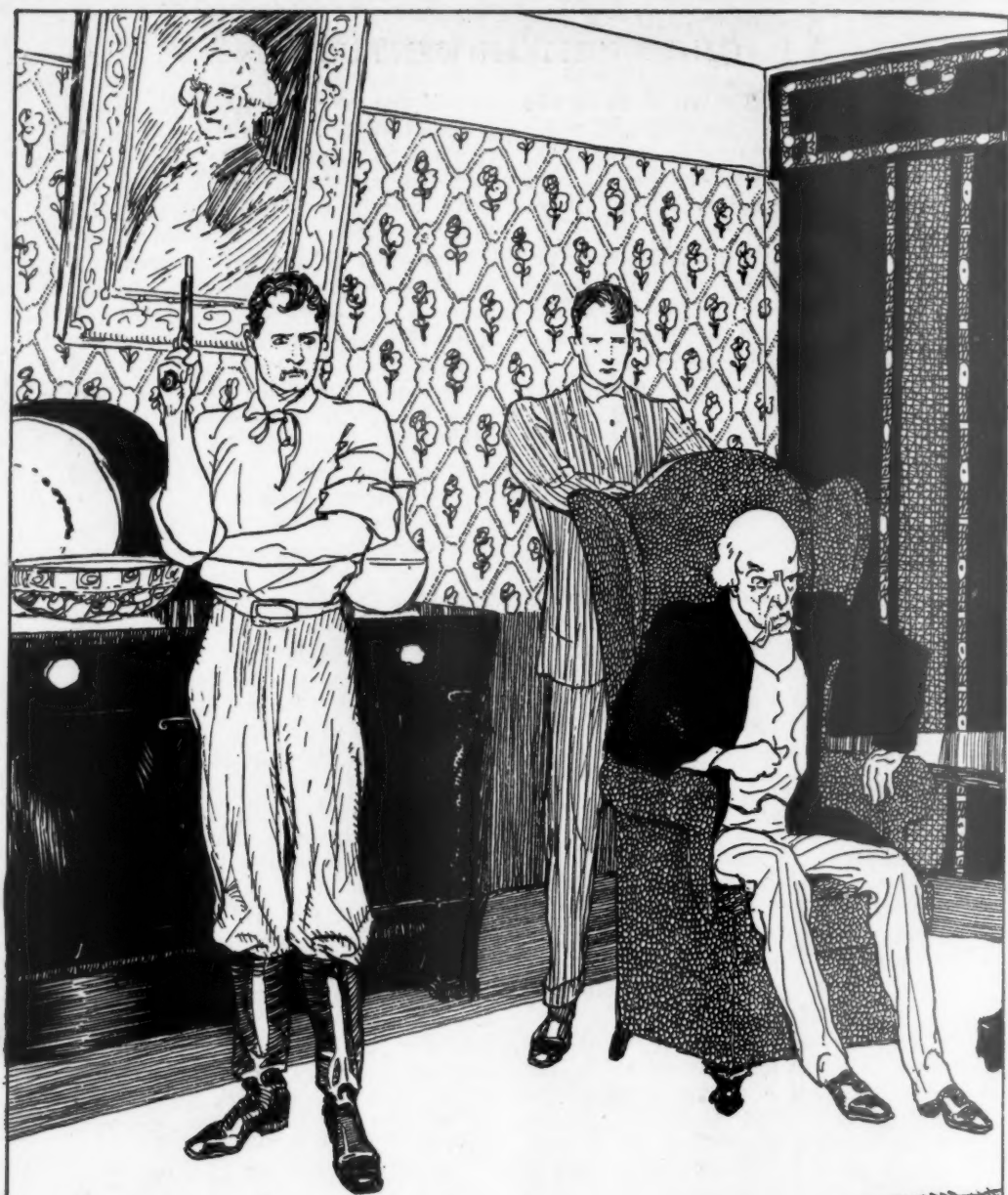
Still Jack did not answer. He was too angry to be frightened. He realized that he was in a tight place, but he did not doubt that he would get out of it. He knew instinctively that it would be useless to insist he was not the man who was sought. He felt that to say this would merely be to set himself down as a liar. His captors had all had time to study him close at hand, and they still thought they knew him. To try to shake their belief would be useless, at least for the present. Besides, he did not want to shake their belief. All his life he had been accustomed to deference; never before had anyone mauled him as these people had done—as Snead in particular had done. He meant to get even with Snead for that kick while he was helpless. To get even was his first concern. Escape and explanation would come later. So he kept still and waited.

The old man went on: "I warned you once to keep away from me and mine. You disobeyed me. You eloped with my daughter and you deserted her on her wedding trip. Probably you did it to defy me. I can see no other reason. And I can see no reason at all for your coming back. You did not come back for the girl's sake; if you had cared for her you would not have deserted her. I scarcely think you could have come back to defy me to my face, for you must have known what the consequences would be. I can understand most men's conduct, but yours I cannot understand at all. So I have had you brought here to question you. Why did you come back?"

Jack's expression did not relax. "I am waiting for an apology," he answered sharply. "This man,"—he pointed to Snead,—"*this man* dared to use his knee on me. I am waiting for him to apologize." He faced the giant with a glare that spoke no fear, only anger.

The man stared. Then he laughed with loud and derisive amazement. "Apology!" he rasped. "I'll tie you up and lash you like a dog."

Before he finished Jack sprang forward and struck him with open hand on the cheek; the sound of the slap echoed



The two brothers loaded the pistols. . . Suddenly
"Mr. Westlake," she said clearly, "we do not know
give me an address to which I can write in case—"
old man broke in

Palini



the girl stepped up to Jack.
your people. Will you not
Before Jack could answer, the

through the room like a pistol shot. Then he sprang back, throwing up his hands, ready for defense against the instant assault he expected.

It did not come. Nothing came. No one moved. The girl in the background gave a faint cry, scarcely more than a gasp, but no one else uttered a sound. They all seemed turned to stone. Snead grew so white that Jack half expected him to fall.

At last a breath, a sort of universal sigh, sounded through the room. The old man's grip on the arms of his chair relaxed and he dropped back. But when he spoke there was no weakness in his voice.

"Carter," he said, "get the pistols."

Without a word, the youngest of the men left the room. The girl started forward as if in protest, but caught the old man's eye and shrank back with a gasp.

The old man turned to the second boy. "Todd," he said, "you will act for Mr. Westlake."

Jack started. Not for an instant had he supposed that these strenuous people knew his name. He had supposed that the whole adventure was based on mistaken identity. To hear that the old man, and presumably the others, knew who he was, took his breath away.

"Westlake?" he gasped, involuntarily.

"Yes. That is your name, isn't it? Or have you deceived me about that, too, Mr. Tom Westlake?"

Tom Westlake! A great light dawned on Jack. Of course that was the explanation. He would—

He looked up, and saw Snead staring at him with deadly menace, and remembered that he was about to engage in a duel. His anger had vanished, and he suddenly realized how unnecessary, not to say idiotic, the whole affair had been. It seemed to him now that he could have stopped it at any moment by a frank explanation. Instead, he had let it go on, at first because he was amused and later because he was angry. Jack Westlake was a reasonable man, and he was now ready to admit that it was Snead and his friends who had the right to be angry. Indeed, if the truth was really

as he was now convinced that it must be, they had a right to be very angry indeed. Instead of shooting Snead, he ought to be apologizing to him.

Even while he thought this, he knew that it would be wholly impossible for him to apologize. He was brave, but he was not brave enough for that. Deliberately he had offered the man the deadliest insult in his power, and he must take the consequences. Not to save his life would he subject himself to the humiliation that any attempt to explain would assuredly involve. No! He must fight first; afterwards—if there was an afterwards—he would decide what to do.

The door opened and young Carter came in with a small mahogany box. He put it on the table and lifted the lid, disclosing two heavy old-fashioned dueling pistols.

The old man lifted the pistols. "Todd," he called, "come and help your brother." He held out the pistols.

The two brothers loaded the pistols. They then pushed the center table and the chairs out of the way, and laid off a line of fire that would give the opponents the equal benefit of the light. Jack watched them in admiration, wondering at the cool, methodical way in which they went about their work.

Suddenly the girl stepped up to him. "Mr. Westlake," she said clearly and distinctly, "we do not know your people. Will you not give me an address to which I can write in case—"

Before Jack could answer, the old man broke in. "Kentucky," he called.

The girl turned. "Yes, uncle," she said.

"I think you had better go."

But the girl shook her head. "No," she said, distinctly, and turned back to Jack.

He looked at her. She was marble white, but she held her head high and met his gaze with clear, unfaltering eyes.

"So your name is Kentucky?" he mused.

The girl flushed. The ache in her eyes made Jack quail. "You may be a brave man, Mr. Westlake," she breathed. "You

are a brave man. But it is not brave to mock in the presence of death. You know my name."

Jack looked at her. In her he saw Kentucky incarnate—the fierce ancestral spirit that had taken her pioneer ancestors to the state, the passionate pride of family that had made them stand together against the world, the unflinching courage that death itself could not quell, the beauty, the strength, the grace that comes from outdoor life in a favored soil. Unashamed, her eyes met his. Fifteen minutes before she had tried to save him; now she was letting him work out his own salvation. Yet Jack, looking into her eyes, saw there a misery that he had not seen before.

"I am not mocking," he said, gently. "I give you my word for it. For the rest, I think, I have nothing more to say. You will find all necessary information in my pocket-book, in case—"

"And you have no word to leave for—for Mary?"

"For Mary?" For an instant Jack was genuinely puzzled; he had forgotten Mary. Then his eyes snapped. "Oh, yes," he nodded. "I will write a line." He took a card from his case and penciled a few words across it; then he handed it to the girl. "Read this afterwards," he directed, "in case— Then destroy it or show it to—Mary—as you think best. I leave its disposition wholly to you."

The girl bowed. "I will do it," she promised. "Is there anything else?"

"Nothing but to tell me you have forgiven me? Believe me, I had not realized the situation. I acted very badly. Will you forgive me?"

A faint flush came into the girl's marble face. "I have forgotten," she said, slowly.

The old man's voice broke in. "We are ready now," he said. "You must leave the room, Kentucky."

Slowly Kentucky shook her head. "No, Uncle," she said distinctly. "I will stay."

For a moment the two stared each other in the face, the same implacable spirit looking through both pairs of eyes. Then youth won.

"Very well," said the old man. "Stay if you will. But stand back."

"Mr. Westlake,"—he turned to Jack,— "your second has won the right to the word. He will give it thus: 'One, two, three—fire.' You will fire after 'one' and before 'fire.' Do you understand?"

Both men nodded.

Todd's voice rose. "Ready!" he said.

"One, two, three—fire."

With the two shots blended a woman's shriek. Both men, apparently untouched, stood in their places, with wisps of smoke curling slowly upward from their pistol mouths; and both turned slowly toward the woman who had burst open the door.

In all points she seemed a weaker, milder replica of Kentucky. Jack knew instantly that she must be Mary. She could be no one else.

Half-way across the room she stopped and stood panting, staring incredulously from one combatant to the other. "What—what does this mean?" she gasped.

"It means that you spoiled my aim," growled Snead. He turned to his father. "I demand another shot," he cried.

"But—but this isn't the man. This isn't Tom!"

"Not the man?" The universal exclamation of amazement swept through the listeners.

Jack released his grip upon his pistol and let it drop to the floor. "No," he said; "I am not the man. Now that you know that I am not a coward, you may be willing to believe that I am not a liar. Therefore I can tell you that I am not the man, and I can apologize to Mr. Snead here for my blow. It was given under a misapprehension, and I hope he will pardon it."

Snead's face relaxed. "Certainly," he said, hesitatingly. "But—"

"I am not Tom Westlake. I am his brother, Jack Westlake. Tom was very much like me, and I suppose that none of you, except Mrs. Westlake, knew him very intimately. Until you called me Tom, I did not suspect that I had been mistaken for him. You see, none of us knew that Tom was married."

"Where is he? Oh, where is he?" Young Mrs. Westlake was wringing her

hands together nervously. "Tell me, he didn't desert me of his own accord. Tell me! Tell me!"

Jack shook his head slowly. "No, he didn't desert you intentionally, Mrs. Westlake," he said. "Tom never deserted anyone. He was one of the bravest, truest men I ever knew. You all seem to doubt his courage. I cannot see why. No one else ever did. His only faults were stubbornness and rashness. He did not desert you at all, Mrs. Westlake. He,"—he paused,—"*he is dead*," he finished.

"Dead!"

"Yes. He walked into the office of a lawyer friend in Louisville on June second nearly a year ago, and dropped dead, without uttering a single word. No doubt he came in to tell him of his marriage. He had written nothing of it to any of us, and none of us suspected it. The fact of his death was mentioned, inconspicuously, in the papers. There was no reason to mention it in any other way. Evidently you did not see the notice. I wonder, though, that the police did not tell you—"

"I did not go to the police." It was the old man who spoke. "I supposed—I did not go to the police."

"That explains. There is no more to tell. As I said, I did not suspect that I had been taken for Tom, until after I had insulted you, Mr. Snead, and then it was too late to explain. I had to give you your chance."

Snead was staring at him admiringly. "If your shooting was as good as your nerve," he said, awkwardly, "you'd be a terror. But I didn't even hear your bullet."

"No?" Jack smiled a little grimly. "But if you'll examine that portrait on the wall behind you, you'll find a bullet-hole in its eye. I beg your pardon for spoiling your ancestor. It was all my cursed vanity. I had to show that I did know how to shoot."

Snead stared at the hole in the portrait. "I reckon I owe you my life," he said. "I'm glad I missed, though I'm darned if I understand how I did it."

"No," Jack smiled, a little faintly. Then he started and held up his hand.

A locomotive whistle was calling through the night.

"That's my train," he said. "I came here to-night by chance. The train was delayed by a wash-out, and I came for a stroll—seeking adventure. I found it! Now I must go. I must be in Louisville to-morrow. But my name and address are on the card I gave Miss Kentucky, and I will come back, if you will let me." He paused for a reply.

The old man, who had sat listening, held out his hand. "Come back and welcome, Mr. Westlake," he cried. "I'm old, and—well—perhaps I was wrong about that brother of yours. I thought he was a coward, and cowards are not popular in Kentucky. But if he was of one blood with you—well, perhaps I was wrong. Anyhow, come back. My name is Jordan. You may not know it."

"Thank you. I'll come, gladly. There—there are business matters to discuss, you know. Tom left a good deal of money. Good-night, all." He turned toward the door.

But Snead Jordan stepped forward. "I'll drive you down," he said. "I have a buggy at the door."

"Thank you." Jack turned to Kentucky and held out his hand. "Good-night, Miss Kentucky," he said. "Have you read the card I gave you?"

Kentucky started. "No," she exclaimed; "I forgot. I—"

Jack stopped her. "Not now," he said. "Wait till I am gone. And remember that I mean every word on it."

Ten minutes later, Kentucky Jordan, with brilliant, flushed cheeks, was hiding away a card, inscribed:

Mary's husband was my brother Tom, not myself; and Tom is dead. If this is the end, forgive me; if it is not the end, let me come back to you—Kentucky. Let me come back, for I want to tell you something as soon as I know you better. Let me come back.

Almost at the same moment, as the train glided away from the station, Jack Westlake stopped at his friend's section. "Say, Doc," said he, "I wish you'd come to the smoking-room and bandage my arm. I've got a bullet-hole through it."

Method to his Madness

JOHN BARTON OXFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD



It was a very attractive room. A fire, snapping cheerfully on the hearth, made a glistening reflection on the polished floor, where it was not covered with fine old rugs. Potted palms drooped gracefully here and there; through the broad windows streamed a flood of morning sunshine. Mahogany chairs, heavily upholstered in leather, tempted one to their wide depths. It was a very quiet room, too. Even the ticking of the French clock on the high mantel was guarded and unobtrusive.

Dr. Delano, head of the sanitarium which bore his name, leaned forward in his chair to prod back an ember which had snapped far out on the hearth; then he turned to the red-faced, elderly man on the other side of the fireplace.

"You of course notice a marked change for the better in your brother since you saw him last, Captain?" he half-inquired, half-asserted.

Captain Isaiah Phinney wrinkled up the corners of his eyes and wagged his head in slow negation.

"I can't say I do," said he. "Let's see, I saw him last in October, just before I started for Bahia with that load of lumber. It's the middle of March now, and I can't see he's improved a mite. He's

jest as fidgety and irritable and scrawny-lookin' as he was then."

Dr. Delano frowned.

"Oh, he's coming along," he declared.

"Maybe so," the other replied dubiously, "but it don't show none to the naked eye that I can see. Last October, when he first come here, you was goin' to have him fit as a fiddle in a couple of months or so."

Again the doctor frowned.

"An obstinate case, Captain—a most obstinate case," he explained. "When you're dealing with nervous troubles—"

The visitor grunted. "He don't seem to take any interest in anything now, no more than he did when I saw him last," he interrupted. "Seems to me, in six months' time he'd oughter come on a little. Here he is four years younger than me, and look at the difference!"

The doctor let his eyes wander to the robust figure of the seaman in the mahogany chair. He smiled with much meaning.

"If your brother had led the life you have," he suggested, "instead of bending his every energy to piling up a fortune, he might be in the shape you are now. As it is—"

"I want to see him well again," the Captain interrupted.

"So do we all of us, for that matter," said Delano. "Your brother, Captain Phinney, is a fine type of man. He's one of those desirable citizens whom the community needs, and needs in the full flush of his powers. We're going to have him in that condition before we're through with him here."

Captain Isaiah said nothing, but his lips set grimly. A moment he looked searchingly at the faultlessly-dressed man opposite him. Noting him carefully, one might have seen those thin lips set even more tightly as he looked.

"I've got a taxicab waiting out here to take me back to the docks," he said at length. "I suppose there's no objection to my taking Robert out for a little spin with me before I go?"

"Not in the least," the doctor acquiesced, "if he cares to go."

"I spoke to him about it just now when I was upstairs with him," said the Captain, "and he didn't seem to want to. Now I believe a little turn in the air will do him good. I thought maybe you'd induce him to go with me."

Dr. Delano, nodding, arose and left the room. Captain Isaiah settled back in his chair, a grim smile on his lips as he watched the other go.

From above stairs came the sound of low voices and much bustling about. Then the stairs creaked. Dr. Delano re-entered the sunny reception room, still wearing the bland, professional smile which the skipper had come fairly to hate.

"I've induced your brother to take a little ride with you," said the doctor. "He's waiting in the hall for you now. I wouldn't take him too far. It doesn't take much to tire him out, you understand."

Captain Isaiah arose and went into the hall. Drooping on a wide leather seat there at the foot of the stairs was the tall, emaciated form of his brother, swathed to the chin in a fur-lined overcoat.

"Come on, Ben, we're going to have a little spin together," said the Captain bluffly, stepping over to his brother and taking him by the arm.

Benjamin Phinney mumbled something unintelligible and got heavily to his feet. Then, with his brother's arm holding his own, he shuffled through the open front door, down the steps and along the granolithic walk towards the taxi, puffing at the curb. After them, since Benjamin Phinney was the sanitarium's star patient, came Dr. Delano himself and two nurses.

Between them all, Benjamin, appar-

ently utterly apathetic as to his surroundings, was hustled into the taxi; the robes were carefully tucked around him, and then Captain Isaiah climbed in beside him.

"Only a little jaunt now," Dr. Delano cautioned. "Not more than five miles or so."

The Captain merely nodded, as he slammed the door, at which sound the taxi began to cough and sputter, and shot away from the curb.

No sooner was the first corner turned than Captain Isaiah was tapping on the window before him.

"Take us to Cole's wharf," he called to the chauffeur, at the same time shaking a five-dollar bill tentatively at that worthy.

Benjamin Phinney's chin was suddenly lifted from the fur of his coat-collar. A very cadaverous face with a pair of burning eyes was turned on the grinning mariner.

"Cole's Wharf, Isaiah?" Benjamin managed to sputter weakly and querulously. "That's a long ways. I can't ride way down to Cole's Wharf!"

Isaiah laid a firm hand on his brother's bony wrist.

"You're going farther than Cole's Wharf, Ben," he said between set teeth. "You're done with sanitariums and the like. You're going to get well now. I wouldn't 've said a word about the Turkish baths and the massages and the sun-parlors and the canary-bird grub and all the rest of it up here, if it had done you any good. But it aint—not the least mite. You're worse off now than you was when I saw you last October."

"You used to be hearty enough years ago when you went to sea with me. You never had no insomnia nor all the rest of them long-named things they say you've got now. You et three square meals a day and done a man's work. You're going to do all that again. What the sanitarium aint done for you, I'm going to. You're going to sea a trip with me. We aint heading for any port in particular. I'm just going to take you aboard the bark and put to sea with you and stay to sea till you're well again."

A wild light came into Benjamin Phinney's eyes. His chin rose still higher from the fur collar.

"It'll be the death of me," he wailed. "I couldn't stand anything like that now. You're crazy, Isaiah, you'll—"

He put one shaking hand to the catch of the taxi door. Isaiah caught that hand and pulled it away almost roughly.

Benjamin actually began to snivel weakly; and at the sound of strife behind him the chauffeur turned about on his seat.

"Cole's Wharf! Hurry!" Isaiah instructed once more, again shaking the bill at the man on the front seat.

"That's more'n half what's the matter with you, I believe," said Isaiah, as they spun a corner and went bumping down-town. "All that luxury up there aint what you need. You've tried it and it's failed. Now, you're going to try *my* way. No, you needn't make no fuss about it, neither. You're going, and that's all there is to it. Set still! You'd oughta know you can't do nothing against me, not in the shape you're in now!"

At Cole's Wharf, despite Benjamin's enfeebled condition, it took both Isaiah and the chauffeur to get him out of the taxi and down the dock to the place where Isaiah's lumber bark, the *Stormy Petrel*, lay.

The men along the wharf, to say nothing of those on the bark's deck, looked on in wonder at the cringing, protesting figure which was hustled aboard and below to the Captain's cabin.

A half-hour later, a tug had been summoned alongside, the *Petrel* was warped out of the dock, and headed down the harbor in the wake of the chugging tug.

Isaiah went below and managed to get his charge quieted and into a berth.

"You get a good rest and all the sleep you can," he admonished his brother. "This aint going to be just a pleasure trip for you. You're going to turn out and work like a foremast hand as soon as you're able, or as soon as I think you're able. I said when I saw you up to the sanitarium this morning, I knew what you needed. And that's just what you're going to get. I'm going to make a well man of you, if these doctors and sanitariums can't."



"Come on, Ben, we're going to have a little spin together," said the Captain.

Benjamin began a sniveling protest, but Isaiah turned on his heel and went on deck.

They were well outside the harbor now. The tug had dropped them. Blocks creaked and squealed as sail after sail was broken out.

Just forward of the after house the first mate was shouting orders to the men aloft, and between times was speaking to the second mate beside him. He did not hear the skipper as he came up the companionway, nor did he see him.

"I dunno what his game is," Isaiah heard him saying to the second mate. "That's his brother that he lugged aboard awhile ago. Rich, he is; got a pile of money, and I believe the skipper expects to come into it sometime, bein' as this brother of his aint got neither wife nor children. Been sick a long time, he has, and I reckon the skipper's got kinder sick of waitin' for him to die and has took this way of hurryin' things up a little."

Isaiah waited for no more. With burning cheeks he slunk back down the companionway. His blood was boiling. Yet he realized any attempted explanation would only make matters worse.

Suppose anything should happen to Benjamin? Suppose this plan of his shouldn't work out as he had planned? Suppose Benjamin should die on this trip? Isaiah whistled under his breath as he thought over the most unpleasant possibilities of it.

Then he clenched one fist hard. The old-womanish gossip of the mates shouldn't turn him from his course. This was the right thing for Benjamin he was doing; he was sure of it. Still, if anything *did* happen—

Isaiah spent a bad time for the next few hours. Now he was all for ordering the bark about and putting back; now with set teeth he had made up his mind to see the thing through to a finish, come what might.

But with the coming of darkness his responsibilities began to weigh on him more heavily. He debated miserably with himself until eight bells, and then suddenly went on deck, decided at last.

It most probably meant giving back health to Benjamin to keep on, but the risk was rather more than he cared to shoulder. He had virtually kidnaped Benjamin, and if anything unseemly *did* happen, why tongues would wag, even as the first mate's tongue was wagging even now.

Isaiah went up to the deck.



Despite Benjamin's enfeebled condition, it took both Isaiah and the chauffeur to get him out of the taxi and down the dock

"Put her about, Mr. Flanders," he ordered the second mate, whose watch it was. "We'll go back!"

He waited until the bark was swung about, then went below and turned in, at once relieved and yet ashamed of himself.

He was awakened some hours later by the first mate. The bark was leaping about in crazy fashion. The roar and scream of the wind through the rigging told him of one of those fierce spring gales for which that particular coast was noted.

"Nor-west, sir," said the mate. "Wind's been comin' stronger for the past two hours. Barometer's way down. It looks nasty. Seems to be comin' worse, too!"

Isaiah went on deck. Sail was shortened down to the last reef; a wicked sea was running; and momentarily the squalls grew fiercer. By daybreak they were running before it under bare poles, running offshore once more.

"A nor'wester wont hold on like this long," Isaiah consoled himself, but all that day the wind grew more furious.

In the course of his life Isaiah had seen a few blows, but never one like this. And at dusk the second mate came aft to report two feet of water in the hold.

All that night the pumps creaked monotonously, but despite their best efforts the water in the hold gained steadily. All the next day they wallowed and thumped and banged before a hurricane of unabated fury. Then it began to snow, —cold, dry, cutting flakes which, driven by the gale, cut and stung like so many red-hot coals.

The pumps worked more furiously. The crew began to drop at the brake-beams. The two mates, and even the skipper himself took their places, and still the water gained.

The third morning dawned. The wind was easing up somewhat. They set a feeble expanse of trysail and tried to swing her about.

And then, Isaiah, laboring blindly at the pumps, was aware of a fur-coated figure beside him.

"For God's sake, Ben," he gasped, when it finally dawned upon him that it was not all some horrid dream, "go below. You can't stand it up here. It'll be the death of you, and folks'll say—"

The fur-coated figure grasped the brake-beam and began the monotonous bending up and down, up and down.

"You got to use every ounce of strength there is abroad this craft if you're going to keep her afloat," croaked Benjamin. "I'll do what I can as long as I can. Every little helps now."

"Man, you wont last a half-hour. You—"

"You didn't know I pumped some yesterday, did you?" said Benjamin. "Well, I did. And I ate some salt-horse stew for supper. It tasted good, too. Don't waste time talking. Pump! You aren't half working!"

That day the gale died down. They got sail on her and tried to beat back. But, half full of water as she was, the *Stormy Petrel* made heavy work of it. Three days and three nights it was beat and pump, beat and pump.

And despite all Isaiah's protests, Benjamin insisted daily in standing at the pumps as long as possible; and each day his tricks were longer, and each day he stood them oftener. But Isaiah, watching him, trembled in his shoes. No man who had been in Benjamin's condition could do these things and live, he told himself. Yet Benjamin declared he could stand it far better than he could to sit idly

below doing nothing. That, he claimed, was more than he could endure.

Isaiah grew pinched and hollow-cheeked. Great, dark circles began to show themselves about his eyes.

Three seemingly endless days of this, and then at nightfall of a mild March day they sighted land once more. A stream of smoke trailed out on the horizon. It grew in volume, until, just before darkness shut down, a feeble cheer arose from the bark's deck at the sight of a tug, which had seen their signals of distress, heading towards them.

Once more the bark lay at her berth at Cole's Wharf. In the after-cabin Isaiah drooped in a chair. Beside him Benjamin was speaking—speaking in something like his old dominating tones.

"You were right after all, Isaiah," said he. "This was just what I needed. Why, I feel like a new man already. Now just pull your old bark onto the ways and have her caulked, and then let me go a real trip with you, and I'll be as good as I ever was."

"You used to be a good navigator before you went into business ashore and made all your money," said Isaiah wearily. "Tell you what, you take her out and do your own curing."

"Where are you going?" asked his brother.

"Me?" said Isaiah. "Turkish baths and sun-parlors and some one to wait on me and all the rest of that luxury look different to me now than they did a spell back. I'm going up to that sanitarium and stay awhile. I've cured you; now I've got to do a little something for myself."

The Scorpion

by CREDE
HASKINS
CALHOUN



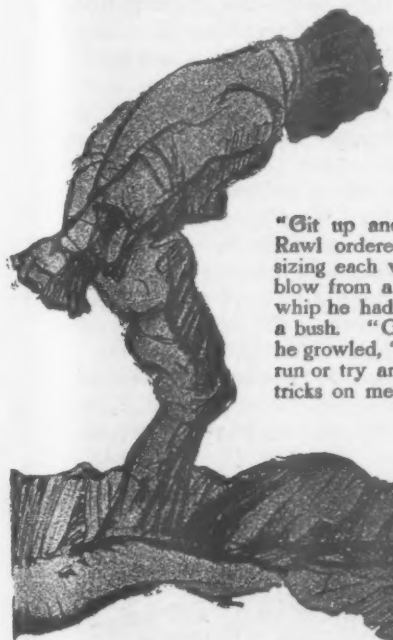
WHEN Santos Salazar joined the Canal Zone police, a dozen or more names were tried out on him before one was found to suit the critical nomenclatural tastes of the big, khaki-clad ex-soldiers that compose the force. One day in the squad room at Ancon, he lived down his first tag, Little Saint, taken from his Christian name, by hitting a fresh recruit so hard that they had to use a pitcher of precious ice-water to get him to open his eyes. Then Santos flew to the other extreme of remorse and generosity. He apologized sincerely and pressed gifts on the dazed rookie and took him out to see the old town, got him splendidly drunk, gave him some good advice, a shower bath and put him to bed. Finally Harding, a husky, six-foot sergeant, settled the re-christening of Santos Salazar

ILLUSTRATED
BY
C. B. FALLS

by calling him the Scorpion. That name stuck.

The Scorpion could sting with his darting black eyes, his nimble tongue, his strong, slender hands and his tiny Spanish feet. He was all stinger. When it came to using the third degree on an uncommunicative prisoner, the Scorpion was a past master. He had a way of holding the victim's little finger during an interview that usually got ready and honest answers. Yet the Scorpion always relented after a prisoner was convicted, and became sentimentally kind.

Salazar's very large head, set on his small body, gave him the appearance of an old-fashioned caricature. His brows bristled fiercely over eyes that were like jungle night shadows pierced by lightning. When he stared at a prisoner they flashed sparks like a trolley on a



"Git up and beat it," Rawl ordered, emphasizing each word by a blow from a long, keen whip he had jerked off a bush. "Go ahead," he growled, "and don't run or try any monkey tricks on me."

more tenderness. He ended by giving her a friendly pat of encouragement on her plump bare shoulder. In two or three days more he would be a father. Already he imagined his reception by his big, good friends at the station. He even pictured himself receiving congratulations and handing out long, slender Jamaican cigars. It made him feel generous toward all the world. As he passed through the crowded narrow street, he smiled with friendly foolishness at dogs, negroes, mules, Chinamen, cats, and especially at the children. One thing disturbed him. There was a strange, new light in the night-black depths of his wife's eyes. Sometimes it looked like fear.

He was truly sorry for the man he was taking to a couple of years of hard labor that morning. Therefore, he gave the prisoner cigarettes and, against all rules, freed his hands so he could smoke. Santos took his prisoner to a rear seat in the last second-class car.

A sneeze ruined the Scorpion. It seized him unawares when the train was creeping through thick jungle. Rawl grabbed him at the same instant.

wet night, and they bored through the victim's eyeballs into his cringing soul.

After his probing gaze came the sting of his fluent tongue. He could sting in a dozen different languages. Born somewhere in Spanish America, he had served in every revolution south of Mexico from the time Thomas R. Nast was consul at Guayaquil until the American occupation of the Canal Zone. His familiarity with and knowledge of Central American criminals made him valuable as a plain-clothes man. It was the Scorpion who captured single-handed in Panama's worst Chinese dive, Buck Rawl, a beachcomber, who was convicted of robbing the bachelors' quarters along the canal.

The morning that Santos took Rawl to the penitentiary at Culebra, he returned after he had kissed his pretty wife, a child-like native girl, good-by. The rite was repeated with infinitely

The prisoner slammed the little fellow on the floor—then dropped off the back steps of the car. The Scorpion had recovered from his fall when the train stopped. He told the conductor to go ahead, then plunged into the jungle after the escaped convict.

The Scorpion knew that the prisoner would hurry to the river, cross and make a run for the Colombian boundary. There is no extradition treaty between Panama and her old sovereign, because Colombia has never recognized the independence of the infant republic. The Scorpion remembered a hidden canoe with which he could paddle ahead and cut off the escape of the giant Rawl.

He uncovered the little dug-out craft on the edge of a slow, muddy stream.

"Now, valut, when
I git done eatin' you
can have what's left."



He placed his Colt's automatic in the boat before him and began to paddle skillfully. The clumsy canoe responded loggily. The Scorpion wondered about it. Suddenly in mid-stream it turned over. The Scorpion came up sputtering and spitting out the dirty water. His automatic was lost in the mud at the bottom of the stream. Over the edge of the canoe leered the pudgy, bestial face of Rawl!

"Now what you goin' to do?" Rawl sneered through his ugly black teeth. "I was just goin' to cop the boat when I heard you comin'. I was in the water hidin' behind it when you got in." He laughed. "Not slow for me, huh? Say, how long can you stay under water?"

The Scorpion's eyes were flashing lightning. He did not answer; he was thinking.

"They say drownin' is a pleasant death," Rawl pondered. "Nothin' like that for you. I'll need you for a guide an' cook an' to talk the lingo till I git to Colombia. Then"—the giant patted the water with his broad open palm and studied—"then, if you're alive, why—but I guess you wont be."

The Scorpion was moving slowly, almost imperceptibly, towards the other end of the *cuyuca*. Suddenly he disappeared. With an oath Rawl was after him. A minute later they struggled to the surface farther down the stream. Rawl, treading water, held the Scorpion under until he grew quiet. Then he swam with easy strokes to the shore and tumbled the small dark man a motionless heap in the mud.

"Now, you dirty little half-

breed," he began when the Scorpion moved, "you been baptized, but that's only a taste of what you're goin' to git. You're goin' through hell to Colombia!" He chuckled over his ominous joke. "Through hell to Colombia."

The Scorpion sat up and rubbed his eyes as if he had just wakened from a long *siesta*.

"Come on, kid, wake up!" growled Rawl as he gave the little man a quick slap in the face. The blow left red marks of his stubby fingers.

"You'll pay for that," whimpered the Scorpion; "you'll pay." It was not the

whine of a man who is beaten. It was the fearful threat of a man who plans revenge without limit.

"Now let me tie your hands," ordered Rawl. "I'll git a long whip. It will keep you goin' in the trail." He paused a second. "An' I'm goin' to draw blood for every time you've cussed me. That is, if your legs hold out."

Unarmed, the Scorpion was helpless in the hands of the powerful brute. He was silent and obedient. Yet he was not cowed; he was wise. He remembered the fearful look in the beautiful, soft eyes of his young wife. She would be alone at the crisis. She might always be alone. He could take no risks. A light came into his snapping black eyes, a fire smouldering, kindling, patiently revengeful.

"Git up an' beat it," Rawl ordered, emphasizing each word by a blow from a long, keen whip he had jerked off a bush. Each cut left a red welt through which the blood began to seep. "Go ahead," he growled, "an' don't run or try any monkey tricks on me."

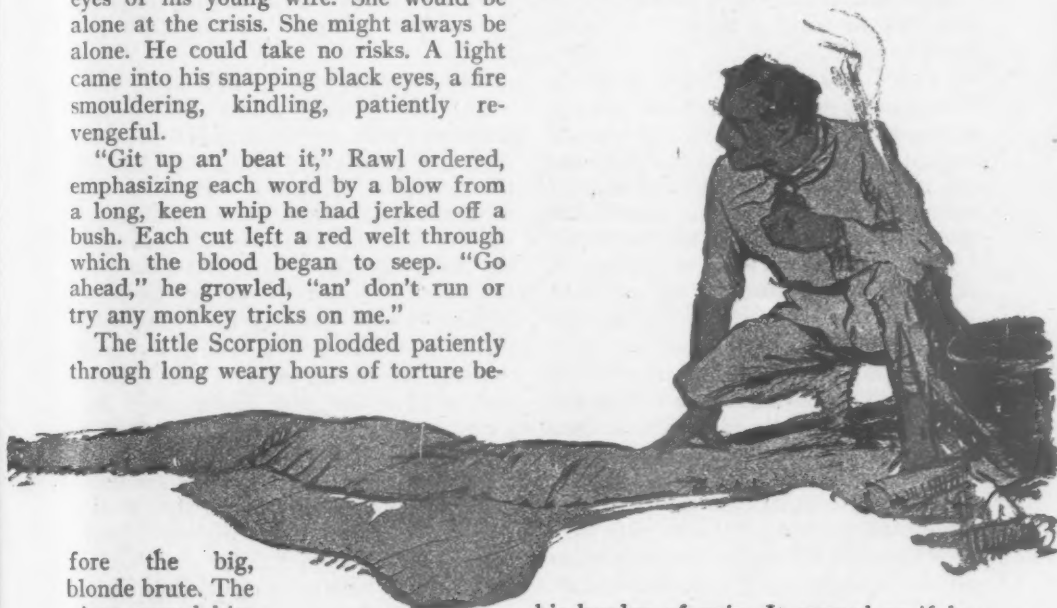
The little Scorpion plodded patiently through long weary hours of torture be-

fore the big, blonde brute. The giant cursed him vilely. Many times Santos wanted to stop, but always he seemed to see the wonderful black eyes of his wife reminding him that no longer was his life his own to give away just to save a little pain.

After a long time they dropped down out of the merciless sun into a black swamp that was locked between jungle-covered mountains. The shade was cool and on the heavy damp air hung the stench of decaying vegetation. The change was like cold salve on the Scorpion's aching legs. He breathed with relief and began to hope a little. Then, at the entrance to a dark, muddy tunnel through a matted growth of plants and

vines, they were greeted by the thirsty whine of a black cloud of mosquitoes. Rawl cursed and slapped the pests out of his face and wiped bloody handfuls off his big red neck.

The Scorpion was wondering how he could stand the torture until they reached the higher ground where the sun would drive the pests away. The pain made him half blind. He staggered. Then ahead in the trail he saw two big, soft, black eyes staring hopelessly at him. He braced up. They climbed higher and he found that the sun only added to



his burden of pain. It seemed as if he were wading through fire.

"Hit her up faster, bo," Rawl ordered. "We got to git a little closer to Colombia before dark." He used the long, keen whip.

Just before the tropical night came, they stopped at a native hut. Rawl brushed past a wrinkled old man, grabbed a red clay water-bottle that swung under the thatch, and turned the wide mouth to his dry lips.

"Got anything to eat here, old girl?" he asked as he began to rummage through the hut. He collected two *machetes* and a rusty, muzzle-loading rifle.

"No *comprendo*," the frightened woman finally replied. She handed a

gourd of water to the Scorpion. Just as it touched his lips Rawl turned around.

"No ice-water furnished in my hell," he snapped, as he knocked the vessel to the ground. He took the woman by a bare shoulder and pushed her out of the shack.

"Sorry, old gal, but me an' my valut is goin' to spend part of the night in your hotel. You better visit your neighbors," he advised. "Tell 'em what I said and not one word more," he snapped at the Scorpion.

Santos translated to the frightened woman and man. They protested volubly, but he warned them to go away for the night.

"That's talk enough," cut in Rawl. "Now, valut, git a hump on you an' cook me some scroff. Let's see: a little jerked venison an' wild rice cooked together with a touch o' garlic, an' plantain an' yams baked in the ashes. That'll be enough, with black coffee an' *tortillas*."

The Scorpion set to work as the old man and woman tottered out of sight along the trail. He dropped strings of smoked venison into the boiling water that gurgled in a black pot on a bed of red coals. Then he added rice and garlic. The plantains and yams were tucked into the ashes around the fire.

"Now, valut, when I git done eatin' you c'n have what's left," Rawl offered with mock generosity. "I'm terrible hungry," he mumbled as he gorged the savory smelling food. "An' while I'm eatin', fill that biggest calabash with *agua*. I'll use it for a finger bowl an' you can wash my feet in it."

"A man's—got to—take good—care of his feet," Rawl muttered between gulps of food. "Good care of his feet, if he wants to do any hiking. Say," he drawled, "how's your legs feel?"

The Scorpion did not answer. He placed a large calabash filled with water at the feet of his enemy. The fires of revenge were kindling anew in the little man's eyes. They glowed like the red stars that were burning through the black cup of night. He was brewing poison for the last sting, the sting of death.

"Now—ah," yawned Rawl with

deep satisfaction, "give me one of the old woman's rope cigars an' a light. Then you can git to work on my feet." Rawl leaned his powerful thick trunk back against the side of the hut and puffed smoke contentedly. The muscles of his huge arms tensed and looked like gnarled limbs of a tree when he clasped his hands behind his head. Sleep was heavy on his eyelids, yet he did not miss a move of the active Scorpion.

"Wash my socks an' hang 'em up to dry," he ordered. "Then you c'n eat. There's a yam left. That's the kind of feed for you half-breed nigger people," he sneered. "Then you c'n make my bed!"

The Scorpion jerked a half-burnt yam from the cooling ashes. Slowly he munched the dry vegetable, chewing each bite many times to get every bit of the nutrition. He knew that he would need the last ounce of his remaining strength for the next day. He was saving it for the fatal sting. After he had swallowed the last morsel of food he began to splash water on his aching feet and legs. Rawl was too well fed and contented to say a word. He reached out with a bare foot and kicked over the gourd.

"Git everything that's soft in the shack, valut, an' put it on that bamboo bunk. We got to git out early in the mornin', an' I'm slee-eepy—oo—rful sleepy."

When the bunk was ready, Rawl got up and entered the hut. He searched until he found what he wanted: a bunch of buckskin thongs. He tied them together into a long rope.

"Come here, an' I'll truss you up for the night," he growled.

He bound the Scorpion's hands and feet, then tied the loose end of the line to his own wrist. With a weary groan he tumbled into the rattling bunk.

"Reckon you wont sleep *too* good," he grumbled, "on account of the skeets, but don't you wiggle round an' wake me up or I'll give you a little more hell."

The Scorpion lay still for a long time and thought of his wife. He wondered whether he was a father now—or a widower. Soon Rawl fell into a heavy-

breathed sleep. He tossed restlessly and jerked the Scorpion's sore feet about as he turned. Sometimes there was a little slack, and then the Scorpion tried to turn around and get his sharp teeth on the thong. The persistent attacks of the hungry mosquitoes almost drove him wild.

Suddenly Rawl dropped his arm over the edge of the bunk. The Scorpion turned quickly. When Rawl resumed his regular breathing, the thong was between the Scorpion's sharp teeth, and he was chewing steadily. In half an hour he had made little impression on the tough raw leather. It made him sick, and he had to stop. Each time the memory of his wife drove him to renewed efforts. When the pain became almost unbearable, he remembered that perhaps at that very moment Felisa was suffering. He gnawed viciously at the slippery thong. The last shred of buckskin parted. The captive rolled awkwardly to the door. With his legs curled up towards his back and the loose end of the strap dragging like a limp tail, he looked like a big scorpion. By painful contortion of his tired body he managed to begin the task of freeing himself on the edge of a *machete*. Only a few minutes were between him and freedom and revenge.

Rawl's red neck looked white and tempting in the moonlight. The Scorpion's hands tingled for the grip of the *machete* handle and his arms ached for the thrill of the silent swift blow—the fatal sting. Suddenly Rawl jumped clear of the bunk and landed in the center of the hut. The Scorpion staggered toward the door. He couldn't run. The pain in his legs held him.

"What? Thought you'd git away, did you?" demanded Rawl. "Well, you'll pay dear for this to-day." He yawned loudly and rubbed the sleep out of his eyes with his pudgy, rough fists. "Cook me some coffee, and be quick about it."

The Scorpion managed to make a fire and boil a bucket of rich black coffee. After Rawl had gulped his fill, the Scorpion got the dregs.

"We got to make some trail slip under us before it git's hot," advised Rawl as he left the hut.

A gray light was over the world. It was like the ground-work of a great canvas that waits for the higher colors of the sun's light. Rawl was too sleepy to start his tortures. The Scorpion stumbled along like a decrepit old man. His legs were puffed, and the skin, scorched red raw by the sun, seemed as if it would break with every move. Although the chill of morning was still in the jungle, the Scorpion began to sweat from the pain that tortured him. He felt that each step would be his last. He longed to drop in the trail and quit. The ground seemed to pull him down like a magnet. Only the memory of his wife kept him going. He gritted his teeth and trudged on towards the coming day. All the time he was planning, measuring, brewing the poison for the last sting. It must come soon now.

At last, just as the red rim of the sun pushed over the top of a distant golden hill, when day began its morning song, the Scorpion, try as he would, could not push his feet forward another step. His worn, broken muscles refused to respond to his will. He paused uncertainly a second, stood stiffly erect like a clothing dummy. The next instant he crumpled beside the trail in a pitiful quivering heap.

"Finished, huh?" Rawl laughed, his tones grating harshly against the morning sounds. "All in, down an' out," he commented. "An' you're the spig they call the Scorpion. Well, you wont sting any more, you dirty nigger."

Rawl sat down and leaned comfortably against the trunk of a giant *guayacon* that lifted its mantle of blossoms skyward like a golden cloud. The Scorpion waited. He was resting and seeking strength for the last sting. Plan after plan flitted through his active mind. He knew that death would follow his final sting, so he wanted to make the most of his last chance.

"You're the spig they call the Scorpion," repeated Rawl as a sardonic grin bared his ugly black teeth. "An' now I've plucked your stinger, an' you're harmless as a cockroach. An' you're going to die just like a common bug under my heel." He was gradually work-

ing himself into a frenzy of rage. "It isn't hard to die in the night," he mused, "but it's awful to leave the world on a beautiful morning like this. It takes a man to do murder in the morning," he recited. "An' I can do it with pleasure." He chuckled like a man who is preparing to tell a funny story. "The Scorpion will die like a cockroach." Then he shouted: "Prisoner at the bar! Cockroach at the gates o' hell, have you got anything to say before you die?"

"The Scorpion always stings before it dies," the little man repeated very quietly. "No one can kill a scorpion so quickly that it won't sting him before it dies. And—"

Rawl jumped up from the tree with a yell of pain.

"O-o-o-oh! ouch, o-o-h!" he bellowed. "Something's in my shirt! A snake! It's bitin' me—git it out—quick!"

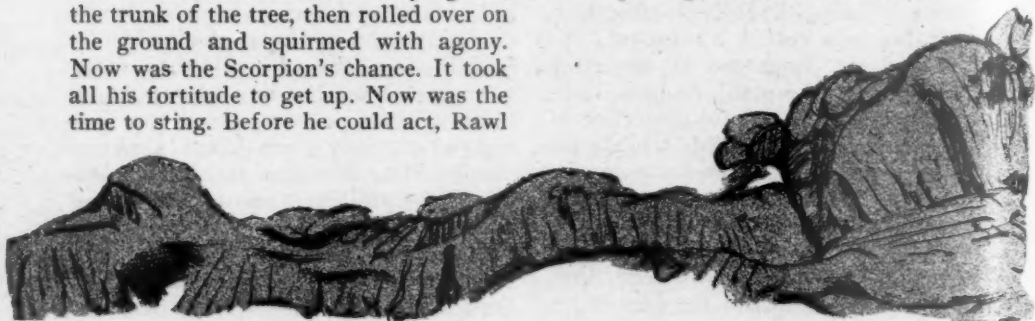
He rubbed his back furiously against the trunk of the tree, then rolled over on the ground and squirmed with agony. Now was the Scorpion's chance. It took all his fortitude to get up. Now was the time to sting. Before he could act, Rawl

from the rear, when the giant turned and collided with another tree on the other side of the trail.

"What's wrong with me?" he cursed fearfully. "I'm not blind; I can see, but I can't go the way I want to. What's wrong?"

The Scorpion knew what was wrong, and he was glad. He saw three red marks close to the spinal column on Rawl's rough, muscle-laced back. The shock from the stings and the poison had affected the spinal cord, causing temporary paralysis and derangement of the giant's nervous system. Santos had seen other men act that way from a scorpion's sting.

He chuckled happily, as he skillfully tripped Rawl when he made his next blundering charge. The big man sprawled face down on the trail. In an instant the Scorpion had his knees on the helpless giant's bare shoulders and



sat up and jerked his shirt over his head. An ugly dead scorpion with its hooked tail still curled for action fell on the ground.

"What is it?" groaned Rawl.

"Scorpion."

"Is it poison? Will it kill me?"

"Yes," the little man lied.

"I got to fix you before I go."

Rawl grabbed a long *machete* that he had carried away from the hut. The blade flashed in the sunlight as he swung it over his head and charged the Scorpion. Although it was like breaking his sore legs in a rack, the little man managed to dodge the first blow. Rawl staggered straight ahead, until he crashed into a tree. The blade of the *machete* sank deep in the soft trunk. The Scorpion was slipping up to attack

was binding the nerveless, unresisting arms together with a piece of buckskin thong. Rawl squirmed and cursed vainly, until he was weakened by a sudden attack of nausea. He groaned and swore loudly.

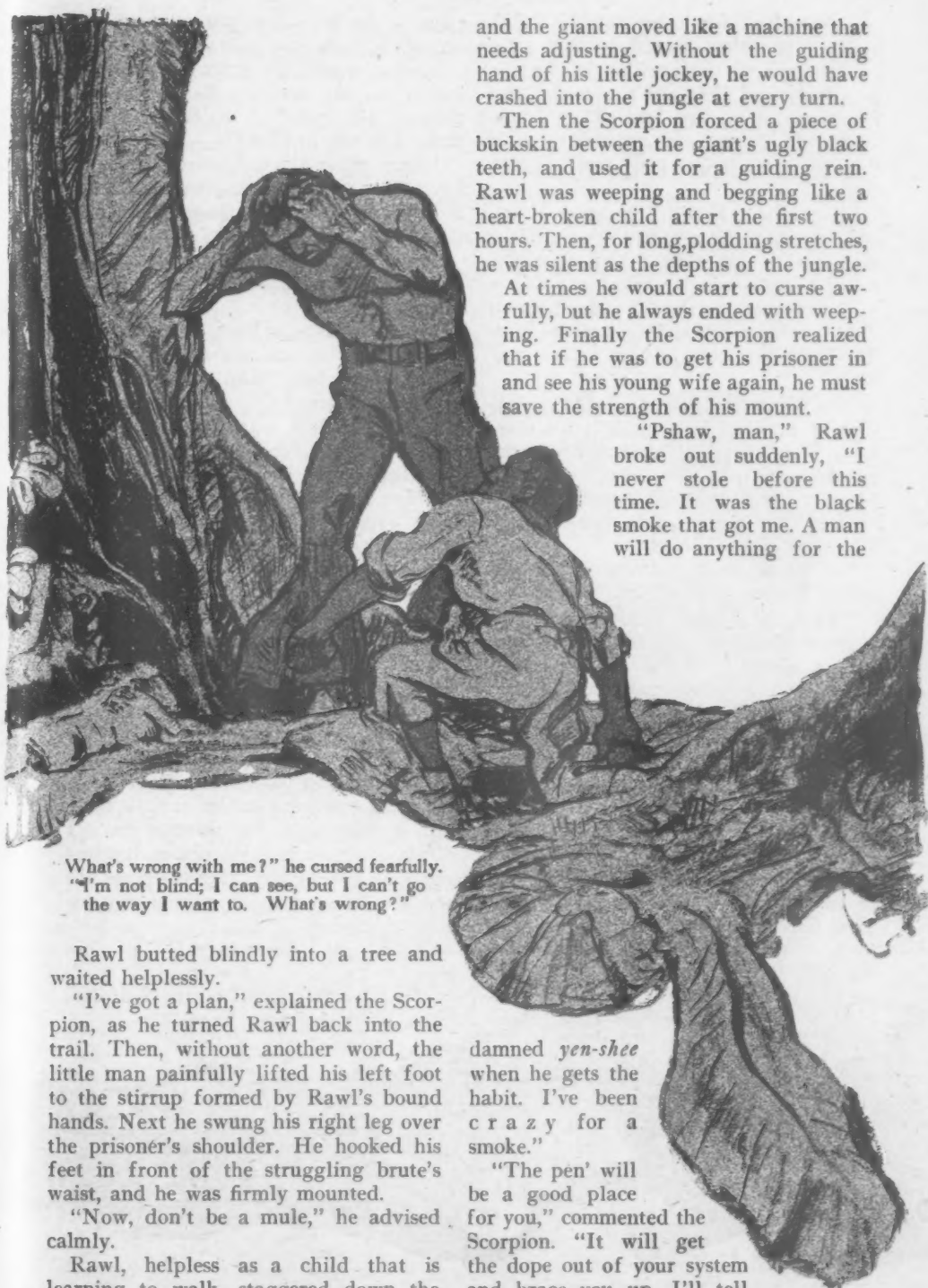
"Get up, pig," the little man ordered.

"I can't," groaned Rawl. "I'm going to die."

"Get up!" repeated the Scorpion with a kick and a threatening gesture with the *machete*.

"Man—I'm sick," the prisoner moaned, as he rose to his tottering height, and held his position unsteadily, like a blind man. He stumbled down the trail.

"Wait, not too fast," called the Scorpion. "I can't go fast with my sore legs."



and the giant moved like a machine that needs adjusting. Without the guiding hand of his little jockey, he would have crashed into the jungle at every turn.

Then the Scorpion forced a piece of buckskin between the giant's ugly black teeth, and used it for a guiding rein. Rawl was weeping and begging like a heart-broken child after the first two hours. Then, for long, plodding stretches, he was silent as the depths of the jungle.

At times he would start to curse awfully, but he always ended with weeping. Finally the Scorpion realized that if he was to get his prisoner in and see his young wife again, he must save the strength of his mount.

"Pshaw, man," Rawl broke out suddenly, "I never stole before this time. It was the black smoke that got me. A man will do anything for the

"What's wrong with me?" he cursed fearfully. "I'm not blind; I can see, but I can't go the way I want to. What's wrong?"

Rawl butted blindly into a tree and waited helplessly.

"I've got a plan," explained the Scorpion, as he turned Rawl back into the trail. Then, without another word, the little man painfully lifted his left foot to the stirrup formed by Rawl's bound hands. Next he swung his right leg over the prisoner's shoulder. He hooked his feet in front of the struggling brute's waist, and he was firmly mounted.

"Now, don't be a mule," he advised calmly.

Rawl, helpless as a child that is learning to walk, staggered down the trail under his rider. The co-ordination between nerves and muscles was broken.

damned *yen-shee* when he gets the habit. I've been crazy for a smoke."

"The pen' will be a good place for you," commented the Scorpion. "It will get the dope out of your system and brace you up. I'll tell the old man about you, and if you behave, he'll give you a pardon and a job."

They talked for hours as they toiled under a sun that seemed to center its hottest rays to the broiling of Rawl's bare body and the final cooking of the Scorpion's raw, sore legs. They stumbled and climbed and twisted through the mazes of jungle trail until almost dark.

"Right here I quit," groaned Rawl, as he dropped wearily to the soft earth, dismounting his rider. The Scorpion rolled helplessly into a bush.

"I don't care, anyhow," whined Rawl. "My back's broken and my head's bursting. I can die here just as well as any place."

The big man began to weep again, silently at first, but finally with huge sobs. The Scorpion stared dully at the miserable wreck of a man. Then his Spanish generosity and sympathy were aroused. He crawled over and took one of Rawl's big, red hands.

"You don't want to die, man," he said softly.

"What do I want to live for?" peevishly demanded Rawl. "To pound rocks with a gang o' convicts? I wish that poison would git busy and croak me."

The Scorpion tried to laugh, but the sound rattled and broke in his dry throat.

"You wont die from that right away," he advised. "You'll be all right, if you get a doctor."

"Oh, I see your graft," Rawl choked between a sob and a chuckle. He squinted through his swollen eye-lids and bared his ugly black teeth in an attempt to smile. "You're all in; you can't git back alone. You can't walk," he exulted. "You—you got to stay here an' die with me."

"No, no—no!" protested the Scor-

pion, yet he knew that it was true. "You are crazy, man, you're crazy."

"Nope, nothin' in it for me; nothin' but hades on earth," Rawl repeated dully. "I'd ruther die. Tell me one thing I got to live for?"

"Why, there's a million things," the Scorpion exclaimed with fiery Latin ardor. "As long as you're alive, life's worth living."

He leaned uncertainly on an elbow and gesticulated frantically at his listener.

"As long as you have eyes that can see the sun rise, and the clouds and the new moon and stars and the green hills, you want to live."

The Scorpion was arguing for his life, for his wife and for—he wondered, maybe—then he talked on with rising fervor.

"Man, as long as you can hear the birds sing, brooks croon, the laughter of women and rain on the roof at night, you cannot want to die. When you can smell the fresh of morning, the sleepy sweet of noon and the cool of the evening, life is worth living. As long as you can feel the soft breeze on your cheek and in your hair, life is good. Why, man, some day you may have a,"—he choked on the words—"a wife—and—baby."

The Scorpion paused for breath. The last hard sob went out of Rawl's body with a deep sigh. For minutes he was silent. Then he rose wearily to his feet and gave his hand to the Scorpion. He kneeled like a patient animal for his rider to mount.

"Come on," he muttered, "git up, man."

"Wait," softly answered the Scorpion, "wait till I free your hands."



After midnight, under a moon of golden glory, the two men stumbled over the lip of Culebra Cut and tumbled down the plane of a slide to the bottom of the great ditch. The huge raw gash between the mountains was deserted, except for the soft hissing of steam-shovels that seemed to be holding their breath for the next day's struggle with the dirt. The larger man knelt patiently until his companion re-mounted. A negro watchman saw the strange pair and fled down the construction tracks for his life. They seemed hours climbing out of the deep canal.

They were close to the barbed wire and railroad iron bull-pen of Culebra penitentiary when they reached the top. The larger man began to choke with great, despairing sobs. The Scorpion joined him. They were the tears of utter fatigue and final relief.

A guard halted them at the huge iron gate. After a long wait and a hurried rattle of chains and snapping of bolts, the barrier swung slowly in. Rawl and the Scorpion staggered after it. The warden, a little round-bodied man in bright pajamas, puffing excitedly at a long-stemmed pipe, waited to receive them. He backed away to let the ponderous gate clang shut, and greeted them with a funny, stiff bow.

"Come in, boys, come in," he half-sang. "You're always welcome here."

"What? What the devil's this now?" he exclaimed. "The Scorpion cryin' like a kid!—'Rawl, your prisoner?'" he repeated the broken words of the Scorpion.

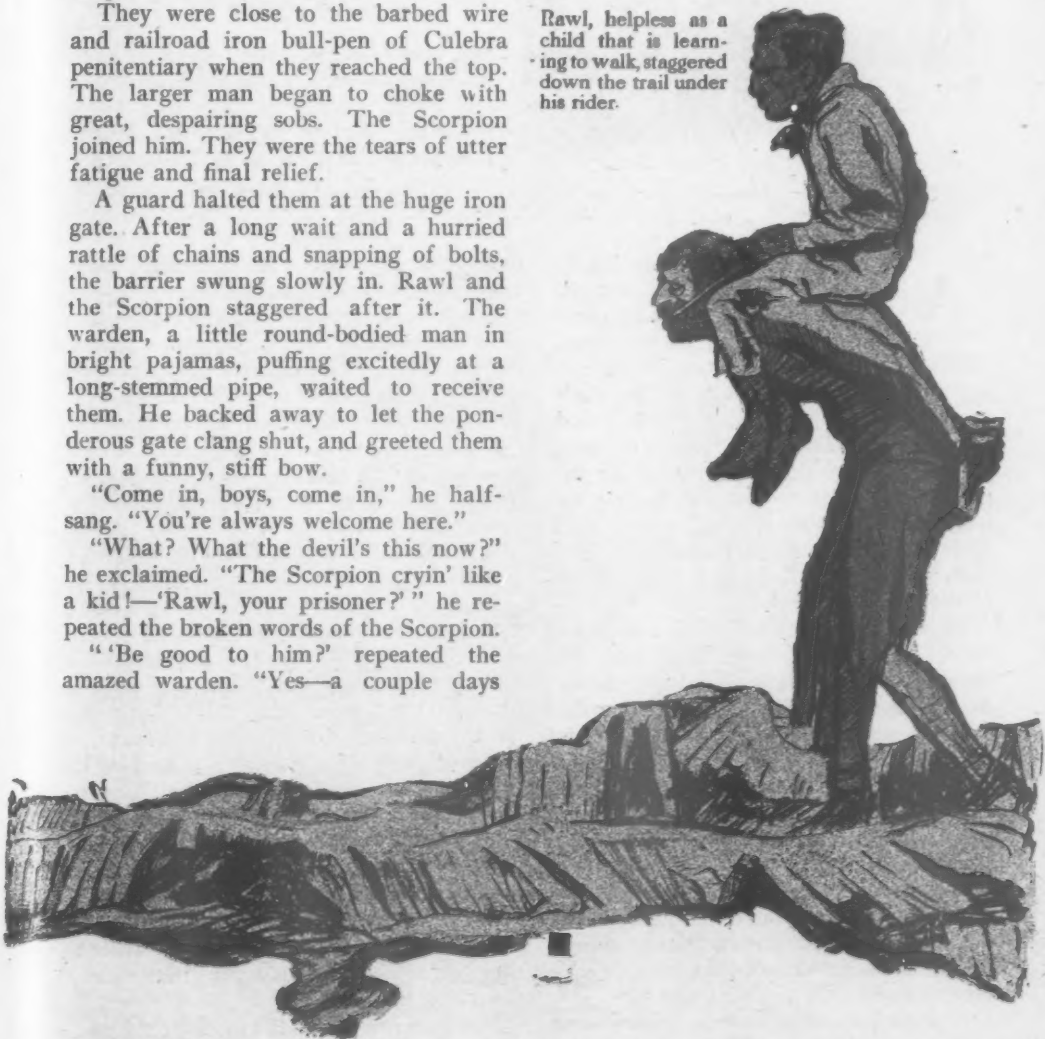
"Be good to him?" repeated the amazed warden. "Yes—a couple days

late, and we all thought he'd killed you. The Chief's got half the force looking for you now."

"Why, man," he exclaimed, "do you know? Of course, you don't know it. You're the daddy of a six-pound boy! We thought we had a widow and an orphan left on our hands. The force was just going to adopt the kid. And the old man said, if he ever found you, he was going to make you a corporal.

"Shake, man, shake," he ended, heartily. "What do you know about that?"

Rawl, helpless as a child that is learning to walk, staggered down the trail under his rider.





For Daisy

By
FRANCES A.
LUDWIG

Author of
"The Blue Shirt," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY
IRMA DEREMEAUX

AS Isabel came in from lunch, she heard the girl call out the words, and their ribaldry came strangely from such pretty, childish lips. Several swarthy, ill-appearing men, and half a dozen women, their faces devoid of grace or softness, stood waiting in the basement for the elevator to take them to the upper floors. In the group were three or four young girls, almost children, who laughed and jostled each other and bandied crude witticisms back and forth, much to the edification of their sodden-looking elders.

Miss Cartwright's young face grew severe; her straight nose tilted and she drew her skirts a little to one side as she passed. She knew that the men and women were tailors and finishers employed in the alteration rooms upon the cheapest of all machine work—the refitting of ready-made clothing. The girls were errand girls whom Isabel had often seen, their slender shoulders weighed down by some heavy garment, going back and forth from the fitting rooms to the floor where the work was done. She had never spoken to one of them—they belonged to a different world.

The girl whose voice was loudest was a little, elfin thing, with black, bobbing

curls and an oval, olive-skinned face. Isabel glanced at her contemptuously. She felt very virtuous and elderly—and glad that the manner of her employment did not bring her in contact with such people. A great difference in caste, whether real or imagined, exists among the employees of a large department store; and the workers of one section may be, by virtue of their occupations, almost as remotely separated from those of another as if actual barriers of land and water intervened.

Stumper entered the shipping-room with Isabel, and noted her expression of aloof disdain. The boy's round face, with its snub nose, generous mouth and stubborn chin, was troubled. Laurene hurried out to lunch and Isabel removed her hat, fastened tissue paper around it and laid it carefully on a shelf. Then she tied on her apron and prepared to "run both sides alone" until Laurene's return.

The shipping-room was very quiet. Stumper ambled over to Laurene's vacant desk, absently drew diagrams on a sheet of wrapping paper for a while, then broached the subject that was troubling him.

"Did you notice that kid from the alteration rooms, Miss Cartwright? That's

Daisy Vanacek. Aint she a little peach, though?"

"Peach!" ejaculated Isabel. "And you heard what she said!"

Stumper drew a number of complicated diagrams in silence; then he asked, earnestly:

"Miss Cartwright, did you ever hear a baby swear?"

"Of course not! Such an idea!" Isabel was scandalized.

Stumper made a deprecatory gesture with his pencil. "Oh, I have—often enough." He chuckled. "Down our way they learn it when they learn to talk. Why, they don't hear nuttin' else, Miss Cartwright!"

Isabel studied the clock carefully and remarked that it was time Laurene returned. Stumper had chosen an uncomfortable subject. But the boy persisted:

"Daisy don't know no better, Miss Cartwright. She's like the kids that swear—and don't know what they're sayin'."

"Of course she knows better!" cried Isabel. "A girl as old as she is! Of course she does!"

"In a way, she does," acknowledged Stumper

hastily. "But she don't know better like you—not the way you know better."

Isabel was silent. Stumper was the leader of the boys in the shipping-room, devil-may-care youngsters, surfeited with knowledge of the streets and of the town before they were even grown. Used from babyhood to the under side of city life, he had somehow retained that sense of justice which is inherent in every normal boy, and he possessed, besides, a code of honor of his own.

"Did y' ever take a Halsted car and ride through to the Sout' Side on a hot night, Miss Cartwright? If y' did, y'd see places like where Daisy lives. Spike knows her brother—he's a bum. So her mother has to work too. And that gang in the alteration room—" The boy's face darkened. "Taint no place for a kid like her," he added.

"It seems to me you take big interest in her," observed Isabel.

Stumper reddened. "It's because she's

"Miss Cartwright, did you ever hear a baby swear?"



such a little peach," he explained as he moved away.

Although we are taught that in the final reckoning a pretty sinner's soul is of no more value than her plainer sister's, it is safe to venture that the task of saving it was more to some one's liking. The picture of Daisy's glowing, perfect little face constantly recurred to Isabel, and influenced by what Stumper had said, she began to pity instead of to censure. Troubled by a vague feeling of responsibility, she told Laurene about the incident, for in all perplexities, Isabel profited by her desk-mate's maturer and more worldly judgment.

Laurene did not respond with her usual active interest. Just then she was wrestling with a problem, which briefly, might be stated thus:

If seven dollars a week equals board, clothes, washing and an easy conscience, find a way for the removal of one wretched, aching tooth. She made it clear that she had nothing to bestow in the way of altruistic sympathy. In other words, "she had troubles of her own."

But the subject once opened, Stumper found it easy, on occasion, to continue. Daisy was bright; Daisy was even clever in a way, but she was daily growing more disturbingly effervescent in speech and manner.

It was only a question of time till she would commit some misdemeanor that would bring her to the attention of those who dictate, and then she would be unceremoniously discharged as an example and a warning. It was, of course, impossible, as things were, for anyone to change the girl's environments, either at her home or at the store. She would only make way for another of a type less susceptible to the influences that were demoralizing her, or else more clever at concealing the evidences of them. And Daisy, hardly a woman, feather-headed, vain and hampered by wonderfully vivid beauty, would be a "jobless" bit of human flotsam who must live—and nobody would care how.

Nobody but Stumper.

The social uplift interests only those who are actively engaged in uplifting. Laurene and Isabel had learned long before that their best possible policy was

to concern themselves with their own, individual affairs, and allow others to do the same. But they were both very fond of Stumper. Isabel and he had grown, as it were, under Laurene's very eyes. His arrival in the shipping-room had been simultaneous with that of the younger girl—he a stubbed youngster, patched of trousers and picturesque of speech, she a slim, wide-eyed maiden whose newly acquired long skirts gave her the dignity of a woman.

From the first, the boy had rendered Isabel a devoted, though entirely brotherly allegiance. He had gently coached her in the ethics of his kind, as well as imparting to her, from the vast stores of wisdom acquired in his short but crowded existence, judicious bits that could not fail to benefit and safeguard a girl in her position. In return, Isabel's fresh, uncontaminated girlhood had been a powerful influence toward the betterment of the boy's crude ideals; unconsciously, she had raised his standard of womanhood.

But to get back to Daisy. Laurene had bought relief from the aching molar by the expenditure of half her week's lunch money, and in consequence was dining frugally at noon on a solitary ham sandwich and unlimited water. As her pride would not allow her to give such a meager order at a restaurant, she sent out for the lone portion, and had a long half hour at her disposal.

She began to think about Daisy. The more she considered, the more clearly appeared her own duty in the matter. She, Laurene, was surely more fitted to advise than was Isabel. She became enamored of herself in the rôle of wise counselor. So one day Miss Standish brushed the crumbs from her lap, went in search of the little errand-girl, and, finding her, took her kindly but firmly to task for her delinquencies.

The result was surprising. The well-meaning dispenser of moral precepts went hastily back to her desk with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, and Isabel gathered, later, that the encounter had been embarrassing to her—but not to Daisy.

Stumper's remarks regarding it were characteristic and illuminating.



After the fight.

- JENKINS -

"What'd you want to go and tell Miss Standish any'ting about what I told you, for?" he demanded in ungrateful wrath. "Just as the kid was warmin' up to me a little—and payin' some attention to what I said to her! Now the whole thing's queered—she wont even speak to me. I don't blame her for bein' sore. How'd you like to have some one wade into you like that—actin' as if you didn't amount to any more'n a streak of dirt?"

"I'm awfully sorry." Isabel was conscience-stricken. "Laurene didn't mean to hurt her feelings. You just ought to have heard what Daisy did to her! I—I—do you want *me* to talk to her, Stumper?"

"I sh'd say not!" uttered Stumper, fervently. "Daisy's *my* funeral—not yours."

But now a new element entered and still further disturbed the situation. Old Scotty, whose rheumatic, calloused hands had for so many years manipulated the cable of the employees' elevator, responded to the summons that must come to all, and a man was hired in place of him.

The newcomer was handsome, in a sort of lumpy way, blonde of hair and beefy of shoulder. In spite of his restless eyes and sagging lower lip, his blue cloth uniform made of him a romantic figure, and with the perception of a connoisseur, he began to bestow upon little Daisy Vanacek the doubtful compliment of his attention.

Stumper clenched his fists and swore under his breath, but to no purpose. In attractive possibilities he could not begin to compete with his uniformed rival. To begin with, Henson, the elevator man, received a salary of twelve dollars a week, while Stumper, even with his recent advance to the place of assistant express clerk, drew but eight. True, the knight of the cable was being paid the highest wage his ability could bring, while Stumper was in line for repeated promotion—but what of this reeked sixteen-year-old Daisy? Henson had for her the fascination of twenty-five—Stumper was but two years her senior. Henson bought her candy, flattered her, laughed

at her reckless and colorful vocabulary—and helped her to increase it. Stumper's grin grew infrequent; he became strangely silent, and his face betrayed his mind's unrest. To Isabel alone he spoke of what was troubling him and the two held anxious converse that was barren of result.

"If he was only a decent guy—" Stumper was hanging morosely over the back of Laurene's empty chair. "But a skate like him! A—a—" The boy swallowed hard. "It's—fierce."

"Tell Maddison—or maybe Carlisle?" suggested Isabel.

"Tell 'm what?" Stumper's voice was full of impatient scorn. "I'd look nice goin' around beefin' because some other fellow'd copped my girl! He's too wise to let me get anything on him here. So help me, if I ever see him lay a finger on Daisy, I'll punch his head, job or no job."

Isabel shook her head. "You'd only get the worst of it. And besides, I heard he had a pull with Carlisle."

"He'd need it if I got at him," muttered Stumper.

Isabel looked at him. The round, boyish face was perceptibly older. New character and purpose had come to it—and the veriest etching of lines of pain. She laid her hand on his arm.

"Ah, don't," she whispered. "She— isn't worth it, Percy." Unconsciously she used his baptismal, but repudiated name. "She isn't good enough—for you."

"She's a peach!" he answered. "And she suits me down to the ground—Isabel Adeline." His old smile flickered as he thus retaliated.

Later in the day he came to Isabel's

side on the pretext of obtaining the correct address of a country customer. His face was pale and his blue eyes were gleaming steel.

"Blink heard Henson make a date wit' Daisy to take her out to-night," he whispered.

"Well?" returned Isabel. "You can't help it. What about it?"

Stumper grew suddenly laconic. "Oh, nuttin'. Did you say Whitewater, Wisconsin, Miss Cartwright?"

Isabel snatched at his coat-sleeve as he moved away. "What of it?" she whispered with impatient, half-fearful curiosity.

"Nuttin'." His eyes met hers significantly. "Only Blink an' Spike an' me,"—naming his two satellites, "we're just going to stick around."

Next morning the very atmosphere was ominous: The employees' elevator remained stationary until a clamorous youth from the stock rooms was allowed to substitute for Henson. Of the trio of Daisy's self-appointed guardians, Spike alone appeared—

an hour late. He said that the street upon which he lived was being paved, and the night before as he was coming home, the wind had blown out the guiding red lantern; consequently he had stumbled, and he had bruised his ear in falling.

It was plain that he had struck with considerable force. He professed entire ignorance as to the whereabouts of Stumper and Blinkey. Isabel, fairly writhing with curiosity, knew better than to ask questions. Not for nothing had she absorbed Stumper's viewpoint and philosophy. As for Daisy—an occasional

Isabel nearly scalded herself with the coffee, and took part of hersandwich in her hand.



glimpse of her was all that was vouchsafed to anyone below stairs—she hunted cover like a frightened quail.

Blinky McBride, owl-eyed and taciturn, appeared a day later. It seemed that while running to catch a car he had collided with a street lamp and had skinned his nose and blackened his eyes. He limped painfully about his work, and he wondered what had become of Stumper.

The shipping clerk sent out inquiries. The report came back that Stumper had been hit by a motor-cycle, but would be back to work soon.

When he did return, it was plain that the accident had been of benefit in one way—it had returned his grin. With true dramatic instinct and an artist's appreciation of the value of detail, he repeated the tale of his disaster, and never once did he contradict himself, and never once did he fail to wink largely at the tortured Isabel at the end of each repetition. It was hard, indeed, for her to listen to him in patience, for Henson was back in his place, surgeon's stitches in his face and his left arm in a sling. What explanation he gave to those in authority, the shipping-room did not know; he paid no attention to the questions of others, but ran the elevator in silence.

"If you hurry back this noon ahead of the others and let Laurene go early, I'll tell you," whispered Stumper, as Isabel was pinning on her hat.

To be the confidante of a person of one's own sex is satisfaction, of course, but to be elevated to such a position with one of the opposite gender is glory and prestige unspeakable. Isabel nearly scalded herself with her coffee and took part of her sandwich in her hand, so anxious was she to get back and hear what Stumper had to say.

"We followed 'em—me an' Spike and Blinky. He took Daisy to a movin' picture show. We loafed in a pool room across the street—it was out Nort'. They started away together, when they came out, but, Miss Cartwright, they didn't go toward Daisy's home. We kept behind, and after a while he tried to get her to go into a place with him, and she didn't want to go. It was one of those cheap summer-garden saloons."

"How do you know she didn't want to go?" asked Isabel with eager interest.

"Because he stopped in front of the place, and was talking to her and takin' hold of her arm, and she was drawin' back and trying to get him to go on. So at last she give in and she did go in with him. We waited. After a while they come out,"—the boy's fists clenched—"and I wanted to smash him then, but Blinky said, 'No, we must wait.'"

"And he never saw you?" Isabel's voice was incredulous.

Stumper shook his head. "He wasn't thinkin' about me—just then. And we kept back in the shadows. So they went on again, and I don't know what lies he was tellin' her, but,"—the boy swallowed—"I know that part of town and *I knew he wasn't takin' Daisy home.*"

He stopped awkwardly. "Maybe I hadn't better tell you about the rest of it, Miss Cartwright. It aint—it aint a Sunday school book story."

"Go on!" commanded Isabel, tensely. "I want to hear."

"Well, they went on a little ways and it was gettin' pretty late. There wasn't many people around. I told Blinky we'd get closer—for I knew where he was goin'—there's another one of them gardens down there, and a worse one. We come to a dark place—and all of a sudden he grabbed hold of her and started to kiss her. It scairt her, the way he done it, and she let out a yell.

"We didn't wait any longer. We three jumped him all to once. It was three against one—but he'd make two of one of us and we daresn't risk it, even odds. He got all that was comin' to him, and plenty more—plenty." Stumper ground his teeth together and the look on his face harked back to something primitive. Isabel's eyes grew dark and her breath came quickly; she could almost see the fray. "But he near killed Blinky, after he seen he couldn't get away. Then I heard a cop's whistle and people runnin', and I told Spike to grab Daisy and beat it."

"Did you get arrested?" exclaimed Isabel.

Stumper grinned. "We got a free ride, all right, all but Spike. He got away with Daisy. But it happened to be my lucky day. The desk sergeant knew me—he was

a plain-clothes man when he lived in our ward, and I was a little kid. Blink's got an uncle on the force, too. I told the serge' all about how it happened, and he nodded; he understood. Blink told him about havin' the uncle, too. So that was all there was to it. Henson tried to say something, but the serge' told him he was gettin' off easy; the evidence was against him. So a cop went with us and we took Henson home and called up a doctor—Henson was pretty well beat up. Then we dug out. That's all—only don't tell anybody—"

"All!" exclaimed Isabel. "Why, he's back. Suppose he tells Carlisle. Wouldn't you lose your jobs? And aren't you afraid he'll do something terrible to you?"

"Aw, Miss Cartwright, you don't understand." Stumper's voice expressed tolerant patience for feminine density. "There aint no guy livin' goin' to tell how a bunch of kids beat him up. Besides, we got the *goods* on him now—the serge' knew, right away."

Isabel subsided. "I suppose you know," she admitted.

"Take it from me! And he'll never bother Daisy, either. She knows—I told

her, because I thought she ought to know, and—say, Miss Cartwright, the poor kid's feelin' awful bad." Stumper leaned forward earnestly. "I thought maybe, now, if you'd talk nice to her, not the way Laurene did, but just be kinda friendly with her and not let on you know anything about this, why—maybe, now—"

"Sure I will," promised Isabel with ready comprehension. "Leave it to me." With a sudden impulse she grasped the boy's rough hand. "Shake, Stumper. You're the finest man I know."

Daisy no longer carries coats and dresses back and forth between the fitting booths and the stuffy alteration rooms. She stands behind the men's glove counter, and although her place is one where her beauty is a tremendous aid to her success, she deals in gloves, not in glances or smiles. She is a straight, slim, business-like young woman, and she wears with conscious pride a circle studded with a very respectable diamond. Stumper got the stone at a bargain, to be sure, but he was able to pay cash for it—and this little fact augers well for their future.



TRUANTS

by THOMAS GRAY
FESSENDEN

AND outside it was June. Therein lay the explanation of many things; for instance, it explained why the typewriters in the outer office of the Evans Manufacturing Company clicked rather languidly instead of rattling in feverish, staccato fashion as was their usual wont. Also it explained why Sammy Hollister rumbled his thick brown hair, looked up from the draught of a cam-wheel he was making, impatiently pushed instru-

ments and drawing from him, rumbled his thick hair once again and sighed.

Through the wide window of the seventeenth-floor office he could look across the neighboring roofs even to the river—a twisting, sinuous thread of silver in the glory of the June sunshine; and beyond the river were broad stretches of green, and full leaved trees and winding white roads—and June!

For a long time Sammy sat there with his elbows on the edge of his desk, star-

ing at that vista across the river. Cam-wheels and draughts thereof were forgotten—likewise the tickety-tick, tickety-tick of the typewriters close at hand, likewise the rumble of voices coming from behind the closed door of the private office of J. Price Evans, head of the concern.

But draughts of cam-wheels were never known to finish themselves; so Sammy jerked the unfinished drawing towards him, and picked up a pair of dividers. As he did so, he saw that Emily Moore, the prettiest and the nicest of the three stenographers, had been watching him. Now their eyes met and she smiled with complete understanding.

Sammy smiled back. He bobbed his head sidewise towards the window, as if indicating the cause of his momentary aberration. Miss Moore nodded, and Sammy knew she understood. He was sure of it when, glancing up from his work a moment later, he saw her machine was idle, and that she too was looking out across the river.

"Gets you, doesn't it?" Sammy chuckled.

She started, flushed a little, turned to the machine before her and began clicking the keys as if to make up for lost time.

"It surely does," she said.

Just then the door of the private office opened, and J. Price Evans himself escorted a large and rather florid man through the outer office to the corridor. On his way back Evans stopped at Sammy's desk.

"Wish you'd lunch early to-day, Sammy," said he. "Saunders is coming back here at a quarter of one to talk things over more thoroughly. Looks as if we're going to land our motors in his cars. I want you here to tell him about the new cam-wheel—just what it does. Better run along now to be sure to be back here when I want you."

"All right," said Sammy.

He noticed that Evans stepped over to Miss Moore's side. Also he heard him saying:

"You'll please lunch early to-day, Miss Moore, and be back here by quarter of one sharp. I think there'll be

some contracts to be typed then. I shall want you to do them. They'll be very important ones."

Sammy took his hat from his locker, went out to the corridor and was whisked down to the street. Even the bustle and glare of the busy thoroughfare could not wholly destroy the alluring suggestions of the June air. Somehow, even here among the grim office buildings and the noisy pavements, it thrilled, allured, beckoned, seduced. It whispered of wide fields, of shady woods and all kinds of growing things.

It kept up its insistent whisperings even when Sammy crossed the street to a certain popular lunch room, and, perching there on a high stool, proceeded to order his lunch. But when the food was before him, he sat turning over the crisp lettuce with his fork and looking at its soft green with fascinated eyes. At last he slid off the stool, paid his check, and, with the lunch untasted, went out.

"Darn this place at this time of year," he growled at the towering buildings. "Why, over across the river—over across the river—"

Whereupon Sammy began thinking just what allurements *were* over there across the river. It was unprofitable speculation. It made the street seem positively unendurable; also it seemed absurd to be thinking of cam-wheels on a day like this.

Not noticing particularly whither his steps were taking him, Sammy found himself peering through the iron pickets of the fence about the King's Chapel burying-ground. Real leaves on real trees swished softly in the breeze above his head; there came to his nostrils the warm, damp smell of earth; in one of the trees a robin whistled, to be promptly answered by its mate in another tree. Sammy shut his lips tightly, turned sharply on his heel and hurried away.

At the first corner he all but collided with Emily Moore.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Hollister! Going back to the office?" she asked. Sammy stopped stock still.

"No," he said so sharply that she jumped a little; "I'm not. Cam-wheels

can go hang, and the Saunders Motor Company with them and the Evans Manufacturing Company as well. I'm going to a place I know out towards Plimpton. There are fields there, and woods and a brook and dusty white roads. I'm going now. The trolley won't get me there quick enough. I'm going down to the station and take a train."

Miss Moore smiled and slowly shook her head.

"That's a pretty dream," she said.

"It's not a dream," snapped Sammy. "It's going to be a reality as soon as the train can get me there. I can't stand it. I just heard a couple of robins. That finished me!"

He laughed like a care-free boy.

"I'm country bred, Miss Moore," said he. "The call comes to me days like these. I've always fought it off before. To-day I'm not going to. It isn't worth while. The only things really worth while are the things I'll find there, out Plimpton way."

Miss Moore looked at him with something like alarm in her eyes. It was an open secret with the office force that Sammy Hollister stood very well indeed with J. Price Evans. It was well known that Sammy was booked to go up the line, and to go up rapidly.

"Why, Mr. Hollister," the girl chided him, "what on earth will Mr. Evans say!"

"There are plenty more men like Evans in the world; but days like this come just about once a year," said Sammy. "They're worth all the motors that ever will be made."

A grin suddenly wreathed his boyish face. He looked mischievously at the girl before him.

"I dare you to go with me," said he. "I dare you to run away from it all. What's a chance to make sixteen dollars a week compared to the chance of going out to Plimpton to-day? I'm throwing more than that in the balance myself. I'd throw in more if I had it. Nothing could keep me here now my mind's made up. I'm going. I dare you to come with me. We'll walk on real grass and see real woods and pick real flowers till dusk. You don't dare!"

The girl caught her breath. She flushed. Sammy saw her eyes were shining.

"Well, good-by. There's a train about one. I don't want to miss it," said Sammy, turning away.

"Wait!" said a breathless voice at his elbow.

He turned. Unconsciously the girl had caught his sleeve.

"Wait!" said she. "I'm going with you!"

"Huh?" said Sammy, staring at her in unbelief. Then he caught her arm.

"Wise girl!" he declared. "Come on! We mustn't miss that one o'clock train!"

"What on earth will Mr. Evans think?" she panted as she hurried down the street beside him.

"Evans? Evans? Who in creation is he?" Sammy shot back.

There is a little brook at Plimpton—a clear, bubbling, sparkling little stream, which comes tumbling out of the woods, gurgles through a green meadow and boils under a little stone bridge on the old Plimpton turnpike.

At the base of this bridge that June afternoon sat a man and a girl. The girl had a big bunch of violets in her belt—such violets as grow only along the Plimpton roadside. The man, also, had a spray of them in the buttonhole of his coat lapel.

They were a very dusty, a very tired, but a very happy pair. The sun was going down toward the hills to the west. A clanking trolley sounded somewhere in the distance. Miss Moore looked at the tiny watch on her wrist.

"We've simply got to be getting back now," she said regretfully.

Sammy jumped up and helped her to her feet.

"Well," said Sammy casually, "you've lost a good job and I've lost a better, and J. Price Evans no doubt has been gnashing his teeth all the afternoon because I wasn't there to talk about that eternal cam-wheel and he had to let Miss Grover make a mess of typing the contracts. But it's been worth it."

The girl looked at the rolling green fields they were passing as they moved

down the dusty white road. The trolley clanked again in the distance.

"It was worth it," she said. "There are other jobs."

Sammy laughed lightly. He was such a nice, clean-cut, childish sort of boy that you couldn't help laughing with him. Miss Moore laughed, too.

"Say, but we're a team," said he. "Look what we've gone and done. Chucked our jobs, defied every convention, run away into the country like a pair of crazy-headed kids and had simply the rippingest time that ever was. Let's be married."

"What?" cried the girl, drawing away.

"I said, 'Let's be married,'" said Sammy coolly. "I haven't any job now; neither have I any money. All my fine chances at the Evans Manufacturing Company are gone, for J. Price will have no use for me after the way I skipped out this afternoon. Let's be married and run away like this whenever we want to. I'll throw up my job every time there comes a day like this—and get a better one instead; see if I don't!"

The girl looked at him with wide eyes; then she began to laugh—after which her eyes grew misty.

"Do you think it's safe to trust myself to a man who throws away his chances every time there is a day like this?" she challenged.

"Do you think you'd be safe trusting yourself to the sort of man who wouldn't?" he replied. "Do you think you'd ever be happy with the kind of man who would sit in an office and grind for money when there are fields and woods and roads such as we have seen to-day? Do you think you could stand that sort of man?"

"You funny child," said she, edging nearer to him. "You dear, funny child!"

"Will you?" said Sammy. "Wouldn't we be the bulliest of pals, though!"

They reached the road, along which ran the trolley for the city. The girl suddenly clutched Sammy's arm.

"For goodness sake, look!" she cried.

Sammy looked. Seated on a low stone wall just across the way, his clothes cov-

ered with dust, a little bunch of violets in *his* buttonhole, was—*J. Price Evans!*

He came across the road and stood before them. He was smiling blandly. The J. Price Evans of the office seldom smiled, and when he did it was generally in no bland fashion.

"We—we've resigned, both of us," Sammy stuttered. "We want to resign before you can fire us. Of course it was pretty raw on you to desert you as we did, when you wanted Em—Miss Moore, I mean—to type those contracts and me to explain that cam-wheel to Saunders. But, you see, we looked out the window this morning and saw the trees across the river and the green fields and—"

"Did you?" Evans interrupted him calmly. "So did I. I haven't been near the office since lunch. I presume Saunders is furious. I think it highly possible he'll be nasty about it. But he'll have to take our motor. There's not another like it on the market. But that is neither here nor there. I was born in the country. It called to me to-day. Once in a while it does—commandingly, irresistibly—as it did to-day. And when it does I come out here. You say you two looked out the window to-day. I understand."

"Why, Emily, he's human!" Sammy burst out.

J. Price Evans chuckled.

"Sometimes quite so," said he. "You're going back now? Here comes the trolley. You needn't resign, either of you, because you're not fired. It's the fault of that view from the window. I know. And we'll go over that cam business with Saunders to-morrow, Sammy. I think it's going to rain, so you'll probably be at the office," he ended.

"Sure," said Sammy. "Only, one of us is going to resign, just the same. Emily's going to resign."

"Ah!" said Evans. "I see. Well, bless you, my children! But you might have had the grace, Sammy, if you were going to rob me of a stenographer, to have taken one of the less accurate ones. Still, it's June. You have to forgive a lot of things in June."

He raised his hat craftily
on the barrel of his rifle.



THE wisdom of our ancestors consisted frequently of platitudes: in a fine poetic frenzy, a sapient individual long ago had the temerity to announce that things other than gold also glisten. Now, anybody can detect that for himself with half an eye. There are bald heads and celluloid collars, to cite only two; and it is of celluloid collars I would speak.

The subject should be approached with circumspection. I once knew a man to be defeated for the governership of a state because of levity in regard to a celluloid collar—not that he wore one; but some fiend in human form spread the report that he did. And he laughed at first, not deigning denial.

Mark well what followed, friends. In rural districts they smashed him for being a dude; on the other hand, a very considerable element in the cities laughed raucously at the pretensions of a states-

man whose nineteen-inch neck was fretted by celluloid. In vain did he ramp and roar and deny. The landslide bore down. From the moment the whisper started, his career was as dead as any door nail.

This moving recital is by way of introducing the sheriff of Bill Green County, who never wore a collar at all—at least, not one of the detachable kind. Celluloid enters later.

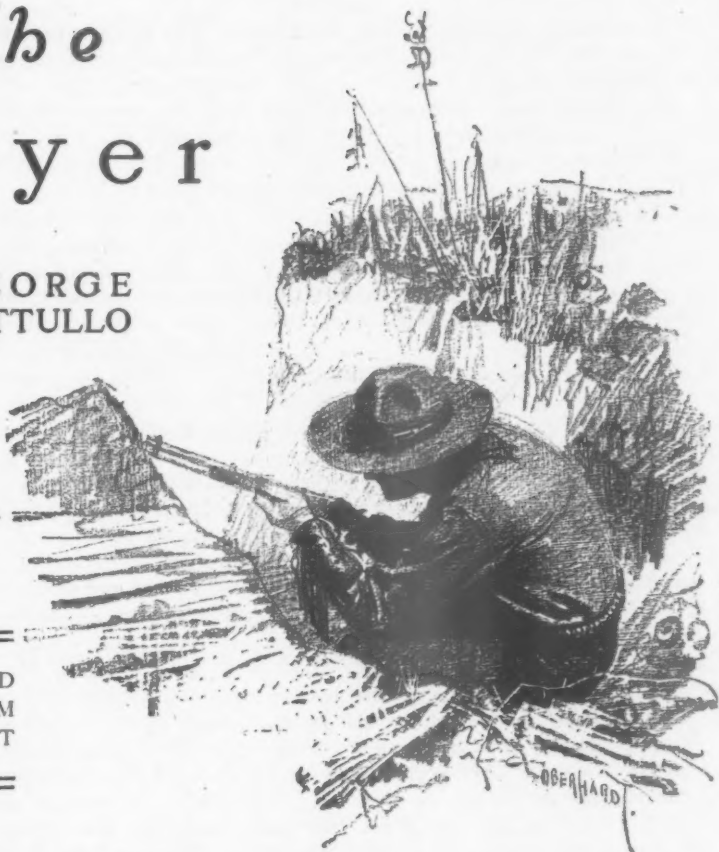
About two months after his election, he sat one day in his office in Dodge City, playing pitch with the county attorney, the tax collector and Judge Sam Brazzleton. Sam was a lawyer, but every lawyer in Western Texas is "Judge." There was no valid reason why they should not have occupied their minds with pitch. None of them had anything to do. Sam's practice was confined to pounding the desk in front of the jury box to smithereens when pleading at court sittings for the acquittal of some

The Stayer

by GEORGE
PATTULLO

Author of
"Pitchfork Pat," etc.

ILLUSTRATED
BY WILLIAM
OBERHARDT



hapless wight who was three crops and seven children behind a livelihood; the tax collector knew it was idle folly to go after arrears, more certain suicide than hanging; and as for the other two, Bill Green County had been so good for the past three months that their jobs were sinecures.

The sheriff's office was in the courthouse, a big, two-story brick structure, surrounded by an iron fence and the town square. The citizens of Bill Green used the fence as a hitching rail when they came to Dodge City.

"Wow!" said the Sheriff, wiping the perspiration from his neck. He tilted back in his chair to consult a thermometer suspended from a nail. "Holy cats, boys! It's a hundred and three."

The month was June, the hour two o'clock in the afternoon. The square lay under two inches of red, powdery dust; the sun smote on tin roofs and wooden

awnings; the air pulsed; Dodge City dozed to a droning of flies, its merchants and idlers sunk in a species of coma, gathered on stools in the shade.

There entered Lewis of the Spade Ranch, ushering in a man of about thirty years, tall and of remarkable tenuity. Said Lewis: "Howdy Sam, shake hands with Mr. Gus Peeler. Sheriff Bud Gary, Mr. Peeler. Them other two gentlemen are Mr. Evans and Mr. White."

The introductions having been punctiliously acknowledged, the Sheriff asked hospitably: "Would you-all like a drink?" On which the stranger raised a hand, opining that the heat was too cruel.

He was dressed like a cow-man, in a gray suit without a coat, wide brown felt hat, riding boots tapering at the heels—a soberly alert man, of strong features and a hard sort of affability. Sheriff Gary observed that he wore a celluloid collar, without a tie.

"Are they keeping you pretty busy?" inquired Mr. Peeler, nodding toward an array of placards on the wall.

The Sheriff shook his head sadly.

"Bill Green County," he said, "is like a young ladies' seminary, only more so. No sir; I've been in office eight weeks, and my only duties so far have been to lend Seth Long two dollars. Oh, yes—a nester did blow in here from Garza and asked me to go find his dog for him. Say, Lewis, that feller was like to cuss me out."

Mr. Peeler indulged in a slow smile, measuring the Sheriff meanwhile with his gray eyes. That observant official had opportunity to note that there were splotches of brown in them.

"The laugh was on Bud," Lewis cut in. "He was just bound to be sheriff. Ran twice before, Mr. Peeler, and got licked so hard both times, it jarred all his kin-folks back in Arkansas. But he just kept a-coming until we all got tired and put him in to be rid of him."

"He's a stayer, then?" Peeler queried.

"Stayer is his middle name," said Judge Sam. "He'll stay with anything. I've seen him draw two cards to a flush when everybody was raising."

They all laughed, and the owner of the Spade leaned over to whisper in the lawyer's ear. Sam shoved back his chair with alacrity, instantaneously smoothing his features to the portentous expression reserved for clients, which he had copied from a photograph of Joe Bailey.

"Sure," he said. "Say, boys, you-all will have to excuse me. Lewis wants me to draw some papers for him and Mr. Peeler. See you-all later. Cash in for me, Bud."

"All right," said the Sheriff laconically. "That makes nine more you owe me, Judge."

Dismissing this reminder with a careless snap of the fingers, Sam followed the rancher out. Mr. Peeler stepped back to shake hands with the men at the table. For a moment his gaze held that of the Sheriff. The one was steady and piercing, the other coolly resolute. The two were curiously alike: they belonged to the same type. Both were handsome men after a fashion, but the Sheriff was fair, whereas Peeler was black as the jack of spades.

Was it imagination, or a trick of his sight?—the Sheriff could have sworn that he saw the other's pupils flinch. But the impression was so fleeting that it left him in doubt.

"I hope I'll see you again," said Peeler pleasantly.

When they had gone, the Sheriff muttered, "Humph," although he had no special occasion for doing so. The county attorney, gathering up the cards, asked, "Who is this man Peeler? He seems a right nice fellow."

"Ye-es," Bud answered reluctantly, "but he wears a shiny collar."

Knowing his prejudice against them, the two grinned. The tax collector proposed that they go to dinner.

In front of the Alamo Hotel, they came upon a knot of curious idlers gathered around an automobile. It was a battered red machine, 1906 model, but this was five years ago, before automobiles had come into general use in the West. A smutty-faced, snub-nosed youth of about eighteen held the wheel, striving manfully not to look self-conscious.

"Who owns that one-candle outfit?" the Sheriff inquired. A bystander replied: "It belongs to a feller who just come in to see Lewis."

"Humph," the Sheriff muttered again, stroking his chin.

Whatever Gary's opinion, Dodge City was strongly disposed in the visitor's favor. Many were anxious for a ride as an experience, but wild horses could not have dragged the admission out of them. As though divining it, Mr. Peeler invited a number to take a spin, and kept his driver busy all afternoon whirling townspeople around the square, or on short dashes along the road toward Spade headquarters. Also, he distributed cigars, but very judiciously. He did not hand them around so that every loafer in the town could boast of having received one, but drew them casually from his pocket when in conversation with a citizen and politely inquired if he smoked.

"Say," said the Sheriff to Lewis, "what is that guy doing here? What is he, anyhow?"

The owner of the Spade became enthusiastic.

"He's sure a cow-man, Bud. I showed

him a bunch over in the west pasture and he spotted those ticky ones a mile off."

The rancher was just about to step into his buckboard. He hesitated, as though debating within himself whether to make a further confidence, and said: "Don't tell anybody, Bud: he's going to buy two hundred sections off of me."

Two hundred sections amount to one hundred and twenty-eight thousand acres, which would involve a deal of half a million dollars. It was a minute before the Sheriff recovered sufficiently to inquire what he proposed to run on this land.

"Sheep mostly. He's going to put them on that rough country and run a bunch of steers in the north corner. I tell you, Bud, this fellow knows his business."

Before another day dawned, Gary had occasion to think that Peeler knew other things than business.

After supper Bud saddled a horse and started for the Griffith farm, which was about three miles north of town, within the Shoe-Bar range. It comprised five thousand acres and was the absolute property of Miss Pauline Griffith, aged twenty, who had inherited it from a hard-fisted father. Griffith had taken up this land during those years when cow-men met incoming settlers with a bunch of armed riders and turned them back or left them beside the trail, very dead indeed; but persuasion or threats of violence could not rid the country of Amos Griffith. He persisted, and so prevailed. And when he died in a fit of rage and in the fullness of his strength, he left eight sections of as fine corn land as the Panhandle boasted—also, a motherless daughter.

Pauline had inherited more than wealth. She was strong and good to look upon, with brown hair and blue-gray eyes, which were her mother's contribution; her father bequeathed, besides the land, a considerable amount of iron to her character, so that, although only seventeen when she came into possession of her property, she worked it admirably and kept a force of eleven men under fair control. And despite lean years, she had prospered. The nester contents himself with scraping the earth's surface and trusting to divine prodigality; Miss

Griffith did some irrigating and farmed according to approved modern methods.

As he ambled along, Bud glanced at her broad fields of young corn. To be sure, she was attractive enough without them, but doubly so with them. The fences were in excellent repair and everything about the place bespoke thrift.

It had become his habit to ride out in casual fashion three nights a week. Sometimes he encountered other gentlemen there, who also had chanced to drop in casually. Sometimes he had her to himself, on which occasions they sat out on the vine-veiled porch and said very little of anything at all. Love-making in Bill Green County is a non-committal proceeding. One goes to call at regular intervals, making an elaborate affectation of dropping in by accident, and sits uncomfortably on the edge of a chair and smokes, and converses on such sentimental topics as the condition of cattle and crops, the dearth of water, the latest forecasts of when the railroad will penetrate northward. This method has been thoroughly tested, and adopted as capital for taking observations. For, at the end of a year or more, one either feels that he is on sure ground and so endeavors to place the acquaintanceship on a more intimate footing, or doubts begin to assail him, and he goes discreetly about his business.

No doubts troubled Mr. Gary. He had held down the Griffith porch only a matter of a quarter of a year, but already considered himself well advanced on the blissful road. Had they not sat there night after night, he and Pauline, saying nothing at all? It is true that the silences in which they became bogged would have proved irksome to a less persistent wooer, but the Sheriff was persuaded that she understood him thoroughly.

"Whoa, boy. Steady. Whoa, consarn you," he said, jerking on the slack reins and jabbing with the spur.

A tremendous chug-chugging and popping sounded ahead of him. Down the long lane from the Griffith house came a red automobile. It was spurning the ground, and his horse tried desperately to wheel and fly from the monster. Had facing the machine meant instant death, the Sheriff would have faced it. Suppose

the beast should run away with him, with the ramshackle car tooting triumphantly at his heels!—then farewell to all his air castles, a long farewell to Pauline.

The Sheriff gritted his teeth and sawed on the bit. And so they fought it out in the middle of the road, the horse spinning round and round in a mad effort to gain its head, the Sheriff holding him up and striving to keep clear of the barb-wire fence. It looked as if a serious accident were unavoidable. The car did not slacken speed. When it was within forty feet, he heard a feminine voice cry out, "Oh, stop. Do stop, or he'll pitch into the fence."

No heed to this; instead of slowing down, Peeler hit it up another notch and whirled past the Sheriff; but he had the grace to take the extreme edge of the road. Unable to do anything else, the horse reared. Bud eased the reins to prevent a tumble backward, and he lunged over the fence.

Now, there is nothing in the form of peril which a rider of the range country dreads so much as becoming entangled in wire. The Sheriff kicked his feet free of the stirrups the instant his horse touched, put his hands on the horn and vaulted out of the saddle. Feeling the barbs tear his skin, the horse began to plunge.

"He'll be cut to pieces," Bud groaned.

By great good fortune the staples of the top strand were jerked loose and the animal got his legs free. Then he stood still, shivering. The Sheriff knelt and examined his hurts.

"He was like to ruin a good horse on me," he said.

And he chalked up score number two against Mr. Peeler. Score number one was already entered: had he not taken Miss Griffith for a ride?

Gary let down the fence and led his horse into the road again with great difficulty, the animal pulling back and fight-



The sheriff gritted his teeth and sawed on the bit.

ing. Then he returned to town, resolved if he should meet the automobile coming back, to compel him to stop by the use of his gun. He did not meet it.

Had not Mr. Peeler been carrying Pauline as a passenger, the Sheriff would have arrested him next day for speeding, or any other offense that suggested itself, because of the injuries to the horse.

"But I wont do it now," said he. "No, sir. I aint going to let them call me a sorehead."

Therefore he allowed the incident to pass; but during the week that followed he did not pay his customary visits to the Griffith home, vaguely laying a share of the blame on Pauline. Why did she take up with a total stranger? The waitress at the Alamo kept him fully apprised of all that was transpiring, however, and he knew that Mr. Peeler divided his time between the Spade headquarters and the comfortable frame house standing on a knoll that overlooked the Griffith sections. Once he saw Pauline in town. She stopped to speak to him, refraining from any reference to the encounter in the lane. She bemoaned the difficulty of obtaining steady and competent hands to do the work on the place.

"I reckon I'll have to hire a boss," she said laughingly. "I've always ramrodded the work myself, but it's getting too heavy since I bought that bottom land."

The Sheriff managed to smile, and then his glance fell on Peeler. On the spur of the moment he observed: "I thought you'd done hired one."

"No," said Miss Griffith, with one of those sweet, steady feminine smiles that lay a man out cold, "but perhaps I will."

Her subsequent behavior lent color to this resolution. The 1906 model had blow-outs twice a day between Dodge City and the Griffith farm. Moreover, they motored over a good deal of the neighboring country, Peeler being anxious to show Pauline his intended purchase.

That deal, by the way, hung fire. The visitor made several shrewd objections to the deed as drawn up by Judge Sam, and expressed various misgivings as to the title. These were of a character, however, that threw no doubt upon his good faith; they merely evidenced caution, and

Lewis thought none the less of him on that account. But they delayed the transaction, and two weeks sped by.

At last the Sheriff resolved to "come to a show-down," as he called it. This business of holding aloof and permitting a rival to monopolize Pauline's time might be soothing to pride, but it did not land him anywhere. So he sent a messenger one afternoon to notify Pauline that he contemplated a visit.

She had just finished her supper when he arrived. Mr. Peeler was not on the premises, nor had Bud met his machine in the lane.

"Well," she said carelessly, as they shook hands, "you're quite a stranger."

"You're so busy," said the Sheriff stiffly.

"I busy? I haven't been doing anything but enjoy myself."

"That's too much for me," said the Sheriff.

Miss Griffith said, "Is it?" and settled herself comfortably in a rocking chair.

The conversation lagged. He was oppressed by a memory of Peeler's pervasive attentions; he was hurt that she should have given an interloper so much of her time. Himself, he had never been able to secure more than three engagements a week, he reflected. What he did not take into account was that he had never made the slightest attempt to see her oftener than this; but that is a peculiarity of mankind. So, when opportunity arose in the course of their talk to make a reference to Peeler, he made it slightly.

Now never, never discuss a rival with the object of your affections, much less criticise him. It is the surest known method of losing. Every criticism hoists him upward.

Miss Griffith bristled immediately. She inquired of Bud what he meant, and when the Sheriff attempted weakly to equivocate, requested him to come out with his accusations like a man and not drop underhanded hints. It ended in a very pretty spat.

"What've you got against him, anyhow?" Pauline demanded, leaning forward in her chair. "He's been a perfect gentleman with me. I like him."

"I reckon he's all right," said the Sher-

iff sulkily, "but if you think such a heap of him, why don't you make him quit wearing that doggoned shiny collar?"

In any other mood Pauline would have laughed, but it so happened that she had refused Mr. Peeler at four-thirty of the clock that afternoon, which fact she carefully concealed from the Sheriff. Accordingly she bridled again, sniffed, and bade the Sheriff a dignified "Good-night." He returned to town in a black humor.

As he was dusting off his chair next morning, the tax collector entered and requested Bud, as a favor which he would be glad to reciprocate at some remote period, to step across to the bank and cash a check for him. The Sheriff complied.

He was standing beside the teller's window, counting his money, when Peeler came in. They exchanged a formal "Good-morning," and Bud wetted his thumb and continued the count. The visitor presented a check. At this the cashier stared uneasily, turning it over and about in his fingers, while he appeared to ponder what to say. At last he murmured an excuse and stepped back to confer with the president.

"Good morning, Mr. Peeler," said that official, coming forward. "Could you get Mr. Lewis to endorse this? Of course, we have no doubt it's all right, but we have to stick to certain forms, you know."

"Lewis aint in town," Peeler replied in his drawling bass. "Will you just send a wire at my expense to Roswell? Just ask 'em if I'm good for it. Here, give me a blank. I'll write it out and you can send it."

He wrote a message to a Roswell bank, carefully weighing the words, and left a space for the president's signature. It ran:

How does G. Peeler's account stand with you?

"I've only got a couple of thousand there, I think," said Peeler, not the least put out. "I keep my main account in Santa Fe. This is just a personal account."

The president read the message, pursing his lips, nodded and sent the teller out with it to the telegraph office. Peeler pocketed his check, announced that he would return later, and went out.

The answer came about noon. The Sheriff strolled into the bank when he saw Peeler enter, as he was greatly interested in this transaction.

"Well, here it is," said the president cordially, and read it:

"G. Peeler has three thousand dollars on deposit with us."

"As much as that?" said Peeler. "I thought it was less."

Once more he presented his check, and ran through the money laboriously when it was handed to him, keeping up a conversation the while. Then he climbed into his red machine, which was standing at the curb. Bud lounged on the sidewalk.

The driver appeared to have been drinking. At any rate, he began to protest hotly. What the argument was about, Bud could not hear. The older man quietly folded his money in a wallet and ordered him to drive on. The boy was obstinate, pointing to the wallet. Still Peeler kept his temper, although there was a sudden flash in his eyes when again he advised him to go on. His insistence won. The automobile popped and jerked, and departed in a smother of acrid smoke.

"I reckon he aint paid him," the Sheriff hazarded, and returned to the courthouse.

For five days Bud moped between his office and the Alamo. He would not go to see Pauline again until she made the overtures. On that he was determined. Had she not sent him home, like any boy? Perhaps doubts of this course grew in him at times, but once let a man hesitate to confess his error, and the split widens and grows; trifling incidents are magnified; the split becomes a gulf.

Lewis drove into town on the afternoon of the fifth day. He went straight to the Sheriff's office.

"Where's Peeler?" he inquired.

Bud glanced up in some surprise.

"How should I know? I thought he was at the Spade. Aint he?"

"I haven't seen him in a week," said the rancher irritably. "Either he's off drunk somewhere, or the deal's fallen through. But you'd think he'd send me word, wouldn't you?"

"Humph," said the Sheriff. "There's no saying what Peeler will do."



"I reckon he's all right," said the Sheriff sulkily, "but if you think such a heap of him, why don't you make him quit wearing that doggoned shiny collar?"

At that precise moment the teller of the First State Bank arrived in breathless agitation and begged that the Sheriff would step across instantly. Peeler's check for twelve hundred had been returned from the Roswell bank, with the explanation that a week before the date of its drawing, a man had deposited three thousand dollars in Peeler's name, which had been with them when their telegram of inquiry arrived; but just before closing time that day, he had withdrawn this account; consequently, having received no further word from the Dodge City bankers, they had not suspected anything and had failed to notify them at once of the closing out of this account. All of which they deeply regretted, and would be happy to render what assistance they might.

"He had a pal over there, then," said the Sheriff.

The president was in a glorious rage. Smashing the desk with his fist, he cried: "Why, that game is as old as the hills. And I had to fall for it! What I should have done was to write the message myself. You notice he didn't ask whether his check for twelve hundred was good. He simply asked how his account stood. And I had to fall for it!"

While they were wiring instructions for Peeler's apprehension, a messenger came in from Garza with news that set Dodge City in a blaze. Peeler had sold the red automobile for four hundred dollars at Stamford, and had disappeared. Then they had found the body of the young driver lying beside a water hole four miles south of Garza. He had been

beaten over the head with the butt of a six-shooter; his clothes were torn and his hands bloody, as though there had been a desperate struggle.

"I know all about that," said the Sheriff, just as though he had witnessed every detail of the tragedy. "They done had a row over the hire of the machine. Peeler didn't own it at all. He done hired it in Plainview, and promised the boy a bunch of money. Then he tried to get out of paying him."

Instantly he thought of Pauline. What a blow this would be to her! The news of the killing must already have spread over the country, in the magic way in which news travels in cow-land. Doubtless she knew about it; but perhaps he could lighten the blow by a carefully worded version. With this in view, he hired a messenger to go to the Griffith farm, and gave him the most minute instructions as to what he was to say and what he was to avoid saying.

That done, he saddled his best horse, filled a cartridge belt, and with a 30-30 in the saddle holster and his .45 on his hip, struck westward. Some information which a cowboy had imparted that afternoon had supplied him with a theory.

"Say, Bud," the range rider had said, "there is a feller hiding out in the Croton Brakes. Do you reckon it's him? We went down there after some outlaw steers, and I seen him about a mile off, but he just fanned the wind as soon as he spotted me. He's got a pack mule with him."

When you enter Croton Brakes, you enter a devils' playground, a haunt of wild cattle, the holing place of wolves. It is a portion of the earth's surface overlooked in the beneficent scheme of creation—a vast jungle of gray and brick-red gulches, gaping like torn mouths. Their walls rise sheer; they turn and twist in bewildering labyrinths. Having threaded some miles of Croton, you will be mightily pleased to get out the way you came; to the stranger there is no egress from those steep, tortuous ravines, save at either end. A terrible country, but a rare hiding place for a bold man. So thought the Sheriff.

"He's hiding out there," he told them at Spur, where he stopped to break his

journey. "That's why he's got a pack mule. It's like he aims to lay low. Yes, sir; he's figuring they'll sort of ease up about him pretty soon, and then he'll come out."

During a solitary day's ride, he had gone over every incident he knew in the fugitive's career in Dodge City. All pointed to one conclusion: Peeler had planned to marry Pauline. Failing, and out of funds, he had plunged desperately for a smaller stake.

Having settled to his own satisfaction that the outlaw was in Croton, Bud prepared to track him. It was characteristic that he did not wait until the towns had first been combed, before nosing on this faint scent. He traversed the J 2 Brakes in the afternoon and entered the neck of Croton on foot. He went alone. Ahead of him shuffled a seasoned burro, bearing food, water slung in canteens, and grain.

"This'll be a long job," he assured himself, pausing to tighten the packs, "but I'll get him."

Meanwhile there was a tremendous do-do at the Griffith home on the knoll; never was such a running to and fro, such hurried bawling of orders, and saddling of horses, and oiling of guns. For, hardly had the Sheriff's messenger begun his carefully rehearsed speech, than a tempest broke loose. The messenger was a day late. Happening to meet with some friends newly arrived in Dodge City to gossip over the murder—and the Sheriff being well out of the way—he had delayed departure.

"He's gone? Gone after Gus Peeler?" Pauline broke in on him. "Oh, go after him quick. Hurry, somebody. Tom, saddle Streak. Run, run. Tell two of the boys to come with me."

The messenger stood at the foot of the steps, regarding these frantic preparations in open stupefaction. Nothing about the Sheriff's journey struck him as fuel for turmoil: It was quite a routine proceeding. He began again on his memorized sentences.

"Oh, shut up. I know all that. Why didn't I tell him?" Pauline wailed, wringing her hands. "What did I let him go off like that for? Say, you—what're you staring about? Hurry up with them horses. How many? What a question! I

don't care. You can all come. But hurry."

One of the hands, as he staggered under a saddle, ventured to inquire what was amiss.

"There's matter enough," she cried. "He's gone after that man Peeler. Yes, he has. And he isn't Peeler at all. He isn't Peeler at all." She started energetically toward the barns. "Why didn't I let him know? He's a gun-fighter and his name is Jess Harkins. He told me so himself. Yes, he did. Oh, oh—why

Streak, and crying for the others to make haste. Behind her rode eight men, every soul on the place who could bestride a horse and knew, in a general way, the butt-end of a gun from its muzzle. It was a long seventy miles to Croton. Therefore they put up at the Spade that night, and, joined by some of Lewis' outfit, followed in the Sheriff's wake all next day, making Spur at nightfall.

Pauline could not sleep. Before the reluctant dawn grayed the sky, she was astrir. Dog-tired though she was, she rode



"Say, Bud," the range rider said, "there is a fellow hiding out in the Croton Brakes."

didn't I tell him? Marry him to reform him!" The disgust in her tones was equaled only by her splendid confusion of pronouns. "Why couldn't I see what sort he was from the start? And then I kept quiet. If Bud gets hurt—hi, there—you, Tom and Joe—get a move on."

"Bud can take to'able care of himself," the messenger suggested mildly. Miss Griffith glared as though she would have relished felling him with one blow.

Within ten minutes she was atop

away alone about five o'clock, leaving orders that the others should follow without loss of time.

"I'm all right," she told the Spur cook, who protested against her issuing out unguarded. "I can't wait until all that mob gets ready. They'll just mill around and talk. *Adios.*"

At noon of the same day the Sheriff lay in a fissure about four miles from the eastern edge of Croton, and peered

cautiously through a crack in an endeavor to get a bead on his quarry. The chase was thirty-six hours' old. He had legged it for many weary, weary miles through the baked bare gulches. Then, camping close to open country, he had waked just in time to descry the outlaw returning from a night sortie for water. Peeler sent his mule scampering away up the ravine, and as he scurried to cover, he threw down on the Sheriff. The burro dropped in its tracks.

"Good-by to the eats," was all Bud said, and ducked swiftly behind shelter.

Peeler was now comfortably hidden behind a wall of earth about fifty yards in front, whence he popped at Bud from time to time. Bud would promptly let fly whenever he saw anything to shoot at. They had faced each other thus for five hours.

So far as he could discern, the Sheriff had not touched his man. Indeed, he was heartily thankful to be unscathed, for the manner in which G. Peeler pumped his 25-35 was a revelation. Bud's earth breast-work was furrowed along its top, and chipped and pierced by bullets, all striking within a hand's breadth of where he had last been visible to the outlaw. And all the time not a word was exchanged, not a sign of recognition passed.

A buzzard, drawn by the uncanny instinct of the scavenger, floated high in air above their heads, waiting for the meal he knew would be provided before the sun dipped. It was now at its height. The outlaw fired again. Bud gave a cry, broken off in the middle, and commenced to flop about behind his shelter.

"No good," Peeler called out. "Poor work! You can't play possum with me that way."

He peeped out cautiously. His enemy lay as though lifeless.

"Huh," said Peeler, with an uncertain laugh, "he's trying to fox me. No, sir. I'll just wait snug here until he moves. We'll see who can stick longest. If he's dead, that bird'll soon go for him."

As stayers, they were both phenomenal. An hour—two hours—three hours dragged by. Still the buzzard wheeled in glancing flights; still the man in the fissure lay as he had stretched out. The outlaw could see nothing but a flap of his

open collar. He tried a shot under it; no result. Next he raised his hat craftily on the barrel of his rifle—not a sign from the pursuer. Grown bolder, he darted an arm up and back—still no move.

"All the same, he's playing possum," he muttered. "We'll see who can stick it out longest. I wonder if I did get him, though. I wonder now."

The afternoon wore away. The outlaw was growing very uncomfortable and chafed hotly. His legs were cramped; that cursed bird was poised directly above him; he had not touched water or food since sun-up, and the heat was terrific. Suddenly his gaze was drawn to his right. A figure was toiling in their direction along the opposite rim of the gulch. He rubbed his eyes, muttered, rubbed them again; for it was a woman. Then he sighted on it cautiously, just to be on the safe side, but lowered his weapon in a moment, recognizing Pauline. From where she moved, both hiding places were visible, but she affected not to see the Sheriff.

"Gus," she called. He could see that she was panting in great distress.

"Hello," he answered. "What're you doing here?"

"Gus, they're after you. The whole country's hunting, Gus."

"I know. But they've got to catch me first."

Pauline appeared to discern the man in the fissure for the first time, and clasped her hands together and gave a cry.

"What've you done?" she shrieked. "What've you done now, Gus? You've killed another man. Oh, he's dead."

"He is? Good! Serves him right."

The man slayer sprang gleefully to his feet and gazed across at his foe. Instantly a spurt of flame darted from the fissure. Peeler let his hands drop, a dazed expression coming on his face. He clutched his side and sank forward against his mound. His body started to slide down the wall of the gulch—slowly at first, then with a rush, sand and pebbles cascading behind it.

The Sheriff of Bill Green County laughed and stood up. Pauline was running toward him, sobbing in her relief. The buzzard came lower, in a wide spiral sweep.

The "Home-Stretch" in the Theatre

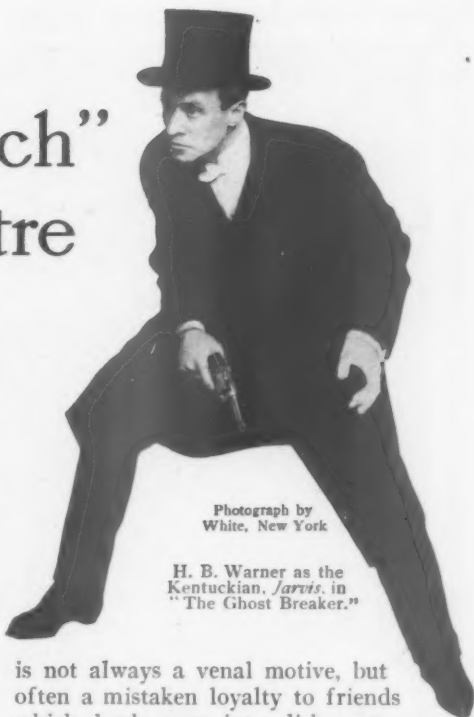
by LOUIS
V. DeFOE

WHEN the future reader of the literature of the theatre of this period—admitting the doubtful assumption that much of it will be preserved in print—turns back to it as a reflection of the temper of our time, he must inevitably be forced to conclude that all aldermen and municipal committeemen were scalawags and grafters, that all district attorneys were fearless and upright men, and that most dramatists were embryonic sociologists.

To the season's accumulation of plays on the subject of graft in public office and the conditions which tempt such betrayal of trust, Ernest Poole, who has learned something of these matters at first hand, has added another. If his instinct had been that of the playwright instead of the sociologist, he would have taken more care to make "A Man's Friends" a drama rather than a discussion. Had he also been somewhat more of a practical philosopher than the play proclaims him to be, he would have suggested a remedy instead of being content merely to present a condition.

But even though "A Man's Friends" reveals itself to be more narrative than dramatic in quality, it is, nevertheless, not wholly without conflict or progressive interest. Its principal figures are life-like. Its motives are human. And through its central character of *John McCloud*, the lawyer of rural ideals and training, who wages a battle against city corruption, it approaches its subject from a rather new point of view.

According to "A Man's Friends" it



Photograph by
White, New York

H. B. Warner as the
Kentuckian, *Jarvis*, in
"The Ghost Breaker."

is not always a venal motive, but often a mistaken loyalty to friends which leads men into dishonest ways. Also this very human weakness sometimes hampers or defeats the most upright officials in their efforts to bring the criminals to justice. But let us see how Mr. Poole illustrates his contention.

John McCloud, a district attorney, whose ideals have been untouched by city sophistries, has been so determined in his prosecution of grafting politicians that his office has become his stepping stone to the governorship of his state. He has been particularly energetic in his pursuit of a dishonest real estate ring, dominated by *Tom Whalen*, a political boss, who tempers corruption with generosity and good fellowship, and who has succeeded in defeating in the Board of Aldermen a new building code designed to safeguard the lives of employees in lofts and factories. *McCloud* has sent one alderman, *Nicholas Vance*, who sold his vote, to prison for five years, but he realizes that the only way to put an end to such bribing is to punish the "men higher up," who thus far have kept under cover.

Whalen has contrived to implicate *Hal Clarke*, a young lawyer, who, by co-incidence, is engaged to marry



Photograph by White, New York

George Fawcett as *Tom Whalen*, and Frederick Barton as *John McCloud*, the

McCloud's daughter *Kate*. The ring-leader was too wily to bring *Clarke* directly into the transaction. Instead, he put him under friendly obligation by having him appointed to some profitable receiverships. Then he asked, in return, that *Clarke* see that the corruption fund find its way into *Vance's* hands.

McCloud is positive that *Whalen* has been the directing influence of the deal, but as yet he has no way of fastening the guilt upon him. *Vance*, although facing a prison term, stubbornly refuses to divulge who turned over the money. *Whalen*, realizing how strong a weapon for his own protection will be *Clarke's*



district attorney, in "A Man's Friends."

complicity, if the district attorney's pursuit becomes too hot, treasures up his knowledge for use at some future time.

Meanwhile, young *Clarke*, who has become alarmed by the investigation, attempts to postpone his wedding to *Kate McCloud*, but she will not listen to such a proposal. He understands how disastrous will be his complicity in the bribery to his future

father-in-law's work as district attorney, and also to his higher political ambitions. His own share in the matter has been innocent enough, but an exposure of *Whalen* must also involve him, and he realizes that in such an emergency he can expect no mercy from the boss.

The crisis is reached when *Mrs. Vance*, who is one of *Kate's* friends, appeals to the district attorney to sign a petition for her husband's pardon. *McCloud* refuses, unless the convicted alderman makes a confession which will expose the ringleaders. This



Vincent Serrano and Katherine Grey as the lovers in "A Man's Friends."

Vance refuses to do, because his revelations will include the part that *Clarke* played in the transaction. Thus does the consideration of friends ramify through the entire deal.

When *McCloud's* election to the governorship seems near, it comes *Tom Whalen's* time to strike his blow. The district attorney is already close on his track. The boss, a crafty, oily scoundrel, who hides his vindictiveness and dishonesty under a cloak of rough jocularly, calls on the official to deliver his ultimatum. Then ensues the conflict between the two men in a scene which arrays the briber's impulse for self-preservation against the forces of honest government.

But *McCloud* proves the stronger of the two men. The danger of exposing his son-in-law does not for a moment shake his resolution to bring *Whalen* to justice. The prosecution must go on, he decides, but it will be at the expense of all his political ambitions. Realizing that *Clarke* was an innocent tool in the hands of the powerful boss, *McCloud* resigns his office of district attorney and undertakes his son-in-law's defense. But even then *Whalen* eludes him, for he takes a quick trip to Europe for his safety and health.

The conclusion of Mr. Poole's play is not altogether satisfying. Not only the innocently implicated youth, but also the righteous district attorney, pay the penalties of friendship. The real criminal remains scot free. Thus the story, as far as the actual work of reform is concerned, is left suspended in the air. Possibly this outcome is as it would be in real life, but it is not comforting to contemplate.

It surely was not Mr. Poole's intention to make *Boss Whalen* a more human and interesting character than the district attorney. Nevertheless such he proves to be, for as George Faw-

cett impersonates the man, his cynical humor, hard-headed worldly wisdom and picturesque way of expressing himself almost win for him a sympathetic interest. It is one of the conventions of political drama that an honest official must be also unemotional and unattractive. From this rule *John McCloud*, the district attorney, as he is played by Frederick Burton, does not deviate.

There is, of course, an emotional interest in the play which comes to the surface between the long political discussions. It centers around the characters of *Kate McCloud*, whom Katherine Grey impersonates, and *Helen Vance*, the wife of the convicted alderman, portrayed with genuine and deep feeling by Lily Cahill. *Hal Clarke* is as vividly

acted by Vincent Serrano as the character permits, but most of the other figures in Mr. Poole's play are shadowy. They are introduced more to instigate argument than to represent life.

The awakening of the public conscience to the needs of honest government has undoubtedly been stimulated by the succession of graft dramas that the stage has presented in late years. "A Man's Friends" is far from a commonplace sample of its kind; the most that can

be said against it is that it is on a familiar theme.

TAKEN class for class, the young American girl is better able to look out for herself than the adolescent youth of any other people in the world. She is not reared in that atmosphere of prudery which is so typically English. Her personal liberty is not subjected to that restraint which is so characteristically French. She is not taught to look with that doubt upon the other sex which is a part of the early training of German children.

But although the young American



Photograph by Moffett, Chicago
A scene from "The Blindness of Virtue."



Photograph by
White, New York

Two of H. B. Warner's scenes in "The Ghost Breaker." Above,
with Katherine Emmett; below with Sara Biala.

girl is not so closely tied to apron strings as other girls of her own age, and in spite of the fact that the self-reliance conceded to her tends to make her better able to protect herself, there must come a time in her youthful development when parents find themselves confronted with the difficult problem of deciding what she should and should not know. It is the time when innocence of sex and the physical phenomena of life cease to have a place among the juvenile virtues, and knowledge becomes their safeguard.

This delicate problem in the education of children is the theme of Cosmo Hamilton's drama, "The Blindness of Virtue." It is a question which has been debated from time immemorial and one upon which there will always be a wide diversity of opinion. The German dramatist, Frank Wedekind, in "Frühlings Erwachen" ("The Awakening Of Spring") has carried the discussion to a tragic end. Mr. Hamilton, stopping short of a direful catastrophe, not less clearly points the moral which is involved. "The Blindness Of Virtue"



is not less a play because it is a thesis, and it is also valuable to know about and to ponder over.

Strangely, the drama, after arousing interest in London, failed in New York. But the failure of a play before the superficially inclined audiences on Broadway, as I have often insisted before in *THE RED BOOK*, is not always a conclusive test. In no other city has Mr. Hamilton's play been denied the attention it deserves and, as I write, it is about to be sent to Boston to remain indefinitely. Another year it will undergo the almost unheard of experience of being brought back to New York for another trial.

There are, however, two things about the play which cause its humanly drawn characters and graphically told story to remain not quite convincing. The first is that the narrow, Pharisaical atmosphere of a suburban English vicarage has no counterpart in this country. You must be intimately acquainted with the pious and ceremonious restraints of such a typically British house-



Photograph by
White, New York

Holbrook Blinn as
Beverly, and Edward Ellis as
Shepton, the surgeon.

hold as the *Rev. Harry Pemberton's* to get fully into its point of view. The



One of the one-act plays at the Princess. John Stokes
stricken native,

other is that the play argues from particular and peculiar conditions to a general conclusion. If it appears to prove its contention, that innocent girls often go wrong because of their ignorance of the actual facts of life, it is equally true that they may sometimes court disaster by knowing too much. But as far as the case in question is concerned, the argument is sound.

The story opens on a summer morning in the pretty garden of the *Rev. Harry Pemberton's* vicarage in East Brenton, a village inhabited by a rough element of workingmen, not far from London. *Effie*, the vicar's beautiful and



as *Bruff*, government agent; Holbrook Blinn as *Beverly*, the engineer; and Purnell B. Pratt as the plague-
in "Fear."

innocent daughter, is just budding into young womanhood. She has no brothers or sisters and, as the other children of the village are beneath her class, she has practically grown up alone and been jealously guarded since her birth from all knowledge of the outside world. Her mother, who is gentle and good and as narrow as the usual helpmeet of the struggling English cleric, has taken pride in her little girl's tender innocence and has kept her in complete ignorance of her origin and everything pertaining to her sex.

The vicar is a cheery, sturdy Briton, who instantly wins your respect. He

works zealously, aided by his wife, *Helen*, in behalf of the moral and physical welfare of his parishioners, learning, however, little or nothing by experience, for already he has had on his hands the daughter of a poor bargeman who was led astray through her innocence and trust in men. The parents give little heed to the development of their daughter, who, they feel, is too pure and good to stand in need of counsel or warning.

Presently the *Hon. Archibald Graham*, a young son of one of *Pemberton's* college mates, arrives at the vicarage to be tutored in his studies. He is a reck-

less, irresponsible youth, who has been going down hill, because he has been denied the confidence due to a son from his father. At heart he is by no means a bad fellow, and the rector, by promising to deal with him on even terms, wins his good will. *Archibald* is taken in as a member of the household while being tutored, and it is not long before he has gained *Effie's* affection and become her companion in outdoor sports.

After a little time the close comradeship of the girl of seventeen and young *Archibald* stirs misgivings in *Pemberton*. He pleads with his wife that the time has come for her to put an end to their daughter's innocence of herself and ignorance of life. He points out the danger in which they have thoughtlessly placed her. But *Mrs. Pemberton* cannot bring herself to change her child's thought. The bloom is on the peach, she protests, and it should be permitted to remain. The fate of the poor girl in the village she will not regard as a warning. Her daughter is of another class, and, therefore, beyond all danger of contamination.

Six weeks pass, and young *Archibald* goes up to London for a holiday. In his absence, *Effie* is filled with vague yearnings and discontent. To her the boy has become almost a god. She realizes when she is suddenly separated from him that she is in love. The strange longing which besets her mystifies and unsettles her. So she sits up through a portion of the night awaiting his return and, when he arrives, goes in her dressing robe to his bedroom and throws herself impulsively into his arms.

Archibald, however, proves to be true blue. His reckless life in college has made impossible such innocence as is *Effie's*, so he realizes the gravity of the position in which he is suddenly placed. When he commands her to leave the room, the girl misunderstands his reticence and fear and only clings to him more closely.

It is at this moment that the vicar, coming to welcome his pupil back, surprises the pair. Perhaps Mr. Hamilton had an eye more to the dramatic needs of his play than to the probabilities of the situation, for he makes *Pemberton* instantly suspect the worst. There has,

of course, been no worst, although the insinuations of the horrified father are bitter and cruel. If he cannot bring himself to believe *Archibald's* assertion that his conduct has been honorable, he eventually becomes assured and relieved by *Effie*, who can see nothing in what she has done to justify his grief.

So the vicar is prompt to make amends to his pupil for his wrong suspicions. Then, realizing that the affection of the young couple is mutual, he promises that at some future day, when the marriage takes place, he will perform the ceremony and give them his blessing.

It may be argued that a girl of seventeen years, even hedged in as *Effie* has been, could not likely remain altogether ignorant of the conventionalities of life. Even if she were, the play really makes her innocence her safeguard. But if "The Blindness of Virtue" is not invulnerable to analysis, it broaches a problem which is ever-present in the family, and in a manner which merits respectful consideration. And quite apart from its moral, the play is dramatically interesting.

As is coming generally to be the case in these English plays on special themes, a company of London actors appears in the characters. Its efficiency is of a fairly high order, especially in the instances of Basil Hood, who impersonates *Archibald*, and Doris Lytton, who appears as *Effie*. Effective acting also is done by A. Holmes Gore and Lena Halliday as the vicar and his wife. There are, besides, some well done lesser rôles.

TWO decades ago, when "The Prisoner of Zenda" was yet young in romantic fiction, the gloomy palaces of mythical Balkan principalities supplanted as scenes of gallant adventure the specter-haunted castles in Spain so dear to mid-Victorian novelists and dramatists. But again the ancient stronghold of the Spanish grandee, with its moonlit battlements and dark, encircling moats, is having its little day.

Although the story of "The Ghost Breaker," the melodrama by Paul Dick-ey and Charles W. Goddard, eventuates in the armory of a gloomy castle in the Pyrenees, it has its beginning in a pro-

saic New York hotel. It is night, and the *Princess Maria Teresa* of Aragon, tucked snugly in her bed, obviously of Grand Rapids, Mich., manufacture, is spending the last night of her sojourn on American soil. On the morrow she will set sail aboard the *Lusitania* to her ancestral halls in far-off Aragon.

Suddenly a revolver shot rings out. There comes a violent rattling at the door. The *Princess Maria Teresa* springs from her bed, hastily throws a wrapper over her shoulders and admits a man in evening dress, who is to her a total stranger. He is *Warren Jarvis*, a young Kentuckian. A long-standing feud has pursued him even to New

The *Princess Maria Teresa* promptly takes *Jarvis* at his word. She is in need of a champion. She is fearful to return to Spain alone. Her castle at Segura is haunted by a ghost that already has killed her father and her brother. Dare *Jarvis* accompany her back and lay the uncanny persecutor of her family? "In America we have trust breakers and



Photograph by White, New York
Scenes from two more of the four one-act plays at the new Princess. Willette Kershaw as *Fancy*, and Vaughn Trevor as *Alfred*, in "Fancy Free." In the circle Georgia O'Rainey as the operator, in "The Switch Board."

York. A few moments before he had been decoyed to another room by a false offer to make a peace pact with the enemies of his kin, and had been compelled to shoot down a man in self-defense.

Jarvis begs the *Princess* to protect him. Without her aid he must pay for the justifiable killing with his life, he explains. If she will assist him, he will swear eternal fealty to her.

strike breakers, so why not also a ghost breaker?" remarks *Jarvis*, as he accedes.

Already the hotel detectives are on the trail of the involuntary murderer. The *Princess Maria Teresa* conceals him in a trunk, which is locked and sent to the *Lusitania*. Aboard the ship is also, by those co-incidences common to melodrama, *Carlos*, *Duke D'Alva*, the *Princess'* cousin. At once you begin to sur-

mise that this dark-visaged Spaniard bears some relation to the ghost.

Now the scene changes to a picturesque inn at Segura. *Don Carlos* has arrived in advance of *Jarvis* and the *Princess*, and has retained a scowling Spanish bravo to put the troublesome Kentuckian out of the way. The assassin waits at the foot of the stairway. *Jarvis'* alert ear catches the click of a pistol as he starts to descend. He dashes out the lights. Two shots ring out simultaneously. A moment later you see the American pass nonchalantly out of the inn door on his midnight visit to the haunted castle.

The dim armory of the spook-infested ruins is the scene of the final act. Now *Jarvis* and his factotum, a faithful Kentucky negro, are on their uncanny quest. From the disturbed condition of the fireplace they suspect that some one has been there just before them, so they are on the alert. They avoid by a hair's breadth the secret trap door, down which the *Princess Maria Teresa's* father and brother have already plunged to destruction. But they do not detect the slight movement of the effigy of the ancient knight encased in armor and holding a wicked, two-edged sword that stands on the landing of the stairs.

The audience, however, has noticed the ominous movement of the armor, and thus the suspense of the scene is achieved. *Jarvis* passes and repasses the effigy, but does not approach close enough to receive the fatal blow. Suddenly the figure springs upon him. There is a terrific encounter, from which the American emerges victorious and in time to confront the *Princess*, who, becoming anxious at his long absence from the inn, has ventured with her maid into the haunted castle to his rescue. They kindle a blaze in the ancient fire-place, and in the flickering light they plight their troth.

It scarcely needs be said that "The Ghost Breaker" is more an extravaganza than a drama. It has its beginning in feud melodrama. Then it lapses into farce aboard the *Lusitania*. Its Spanish scenes might make a capital comic opera libretto. But then comes the waiting assassin in armor, which imparts to the closing scene an uncanny interest and a

mighty thrill. As the figure lifts the ponderous weapon for the fatal blow, nervous women in the audience invariably shriek with horror. And by dint of this ancient trick alone, the play somehow succeeds.

H. B. Warner impersonates *Jarvis* with that cool nonchalance which was one of the secrets of his long success in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." He almost, but not quite, contrives to make the character seem plausible. Katherine Emmett is the titled chatelaine of the spook-haunted castle. Frank H. Westerton appears as the *Duke D'Alva*, from whom emanates the supposedly spectral villainies of the play. The humor is supplied by William Sampson as *Rusty Snow*, *Jarvis'* colored servant. As a background for these leading personages there is a variegated assortment of New York hotel employees, sailors and villagers of Segura, who, in their velvet costumes, might easily be mistaken for a full-fledged comic opera chorus.

THERE are artistic possibilities in the one-act play which American writers have never taken the trouble to develop, mainly for the reason that legitimate American theatres in the past have barred it from their stages. But now the idea exemplified in the policy which controls the Théâtre Antoine, the Grand Guignol and Mathurins in Paris has reached this country, and New York has its new *Princess*, a theatre in which only one-act playlets are produced, several forming a single evening's entertainment and all performed by a resident company which at intervals may be sent on tour.

The experiment, which is still in its infancy, is extremely interesting. The plays selected are designed to act upon jaded taste as paprika affects a dulled appetite. Alternately they are meant to amuse, excite and shock, but always with the proviso that they appeal strongly to the artistic sense of their audiences. Thus far, it must be admitted, the first three aims have been achieved more successfully than the fourth.

A quartet of tabloid dramas composes the bill. In "The Switchboard," by Edgar Wallace, you see only a telephone "central" at her instrument, but you hear

a confused medley of conversations over the wires and learn of a *liaison* between a woman and her admirer which the husband accidentally discovers by being switched on a "busy wire," although despite his efforts he cannot find out the name of his rival.

"Fear," a genuine "thriller," by H. R. Lenormand and Jean d'Auguzan, is fresh from a year's run at the Grand Guignol. It is a powerful, tense tragedy which shows the psychological effect of fear upon the moral senses. Two British officers are in an army bungalow during a cholera epidemic in India. One of these men, who has a record of bravery and gallantry on the battle-field, completely loses his self-control through his dread of the scourge. When the second, a surgeon, accidentally inoculates himself while examining germ cultures, his fear-crazed companion kills him. The murder for a time is concealed, but finally a disease-ridden native, fleeing from pursuing soldiers, dashes into the bungalow for protection, throws his arms around the cowardly officer, and both are shot down by the troops.

"Fancy Free," an amusingly satirical and wittily written little piece, is by the English dramatist, Stanley Houghton, who only recently, through "Hindle Wakes," has come into prominence. A runaway wife and the man with whom she has eloped arrive at a seaside hotel. Already their attraction for each other has begun to pall. The man discovers that the woman is very extravagant in her expenditures. She, on the other hand, divines that her gallant knight's resources are more limited than she first believed.

At this juncture the woman's husband appears at the same hotel. He also is on a secret romantic mission with a companion. The men discuss the matter with *sang froid*. But the wife rallies cleverly to the occasion. She ends by marching her subjugated husband off in triumph, leaving their two companions to discover that Heaven endowed them for each other. As a bit of whimsical satire this little play is altogether capital and it is exceedingly well performed.

"Any Night," by Edward Ellis, is a bit of raw photography, accurate in detail, but wholly lacking in imagination,

of one of the night escapades common to the vicious life of every great city. It makes a moral pretense, but its unblushing literalism has no place in any theatre.

That competent actor, Holbrook Blinn, is the director of this novel departure in dramatic art, and he also acts in some of the plays. It is more than possible that the Antoine idea will find permanent lodgment in this country and become an artistic factor in our already variegated entertainments of the playhouse.

"WHAT Happened to Mary" is what, according to the short fiction of the day, might happen to any guileless young girl who comes to a great city—no matter what great city—alone and unprotected. Many things happen to *Mary* in the play which Owen Davis evolved from the narratives in which her trials were first described, but the best thing that happens to her and the one which gives the old-fashioned drama its lease of life, is that Olive Wyndham, the talented little *ingénue* of what was once the New Theatre stock company, is the actress who impersonates her.

Mary, who does not know that she ever had another name, is the miserable drudge of a penurious old store-keeper in an oyster shipping village on a dreary island in Chesapeake Bay. Here she leads her drab existence, comforted only by kindly old *Captain Jogifer*, until she meets *Richard Craig*, a dissolute young city scamp, and learns for the first time of the attractions and pleasures of the great outside world. When, finally, her hard old task-master, whom she believes to be her uncle, attempts to compel her to marry *Tuck Wintergreen*, one of the oyster diggers, *Mary* runs away to begin life anew in New York.

Now happenings of which she never before dreamed begin to beset *Mary*. *Craig* has given her the address of a boarding-house, which is no place for a girl of her limited experience. He has also promised to get her employment as a stenographer in his father's law office. But her eyes are opened to his true character when she overhears a conversation between him and the blonde



Olive Wyndham as *Mary*, and Jessie Arnold as *Annie*, in "What Happened to Mary."

young woman who has just been discharged for sufficient cause from the offices of *Craig and Willis*. Direful things might now happen to *Mary* if it were not that *John Willis*, the junior member of the firm, taxes her under his protection.

Another act comes, and *Mary* is making progress. She has become *Willis'* stenographer and is an independent bread-winner to the extent of eight dollars a week. Then misfortunes begin to overtake her. *Craig* and the discharged stenographer visit the office, and the youth steals a large sum of money from his aunt's pocket-book, which lies on *Mary's* desk. When the theft is discovered, he slips the money to his companion and she puts it in the pocket of *Mary's* coat. There it is found, and *Willis*, returning to the office, is bound to conclude that *Mary* is a thief.

Back to her cheerless old home on the oyster island goes *Mary*, with no one but *Captain Jogifer* to believe in her innocence. And here presently comes *Willis*. He has believed her to be guiltless all along, and has

forced a confession from *Craig*. Not only that, but he has learned that *Mary* is really the daughter of *Mrs. Winthrop*, the elder *Craig's* sister. One night when *Mary* was a baby, *Craig* pretended that she had been drowned in Chesapeake Bay, and then



Photograph by White, New York
One of the scenes in "What Happened to Mary," which has been
Winthrop, Olive Wyndham as *Mary*, and

turned her over to the old store-keeper on the island in order that his own sons might benefit by *Mrs. Winthrop's* husband's will.

Is it necessary to add that during *Mary's* short experience in the New York law office an attachment had

sprung up between her and *Willis*. So matrimony is the last thing that happens to *Mary* in Mr. Davis' play.

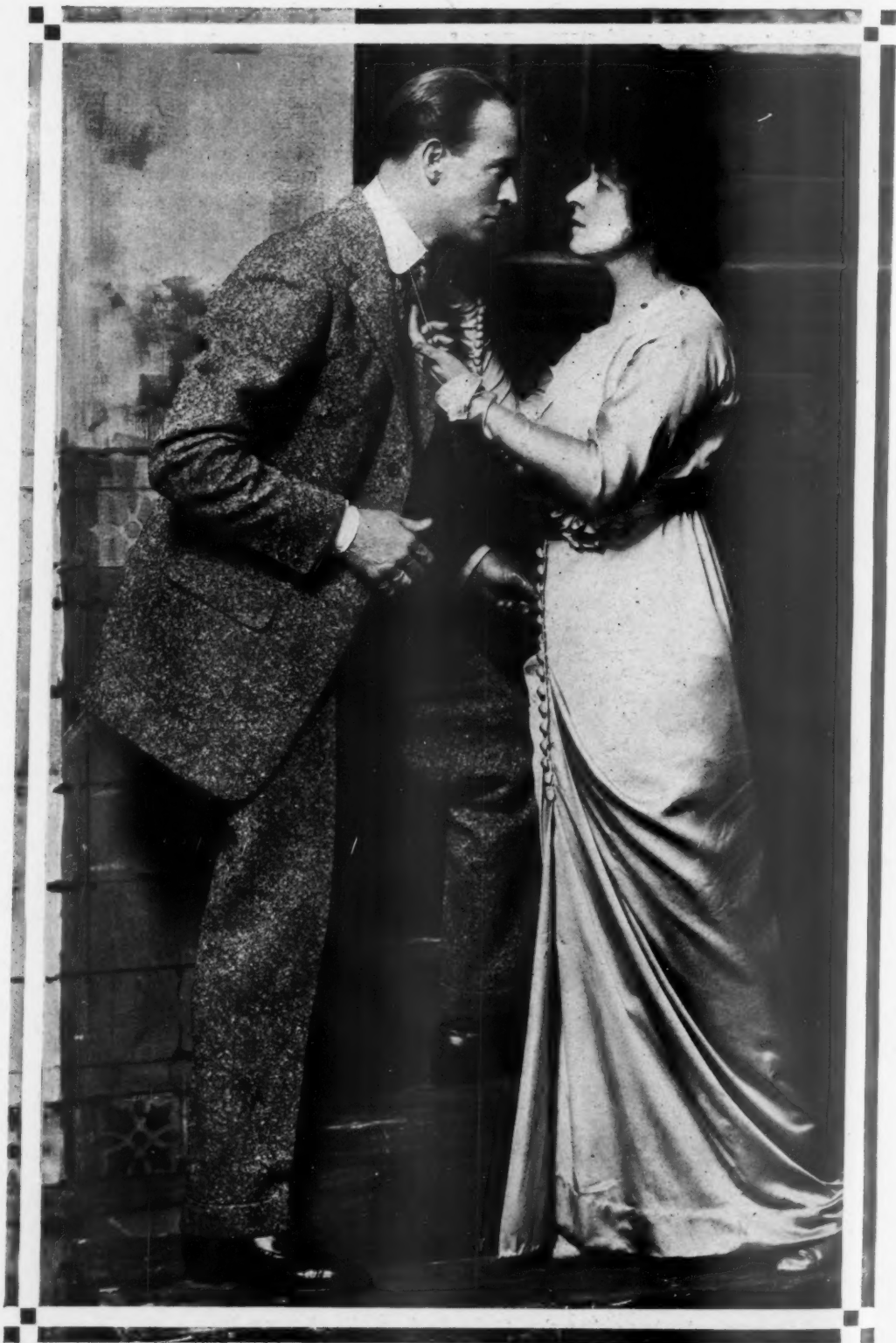
In spite of its homely, old-fashioned plot, in which everything occurs in exactly the expected way, the play in which *Mary* figures contrives to arrest

attention. It would be the easiest thing in the world to poke fun at a melodrama of its transparent texture, but *Mary* herself, as Miss Wyndham impersonates her, is so simple and sincere that she has managed to give "What Happened to *Mary*" life, when other much more ambitious plays are steadily failing. The various stock figures of the story are not badly performed, but Miss Wyndham sheds upon its plaintive heroine the vitalizing glow of art.

Although signs are not lacking that German dialect comedians have seen their best days and are gradually falling into a decline, Sam Bernard, who



carried to some success by the personality of Olive Wyndham. Alma Krager as *Mrs. Ed M. Kimball* as *Captain Jogerfer*.



Photograph by White, New York
The love scene between H. B. Warner and Katherine Emmett, in "The Ghost Breaker."

controls the most variegated assortment of broken English of them all, continues to hold his own. Not since the days of *Mr. Hoggenheimer* has Mr. Bernard been more amusing to his loyal following than as *Leo von Laubenheim*, the ladies' dressmaker in "All For the Ladies," which Harry Blossom adapted from Hennequin's French farce, "Aime les Femmes," and for which Alfred G. Robyn, Jr., has concocted a musical setting of bright, tinkling melodies.

An entertainment such as this, which depends for its hilarity almost entirely

knack of drumming up trade and charming the fashionable clients whom his gallantry lures into the shop. But he also has a fault of carrying his attentions too far, and his absurd flirtations with the fair customers of the firm lead to the ridiculous complications in which the piece abounds.

Mr. Barnard's only dangerous competitor in the piece is the producer. Rarely, even in these days of extravagant stage settings, has a musical comedy been more wonderfully costumed. The dresses and millinery worn in the second act are so beautiful that it is no



Photograph by White, New York
Another style of love scene, between Sam Bernard and Alice Gentle, with Adele Ritchie in the background, in "All For The Ladies."

on the abilities of one member of the cast, places only the slightest reliance upon a plot. However, a reason must be given for *Leo von Laubenheim's* existence, so he is represented as a famous designer of finery whose irresistible fascinations for the gentle sex is the secret of the success of the Parisian dressmaking firm of Pantural, Clemente and Co., which, when it was almost at the point of bankruptcy, lured him from a rival concern.

Von Laubenheim, though he knows nothing about making dresses, has the

wonder women in the audiences go into raptures over them. And best of all, the members of the company know how to wear them most effectively.

Mr. Barnard may always be counted on for at least one good comic song. This time it is "It's Permissible." The real vocal opportunities, however, fall principally to Alice Gentle, Adele Ritchie and Louise Meyers, who impersonate the partners in the dressmaking establishment. A dance which Miss Meyers performs with Stewart Baird is one of the attractions of the piece. There



Photograph by White, New York

Adele Ritchie as *Nancy Pantural*, Sam Bernard as *Leo von Laubenheim* and Alice Gentle as *Georgette Clemente*, in "All For The Ladies."

are also in the cast such familiar musical comedy performers as George A. Schiller, Teddy Webb, Margery Pearson and Lillie Leslie.

Mr. Blossom and Mr. Robyn have not collaborated in a musical play since the days of "The Yankee Consul." The combination is a happy one, for Mr.

Blossom has the knack of writing clever dialogues and lyrics which have both point and wit, and Mr. Robyn, though he does not compete on even terms with some of the English and Viennese composers, has the faculty of writing melodies that tinkle with a decidedly popular quality.



The Golfonda Swindle

By RALPH W. GILMAN

Author of "A Man of His Word," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

IT happens, (said Reddy, dexterously removing the glasses,) about the time Joe Hart works his gold-brick come-back on old man Dean. I remember it because I'd just finished telling about it and had turned around to draw a drink for Bob Rumsey, when the door opens kind of soft and easy, and somebody comes in.

I don't pay any attention to it at first. But when the party don't come forward, and the crowd quits talking all at once the way they did the night Tom Haskell killed Tony Tweed out there by the card tables, I know it's something uncommon, and I turn around.

The cash register is in the way, and I can't see plain; but I can see that it's an old man, with long white hair and tangled beard that comes to his waist, and that he's dressed partly in tent cloth and

partly in rags, and that he's got one of those charcoal burners in his hand like prospectors use to make assays with. He's the oldest, rustiest, mustiest-looking man you ever saw. He makes you think of *Rip Van Winkle* and *Robinson Crusoe* boiled into one.

He stands there for about a minute, half in the door, and half out. Then he sets down his outfit and comes up slow and creaking to the bar, and in a voice that's got a crack in it as big as the liberty bell, asks for Bill Wiggins.

"He aint in," I tell him, pretending to look over the crowd. "He's out somewhere. Is there anything I can do for you?"

He don't say nothing for a while, but stands there with his eye on the nicked place in the glass that was put there by Tombstone Jack's gun along in the

eighties when the Pot Holes were paying, and seems to study about it. I think he's going to say no.

But in a minute he leans forward across the bar, and puts his hand up to his mouth.

"Yes," he says, "there is. You can tell him that Dutch George's hens have laid."

"That Dutch George's hens have laid!" I says, taking a straight look at him.

"Yes," he says, nodding his head.

"Just that and no more. Will you?"

It's a kind of funny thing to promise, seeing that I don't know Bill Wiggins from the man that cut his corn on Sunday and went to the moon. But Arizona is a kind of funny place anyhow, and you get used to queer things after a while, and so I tell him that I will.

"We'll not forget, me and Bill wont," he says, kind of meaning. "We aint that kind—Bill and me aint."

And before I can ask him who and what he is, he gathers up his melting pot and goes out the door.

He hasn't been gone more than half an hour, and we are still talking about him and wondering who he is, and what kind of *loco* he's got, when the door opens again.

This time it's a smooth built fellow, with a big black mustache that makes you think of a shoe brush, white vest with a big gold chain across it, and a red necktie that's got a diamond in it as big as a hazel nut. He has got a traveling bag in his hand, and a couple of railroad folders sticking out of his coat pocket, and walks with a kind of snap like a fellow who gets what he goes after. He's one of the kind that you'd take for a



"Yes," I says, "I've heard of them times. Dead men for breakfast; the same for dinner, and no change in the bill of fare for supper."

real estate man in Los Angeles, and a bunco man, or a brewer, in Chicago.

He shuts the door behind him with a kind of quick slam that makes things rattle, comes up to the bar, sets his valise on top of it, and drums on the wood with his fingers.

"What will it be?" I says, bustling up to him.

"White or red?"

"Red," he says, sort of quick and short like his walk, and keeps on with his drumming.

"Yours truly," I says, and set him the bottle.

He pours himself a glass, and puts it into him with a smack that sounds like more, sets the glass down with a click, and wipes the ends of his mustache with his fingers.

I notice then that he's got a hat check in his derby, and that there are cinders on his collar. Number 3 is just in, and I put two and two together.

"Traveling, are you?" I says.

"Yes," he says. "On Number 3. Does she stop here long?"

"Thirty minutes," I says, looking at the clock. "You have got twenty minutes. First time you were ever in Arizona?"

He pours another drink, and gives a little laugh like a Broadway "bo" would if you were to ask him if he knew where New York was.

"Hardly," he says. "I'm not exactly one of the natives; but I'm one of the original hundred. You wont believe it, maybe, but I used to be in business here once."

"You don't say," I says.

"Yes," he says, smacking off his liquor, and lifting his voice. "It was right here in this place."

"That's interesting," I says. "Must have been some time ago. We have been here eight years ourselves."

"It was," he goes on. "Quite a time ago—fourteen years. I was here the night Tombstone Jack shot that hole up there in the glass. Ike Ross wouldn't trade him two burros for his find, and it made him mad. He was shooting at Ross. We hung him next month for robbing sluice boxes at Pot Holes. Yes, sir, those were some times—big deeds, and big men." And he pours himself another drink, and sighs like the world had all gone to smash since then.

I can't quite see the bigness in it, but I agree.

"Yes," I says, "I have heard of them times. Dead men for breakfast; the same for dinner; and no change in the bill of fare for supper. Nothing monotonous. You haven't told me what your name was, though."

"Bill Wiggins," he says kind of careless, and puts his hand on his valise like he is going to go.

"Bi-bi-ill—Wig-ig-gins!" I stutters.

"Yes," he says. "That's me. Or rather, it used to be me. It's William Rockford Wiggins now, capitalist and retired busi-

ness man." And he swings down his bag off the bar to go.

"Hold on," I says. "If you are Bill Wiggins, I've got a message for you." And I walk around from behind the bar.

"The devil!" he says, eyeing me kind of suspicious, like I was trying to work some game on him.

"Yes," I says. "And it's the funniest one you ever heard. It's from Dutch George, and he says to tell you that his hens have laid."

"What?" he says. "Dutch George! I thought he was dead! He's old enough to be. He must be seventy." And he stands there like he was thinking.

"Yes," I says. "And looks like he was eighty. Did you know him?"

"Know him?" he says. "I guess I knew him. I grub-staked him often enough to know him. He was one of the best prospectors that ever worked out of here. You could bank on him every time. If he struck anything he'd tell you; if he didn't he wouldn't lie. That was his style. I'd like to see him!" And he sighs again, and picks up his valise. It's five minutes then till train time.

"But the eggs?" I says. "What about



After I get him over in the corner and get a few drinks into him, he loosens up and tells it.

them? What shall I tell him?"

He's half way to the door, but turns around and stands there with his legs wide apart, chest stuck out, and his diamond glittering like a tumbled-down star. You'd think he owned the earth and had a mortgage on the moon.

desert itself—all browned and wrinkled, and eyes squinted up from dodging sand. And the records show that Wiggins was here about that time. It looks as straight as a fiddle string, and we are pretty much excited. If there has been a new strike, it's a good plan to get in early on it; and if the fellow needs a



They slip up through the red-rock gates, past the guards and into the temple.

"Tell him," he says, "that Wiggins don't want none of the eggs. That he's cleaned up a million and don't need no more."

Then the train whistles, and he bobs out the door. That's the last we see of him.

The next night, though, the old man comes back again.

He hasn't improved none in his appearance, except that he's combed a few snarls out of his beard, and bought some overalls, but we are pleased as kittens to see him. We have put two and two together—what he's said, and what Wiggins has let drop—and we figure it out that he and Wiggins was together some years back, and that Wiggins had grubstaked him on the shares, and that he's struck it and come back to share it up. We can't make nothing else out of it, and don't suspicion nothing crooked. The old man is as genuine-looking as a piece of the

pardner, it's good business to know that, too. So we try to get his story.

He aint very fast to tell it, and seems suspicious. But after I get him over in the corner by the card tables, and get a few drinks into him, and give him Wiggins' answer, he loosens up, and tells it.

It's a mixed-up, messed-up, wandering kind of tale, that goes back to the time when the railroad was still in old Huntington's head, and mesquite growing on Main Street; but there's two things in it that you remember.

One is about himself—how he had left his wife and six-months' kid, thirty years back, to come out West and make his fortune. He thinks at the time that he wont be gone more than a year. But at the end of the first year, he hasn't found nothing; his money is gone; and he's ashamed to go back. So he sticks on, and gets together another stake, and tries it again. His cup is still upside down, and he don't strike nothing that time,

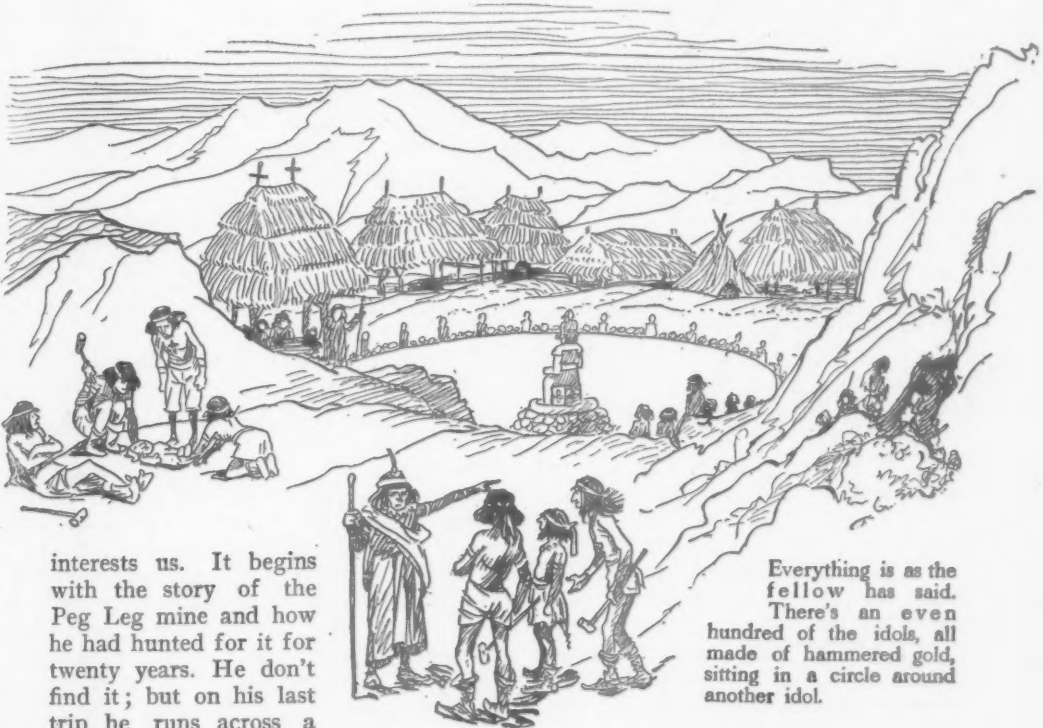
either. Then the fever of it gets hold of him, and from that time on for thirty years he keeps grub-staking and hunting, and finding nothing, and growing old. Meantime his wife dies, the kid grows up, marries, and has a kid of her own. Then her man dies, and she takes down with lung trouble, and writes for him to come back quick if he wants to see her again. He's just got the letter, and is dead anxious to go.

That's one side of his story.

It's the other part of it, though, that

They call the place Golfonda or God-garden, and the white fellow knows all about it, for he's slipped in past the guards and brought away one of the idols, which he shows to the old man. He has got a plan to get together a dozen men with rifles and go back and take the stuff by force, and wants George to go in with him.

George is naturally suspicious, and wants to see the place for himself. So they turn back into the desert, and slip up through the red-rock gates past the



interests us. It begins with the story of the Peg Leg mine and how he had hunted for it for twenty years. He don't find it; but on his last trip he runs across a prospector who has been down in old Mexico for fifteen years among the Indians, and he's got a story that beats the Peg Leg story all hollow.

There is a place down there, he says, where the Indians knock the gold off in chunks with a hammer. It's a kind of holy place with them—a narrow valley between high hills with red rocks, and guards at the end of it. Nobody ever goes into it except the priests, who have a kind of temple and workshop, and work the stuff up into little one-eyed idols.

Everything is as the fellow has said. There's an even hundred of the idols, all made of hammered gold, sitting in a circle around another idol.

guards and into the temple, where everything is as the fellow has said. There's an even hundred of the idols, all made of hand-hammered gold, sitting in a circle around another idol.

They take one apiece and start away. But going out George stumbles, and the guards come down and capture them. They don't kill them, because the first fellow has married one of the tribe, and has set himself up to be a kind of priest himself, and spins them a story about having a vision to carry the idols out of the valley and set them on the hill

tops. They brand them with a little cross on the breast and keep them prisoners, working in the mine.

They work there for nine years. Then the Indians and the Mexican government have trouble, and the Indians get whipped, and move their village. They carry away the idols with them and fill up the mine mouth with dirt and bushes. In the mix-up, old George and the man escape. The Indians follow and kill the man, but George gets away, and comes back to look up Wiggins.

That's his story.

He don't make no fuss about it, but tells it in a matter-of-fact way, like a railroader saying: "This is the place she jumped the track and killed the engineer and head brakeman and scalded the fireman." It's got the right ring to it, just as he has got the right look, and I take it all in, hide, horns and tail.

"And what are you going to do about it?" I says.

"I don't know," he says, shaking his head. "That's what is bothering me. I don't know anybody; I haven't got anything; and there's the girl. I don't know what to do." And he puts his head in his hands, and acts like he is about to cry.

About that time an idea hits me.

"Do?" I says. "There aint but one sensible, sane thing you can do. You have got the stuff; Wiggins don't want it; you can't handle it yourself—take in somebody else. There are plenty of good, honest men right here in this town that would be willing to risk a few thousand in it. I wouldn't mind taking a hand in it myself, just to help you out. I've got ten thousand over in the bank, and could raise a little more if I had to. We could organize it into a company—The Goldfonda Gold Company would be a good name—and work it together. You could be president, and hold half of the stock, and I could be general manager and organizer, and do the work. You are getting old. You can't do it yourself. Besides, you want to go back and see that girl of yours that you haven't seen for thirty years."

I put it to him as strong as I can without showing my hand. I want to get in on it worse than flies on sugar; but it wont do to say so. So I put it easy like.

"How long will it take?" the old man asks, lifting his head.

"That depends," I says, talking solemn. "We will have to look the property over first. If it's O. K., it wont take no longer than it will take me to write a check, and you to cash it. We'll hire the rig and start to-morrow. What do you say?"

"It's no good," he says, shaking his head. "I want to see the girl. It will take two weeks to see the mine. She might be dead by then. It's ready money that I want—cash."

"But you might never get back. You are getting old," I says. "You hadn't ought to take any chances." I still don't suspicion nothing.

"Then you will have to fix it up somehow," he says. "I can't." And he puts his head down on the table like he's given it up.

I see that it's up to me, and I get busy. Opportunities like this don't knock at your door every day, nor come back if you aint in. It's a hard nut, but in about a half-hour I think I've cracked it. There's a bit of risk to it—but "risk nothing, get nothing," I think, and I spring it.

"We might fix it this way," I says. "You can sell me a half interest, sight-unseen, like we used to trade knives when we were boys. I'll pay you five hundred down, and the balance after we have looked the thing over. With the five hundred you can hire a nurse who will look after the girl while we go to the mine. It wont take only two weeks, you say, and two weeks aint a pin-head on the top of thirty years. You wouldn't know the kid anyhow. It would be like meeting a stranger. Settle the mine business first; then you can go back in style, and can stay there. What do you say?"

"I don't know," he says, slowly. "I ought to go at once. But then, it's as you say—I wouldn't know her. Two weeks aint much. But again, five hundred wont go very far. I don't know."

"If that is all," I says, jumping into the opening, "we can make it a thousand. I'm doing a lot for you, and it's a risk, but I'll chance it. Is it a go?"

He eyes me for about a minute kind of funny, like he was sizing me up. Then he nods his head.

"Cash in hand, and we trade," he says.

I'm as tickled as a boy in his first breeches, but I don't let on.

"We'll have to wait till to-morrow for the money," I says. "It's in the bank. We can draw up the papers, though."

"All right," he says; "draw them up."

So I go over to the desk, get ink and paper, and draw up a long winded agree-

Then I take him across to the Alamo Lodgings, put him to bed, and tell him to look me up the first thing in the morning. I don't want anybody else to get hold of him.

It's about twelve o'clock by then, and trade is dull, and I walk up and down before the glass, whistling and looking at myself, and am as happy as a robin in a cherry tree. The deal I've just put through, I think, will land me on Easy Street, and I'm almost sorry that I hadn't kicked the cashier out of bed to give the old man his money that night. I think it will be all right, though, anyhow, and keep on with whistling, and admiring myself, and thinking happy thoughts.

I am still at it, when Jud Lawson comes in. Jud's an old friend of mine, and has been down to Los Angeles for a couple of months getting rid of a stake that he's made on a copper location, and is just getting back. He's fish dry, and sledgehammer broke.

I draw him a drink, and he gulps it down, and asks for the news.

"Anybody dead, married or struck anything?" he asks.

"Nobody dead, nor

married," I tell him, "that I know of. But there has somebody struck something, and struck it big. They have struck it right between the eyes. It's a killing."

"Who and what?" he asks, his eyes beginning to shine.

"Me," I says, swelling up. "And it's gold—tons of it—the pure stuff. They mine it with a hammer."



The Indians knock the gold off in chunks with a hammer.

ment, binding him to sell me a half interest in all his discoveries for the sum of six thousand, one thousand down, and the rest when the properties have been inspected and found worth it. I fix it so he can't hold me for nothing, and I can hold him for everything. The only thing I'm risking is the thousand.

When I'm done, he reads it over careful, signs it, and hands it back.



The Indians and the Mexican government have trouble.

"What are you giving me?" he says, looking kind of funny.

"The gospel," I says. "Without any adulterations or changes. It's so. We have got the goods—me and an old man that looks like the resurrection. It's down in the Yaqui country. The Indians used to make idols out of it. When the Mexicans got after them, they filled up the mine with brush and rocks. The old man, and another one, used to mine it for them. They were prisoners. They worked for nine years. The old man is over in the Alamo Lodgings now. He let me in for a thousand dollars. We are going out there to-morrow." I tell it to him all in one breath.

"And you gave him a thousand dollars?" Jud says, looking up at the ceiling and squinting one eye.

"Not yet," I says. "To-morrow. The bank was closed."

"That's better," he says, opening his eye and shoving his empty glass across at me. "A blamed sight better."

"How's that?" I says, filling up his glass. "Wasn't he straight?"

Jud drinks his liquor slowly and don't answer direct.

"He wasn't in with another fellow, was he—a big, slick, back-East fellow with diamonds and double-chin?"

"He was in with Wiggins," I says. "That is, he was once. Wiggins grub-

staked him. He used to run this place here, in the Pot Hole days. He's made his pile now, though, and don't want in. He stopped off on his way to the coast."

"About an hour after the old man showed up, wasn't it?" Jud goes on. "Between trains, and he didn't have time to tell much?"

"Yes," I says. "That was the way it happened. We were still talking about the old man."

"And the old man was dressed in rags and tent cloth, maybe, and had a long beard?" Jud goes on.

"Yes," I says. "That's him to a dot. What's the matter?" Jud had begun to laugh.

"Nothing," he says, still laughing. "Only it's the same two, and you owe me a hundred dollars."

"Same two, and I owe you a hundred dollars," I says. "What for?"

"For saving you nine hundred," Jud says. "Isn't that a reasonable charge?"

"I don't understand," I says. "You'll have to explain. Give me the story."

"Why, it's this way," Jud says, stopping his laughing. "Them two are fakes.

They work together. Sometimes it's an old Spanish mine that they have found; sometimes it's a buried Aztec city. They change the program every once in a while. But whichever one it is, they always fail to find it again. Sometimes the old man gets lost; sometimes he gets sick. Something always happens. Don't you see?"

"What!" I says, beginning to feel kind of cold and clammy down the backbone. "You don't mean to say that there is nothing to it—that the old man is only faking!"

"That's just what I'm saying," Jud says. "They are fakes. I read it in the Sunday papers. They had a great big write-up, with pictures. I thought after that nobody would bite."

"But it might have been somebody else," I says, "—another couple. The world is full of people. It might be what they call one of these coincidences."

"No; it was them,"
Jud says. "Those

coincidences don't happen like that. They are fakers."

"Well," I says, giving it up, "if it's so, and I guess it is, what had I better do?"

Jud shoves his glass back at me and sobers up at once.

"Do?" he says. "Reddy, if somebody was to come in here, in your own house, and walk up to the bar, and reach across it, and hit you one in the face—a big, stinging, back-handed lick, or try to do it, what would you do?"

"Do?" I says. "You know what I'd do. I'd strike back. There don't nobody act like that to me and get away. I'd knock the face off of him—that's what I'd do."

"Just so," Jud says, nodding his head. "That's just it. You'd strike back. And that's what I'm advising—that you strike back. They have struck at you—these two—a six-thousand dollar lick. It's up to you to smash back."

"But how?" I says. "There isn't anything to strike at. The old man is too old, and hasn't got anything, besides, and Wiggins is out of reach. How would you do it?"

"How would you hit the fellow that hit at you with his fist?" Jud asks. "With the same thing he struck at you, and in the same way, wouldn't you?"

"Exactly," I says. "With my fist."

"All right," Jud says. "We'll hit them in the same way—with the same weapon they pulled on you. We'll turn the tables on them."

"But I don't see it yet," I says.

"Well, listen to me a minute, then," Jud says, "and I'll explain. You give me the thousand that you were going



In the mix-up, old George
and the man escape.

to give the old man. You wont be any worse off than you would have been before. I'll take it, and go to Los Angeles, or Pasadena, or wherever this Wiggins is, and I'll play the same kind of a game on him that he and the old man were trying to play on you. He wont be looking for anybody to try him on his own game, and he'll bite like chiggers. I'll trim him for five or ten thousand, and we'll divide."

"But will it work?" I says.

"Like yeast. There isn't anybody easier to sell to than a professional seller. A man is always weak on the side he don't use."

It looks pretty good, and I'm pretty sore about having been taken in so easy, and want to get even, and I tell him that it's a go. I draw him a check for a thousand, and he stands there before the bar, drinking and planning how he will invest five hundred of it in nuggets, maybe; and how he can take one of the Yuma Indians along with him to give it color.

"But the old man?" I says. "What about him? What shall I tell him?"

"That a little bird—one that lays eggs—has visited you in the night and told you not to invest," Jud says.

"I'll do it," I says.

So the next morning, when he shows up, I put on my frostiest don't-know-you manner, and tell him that I have decided not to invest, and that there is nothing doing.

"What?" he says. "I don't understand—I thought you said it was a bargain. You wont invest?"

"No," I says. "Not now. Not a penny's worth. I wouldn't give you ten cents. We are on to you—you and your slick, oil-smeared pardner, Wiggins. You are fakes. You had better make tracks out of here before the boys hear of you. We are mostly honest around here, and they might take it into their heads to make a Christmas tree decoration out of you."

I am pretty warm, and I fire it right into him, both barrels at once.

"But I was counting on it," he mumbles. "We made the bargain. I thought it was done. How will I get back to the kid? I'll take five hundred."

"No," I said, "not a cent."

"Four hundred, then!—Three hundred!—Two hundred!" he begs.

"No," I says. "For the last time—no! The game is too old. There is nothing doing. I can hear all the rich-mine, sick-wife and dead-mother stories that I want to any day for a couple of drinks. You'd think sometimes that Mexico wasn't made of nothing but solid gold, and that there wasn't anybody in the East but sick wives and dead mothers. Again, no."

He sees then that I am in earnest, and that I'm on to them, and gives in.

"All right," he says, kind of changing his tune. "You are your own doctor."

"And undertaker, too," I says. "It will be my funeral, and I'll pay for it. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Yes," he says. "You can give me back that contract."

"Certainly," I says. "It's yours." And I hand it over to him.

He takes it in his hand, reads it over careful, then tears it into little bits.

I think it's kind of funny that he's so particular, seeing that the game is done for; but I know that these swindlers know all the roads and foot-paths to a man's pocket-book, and I think that he's doing it for a play to make me feel that there is something to it after all, and land me at the last minute. I don't repent, though, and the old man goes off to wander around the streets for a few days, trying to land some other sucker, but can't on account of the story getting out. Then he disappears.

I think that I've done an awful slick piece of work to get rid of him so easy, and for the next two weeks I pat myself on my check-book, and think that if the swindlers didn't get anybody better than me to feed on, they would all have wrinkles in their stomach bigger than corrugated roofs. There isn't a day that I don't look at myself in the glass and think of my shrewdness.

Then I begin to wonder about Jud, and how he is getting along. He has promised to write once a week, regular, and tell me how things are going. He don't do it, though, and a month passes, and I don't get a scratch. I think it's kind of funny, as Jud is a man of his word, and I go down to the post-office after every mail, looking for something.

After two months have slipped by, and I still don't hear, I begin to think that maybe something has gone wrong, and I go to watching the papers to see if anybody has been found in the bay, or killed by a street-car. Also, I watch to see if the old man has bobbed up anywhere, with an Aztec city or a Spanish gold mine under his arm. I think that if anything has happened to Jud, that they are responsible, and want to keep in touch with them.

Then I get excited, and write a letter to Jud, general delivery. It comes back unclaimed. I decide then to go look for him myself. I'm all ready, am standing in here waiting for Number 3, when a party of prospectors that have been run out of old Mexico by the revolution come in.

They are a talkative bunch when the liquor gets to working, and tell all manner of strange, odd stories of mining and mines. One of them in particular interests me.

It's about an old man that they had found dead on their way in. He was lying just this side of the line, head this

way, with a sack of the richest ore they ever saw, by his side. The description is that of the old man.

"And was dressed partly in tent cloth?" I asked.

"Yes," they say.

"And the ore was rich?"

"Rich as sin. Did you know him?"

I don't answer, for just then the door opens, and Jud comes in. I can see at a look that the money is gone, and that he hasn't done anything.

"What's the matter?" I says. "Couldn't you find him?"

"Yes," he says. "I found him. But he was the real thing. His name was Wiggins, and he's a millionaire. He turned me down for a bunco."

I walk across to Tom Kendall. Tom is six-foot-two, and wears hob-nailed shoes.

"Tom," I says, pointing to his shoes.

"Do me a favor. Use them."

"Why?" he says. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," I says. "Only that old man they were talking about *was* Dutch George, and his story was so. I've been swindled."



Parlez Vous Français?

by THOMAS E. GREEN

Author of "When the Lightning Struck St. Clements," etc.

SHE was unmistakably pretty. At least so Jimmie Scott concluded in a quiet chat with his inner self. That was after an early and very much disordered breakfast at Port Said, where some sixty passengers were leaving the *Rhineland* and half as many coming aboard.

She was sitting across the saloon from him then, and the sunlight streaming in through an open port caught the glass of

the bull's eye as a reflector, and shining down on her head of wind-touzeled hair, made it glint and glow with half a dozen metallic shades from gold to deep bronze.

"Mighty pretty," said Jimmie to himself, "and little more if any than a flapper, or I miss my guess. I wonder where her mother is?" But his curiosity was not to be satisfied, for just then the young woman rose, and passed quickly into the corridor of the main deck cabins.

As for Jimmie, he finished his bit of

bacon, swallowed a gulp or two of very cold coffee, and made his way to the spar deck to watch the things that might be going on.

Let me see: If this story is to be told rightly, as Jimmie would tell it, it must have a scenario—and at least a cast of one character.

Here then we have the S. and B. steamship *Rhineland*, of 15,000 tons rating, outward bound from Bremen to Bombay. She had slipped through the starlight into the jettied harbor of Port Said, and discharging her crowd of tourists for the Nile, was waiting her coaling and mails before leaving for Aden and India.

Jimmie Scott, of Chicago—thirty-two years old, an even five feet ten in his bare feet, and "built according," broad-shouldered, clean-faced, brown-haired, and dark blue-eyed—was a typical young American business man, a representative, high up and with authority of the Universal Harvester Company, on his way around the world to familiarize himself with conditions and possibilities as related to the "implement trade."

Jimmie Scott knew the implement business. He also knew a thing or two besides. A graduate—at the head of his class—of Princeton, he had laid the foundation for a culture that hadn't "come off." His specialty had been history, and with that as a beginning he had kept up the studious detail of college days. His first visit to Egypt had been looked forward to with anticipations that had been more than realized. He had taken time enough for the full cruise by tourist steamer from Cairo to the first cataract; and while he had joined most of the excursions, he had found much to do alone. The tombs of Sakarra, the rock-graves at Beni-hassan, the vaults at Denderah and the marvelous riot of ruin at Luxor and Thebes had been to him the fulfillment of dreams and visions.

So he had piled up note-books and kodak films for after-days of more careful and systematic absorption. Back in Cairo, he had been intensely interested in the study of Islam, particularly its educational features as evidenced in the great Mosque University at El Ahzar. He was scarcely ready to leave, when a telegram from Port Saïd told him that the last

chance to catch his steamer was to leave the night before. So he had come down on the evening train, had slept but little—for Cook's dragoman had awakened him at four-thirty to tell him that he would call him at seven. He had hurried aboard for a published sailing at eight; it was ten now, and it would surely be noon before the ship could sail. But here he was—Jimmie Scott of Chicago, thirty-two, single, unattached, educated, not rich, but well placed: in every way a "jolly decent lot." At least so Lady Willoughby-Stryker called him, as she lighted a fresh cigarette from the stub of another, and quite unintentionally threw her left leg across her right knee. Lady Willoughby-Stryker had been quite the feature of the voyage, but Jimmie walked past, despite her frankly inviting stare.

Well, there you are: the *Rhineland* and Jimmie Scott. He leaned over the rail and watched for a while the coal coming on by way of the arms of three hundred lank *fellaheen*, the same method that built the pyramids and hauled the monoliths. Then he went below, unpacked, sent his dinner suit to be pressed, threw himself on his berth, and in a moment, despite the din, was fast asleep.

When he awakened, the ship was under way, slowly slipping down the canal. The bugle blew in a moment for luncheon, and with a quick bit of preparation he followed his appetite. The steward assigned him a seat, and he found it at the inside corner of the chief officers' table. He had no sooner taken it, and looked at the menu for the beginning course, than the chair beside him creaked as the steward turned it for a lady—evidently his table companion. He glanced at her, to see that she was the unmistakably pretty girl he had admired in the morning.

She was pretty. There was no mistake about that. Not exactly the flapper he had thought her in the early sunlight, but still a young girl of just that doubtful type that may be anywhere from eighteen to thirty.

A little above medium height, a trifle more plump than thin—but barely a trifle: such plumpness only as one sees in the marbles of the Grecian sculptors who were not afraid, after the manner of modern fashion, of spoiling beauty by

putting rounded flesh on calf or thigh, or of giving that depth to the bosom that is the distinguishing mark of real womanhood. Her hands, he noticed, were large, but beautifully formed and exquisitely cared for—the hands of a practical worker. Her head was large and round—not the little narrow-browed head one sees so much to-day among women of extreme fashion: a definite proof that nature everlastingly differentiates the material by the thought that incarnates it. The cock-tail drinking, cigarette-smoking, card-playing, man-hunting woman of the smart set, can no more help the narrow, sharpened face she is coming to carry than she can help any other process of nature. She looks a bit like a she-cat—and rightly, for the cat, too, is a vampire.

This girl had a smooth, fair brow—wide, between two well set eyes—dark brown eyes with the peculiar lights glinting about the pupils that one sometimes sees, and that the gypsies say are marks of intuitive character. She had the shell-like ears, close set, that tell of long generations of clear, clean breeding—and above, the crown of multi-tinted hair, still touseled, that Scott had admired in the morning. As he looked at it now, it seemed a very kaleidoscope of color—as if, he thought to himself, the souls of the metals that the old alchemists insisted were the sources of color—gold and argent, and copper and mercury, and iron and antimony—were all combined and yet unmixed in a very riot of bronzes.

At least this was the way Scott catalogued the probably unsuspecting young woman, as he silently selected some samples of the *hors d'œuvres*, and began his luncheon. He had not seen her yet full faced, nor had he heard her speak. But across the table his good fairy proved to be in the person of a large, corpulent, red-faced lady—who was somehow suggestive of the passing nobility of some nation of southern Europe. In answer to her question, the young lady turned. Scott saw the dancing lights in two delightful eyes, saw a nose almost pure Grecian in outline, but with just a suggestion of tilt on the end—and no woman is absolutely irresistible whose attractiveness does not end in a wee bit of a pug;

if you don't believe it, look at the Venus de Milo, or the Mona Lisa.

Scott saw, too, the most perfect Cupid's bow of a mouth, lips red as crushed strawberries, but the bow-tips quivering like the delicate receiving points of some wireless mechanism—"Passionate," said Jimmie Scott to himself, "but tremendously sensitive." The voice in which she replied was soft and musical, and her French was, so far as Scott knew, exquisite in pronunciation and construction. "Hang it all," said Jimmie Scott to himself, "why can't I speak French?" For by a fatal allegiance to the curriculum ideals of the fathers, Jimmie had studied thoroughly at useful Latin and indispensable Greek, and had given no thought to highly ornamental French and German. As a consequence, like many and many another college man, he went out into the world able to keep silent in at least two languages. "Hang it all," said Jimmie Scott again as the lady next along the table joined in the conversation.

The Chief Officer sat down just then—gallant old salt that he was—and joined in the talk, while Scott realized that he was decidedly out of it at a French table. Once or twice he managed to glance under his lids at a peculiarly attractive hand that lay on the table-edge for an instant. Once he looked a bit higher and thought he detected the least bit of a quiver in the corner of the eye nearest to him, but Jimmie was a well bred man, and did not stare, but addressed himself to his luncheon. He knew a few words of tourist German, did Jimmie, enough to manage with the table-steward who served him, but he was heartily glad when the meal was over and he escaped to the fresh air of the deck above.

The ship was gliding slowly down the canal. The heat was sufficient to send most of the passengers to a siesta, but Scott was interested in his first trip southward, and so he paced back and forth, puffing at his pipe, watching the low banks drift past with the things Arabian that they afforded. The divinity did not appear—Jimmie caught himself wondering why—and the afternoon dragged slowly along as the ship drew near to Kantara.

As Scott went to his cabin to dress for

dinner, he stopped at the entrance to the saloon where the table chart stood. He sought number six—his table—and looked along the list of names. The next to the last was Mlle. de Anforth; "French, of course," mused Jimmie—and he saw with amusement that he was down as M. Schott. "I'm Dutch," he observed, "—Dutch as Kraut." And he went along the long corridor to his room.

Dinner was but a reduplication of the peculiar effect of near contact with a beautiful girl, and it wrought havoc in the hitherto placid soul of Jimmie Scott. An evening gown only accentuated her charm—a diaphanous sort of a fabric of the weaving of Assuit, whose glittering bits of silver shone against the gleaming of arms and shoulders superb in coloring and form. "She's magnificent," he said between soup and fish. "She's wonderful," mused he as the coffee came at the end.

The smoking room was stuffy, and its atmosphere grew intolerable, but he bought his share in the next day's pool, sat under the whirr of the electric fan until it got on his nerves, and then went out into the soft air of the night. Overhead, the stars were shining as only Arabian stars can shine, and as he looked up into the deep, infinite arch of blue, each star seemed to have a dancing light in it, and to quiver in one corner with a mischievous twinkle. He came up the lighted deck. Groups of happy folk were clustered about in gay converse. Forward, near the lounge door, she was sitting alone. The light breeze was blowing her gleaming drapery about her, puffing her skirts ever so little away from a pair of dainty ankles cased in the sheen of pale blue silk.

Jimmie Scott turned and went hastily aft. "Great guns," he mused, "what is it they say? 'Avoid temptation, and it is likely to chase you?'—What?"

When he ventured back she was gone—and the deck seemed desolate and empty in the yellow electric light.

He walked up and down, back and forth, until gradually the deck emptied, and he was all but alone. The stars kept on with their twinkling; the breeze with its balmy breath blew softly from the south; and Jimmie Scott said again:

"Hang it all. Why don't I know French?"

For Jimmie was hit, palpably hit, desperately in love with a girl to whom he had never spoken, and to whom he could not speak.

Whatever it is that the poets sing about, and have sung since poetry began, had happened to him, on this India-bound steamer, and he went to his room to toss in worried slumber, and to dream as lovers have dreamed since love began to be. And at last he dreamed a dream of sweet content. He was talking French, volubly, contentedly—pouring out his soul to a divinity clothed with twinkling stars, who answered him with a smile.

When Jimmy wakened in response to his steward's calls, the sun was streaming through the port and the ship was rocking gently against the swell of the Red Sea—a marble tub whose cool waters proved so much of a tonic that he caught himself whistling "Love Me, and the World Is Mine," before he was into his clothes.

Breakfast was a solitary function and soon over. He stopped again at the table chart, where the chief steward was making some alteration. "Who's the lady next to me?" said Jimmie as off-handedly as possible.

"*Ich weiss nich!*—I mean I know not, *Mein Herr*," said the steward.

"What is she, then?" said Scott. "I mean—let's see, how do I say it?—*Was ist die Dame—Deutsche oder Englische, oder—?*"

"*Ach, nein, nein*," sputtered the man, "*Die gnädige Frau ist Französisch*."

"Hang it all," said Jimmie, "why can't I speak French? I'll bet you the first thing I do aside from living, will be to learn how."—A most pious resolution that every tourist makes over and over again in moments of extremity, only to forget as easily as it is made.

Of course, the wise thing for Jimmie Scott to have done would have been to move to another table, and had he done so, he would not have been held up to his own scathing self scorn and abuse as he was that evening. Luncheon he had deliberately cut—and had eaten some cheese sandwiches with a bottle of beer in the smoking room.

There were books he had intended to

read in preparation for India; there were letters he should by all means have written, ready for the mail at Aden—but he mooned about, smoked more than was good for him, and kept about the rear of the deck. Once he saw her far ahead, standing beside the rail, talking gaily with a man whom Scott could not recognize, but whom he longed to strangle.

Dinner came betimes, and with it Jimmy Scott's undoing. It was hot, close and stuffy—and the dining saloon was sadly in need of ventilation.

Jimmie had noticed as he came in that she was already seated, clad all in black, a dress that seemed like a sheath out of which a white flower had sprung—and that she had a scarf of thin material of some Oriental weave, in bright coral red. He was thinking how glowing, how glorious she was, when she turned to him, and for the first time looked at him fairly and squarely. Jimmie felt his heart jump into his throat, where it beat and throbbed tumultuously; a sort of chill started at the base of his brain and went wriggling down his spinal column; his face flushed; he was as "fussed" as an awkward boy of sixteen, face to face with his first contact with things feminine.

He heard her speaking; what she said was spoken prettily enough: "*Pardon, Monsieur. Est-ce qu'il vous serait égal si J'ouvrais la fenêtre?*"

It was absurd: he had heard her—what it was she had said he could only imagine—but instead of saying so, or asking in some sensible fashion what she wanted, he stammered out: "*Oh oui, oui—oui, Madame.*"

Then he wanted to kick himself under the table, and his face burned red with mortification when he heard her speak to the servant, and have the port opened wide for the cooler night air. He got through the meal somehow; he did not dare to look at his lady anew sideways, for he felt sure she must be laughing at his ignorance and awkwardness. She was talking quietly with the lady beside her—the whole table seemed to be rather silent, for which he was devoutly glad. He finished first, and rose at once to leave; and as he paused to bow his excuse, the girl looked at him, a straight, full look, and smiled, a smile so full of

radiance and beauty and tenderness and sincerity and—oh well, Jimmie had probably all the things that could get into a smile catalogued mentally within ten minutes as he reveled in the memory of her face. I know it's all very foolish, and sickly-sentimental, and absurdly silly—but it's exactly what happened to Mr. Jimmie Scott of Chicago, Ill., as it has happened to many and many as good a man before him.

The ship was to reach Aden at about three o'clock the next afternoon, and Scott was heartily glad of the opportunity it might afford of going ashore if only for an hour or two, and of thus breaking the helplessness of the idiocy of which he was plentifully conscious, for he was fast becoming that most inane of all things, a thoroughly wholesome man in love.

By noon the rocky shores of Babil-Mandeb began to loom larger and higher as the ship drew near. Then the great notched tops of the volcanic hills that terminate Arabia stood out against the speckless sky; and presently the towering wireless mast, on the loftiest edge of the crater, was plainly seen.

The ship slowed down at the approach to the channel buoys, and the leadsmen began their musical, antiphonal chant from port to starboard, as they took the soundings. Slower and slower they steamed, until a gruff voice from the bridge shouted a command, and the great anchor link by link pulled its chain with it to the depths below.

The harbor was crowded with life. Steamboat Point itself was gay with flags, without which even the red tile roofs of the barracks and government buildings shone bright in the sunshine against the gray of the volcanic hillsides. Three or four English liners swung at their anchor buoys; an East Coast African flew her Blue Peter, impatient to be gone; the long gray of a cruiser, with the big white ensign streaming astern, gave a touch of martial splendor to the scene. A dozen tugs and launches came puffing out to the anchorage, and a score of native boats, propelled by the long oars of half-clad Sowahli boatmen, came gracefully sweeping across the ripples, with here and there a fisherman's canoe with its

solitary boatman dipping his round-bladed paddle, first on one side and then on the other, as he bowled along. Across on the point the sun glistened on great piles of salt laid up to dry, and across the harbor the sharp peaks of Dog-tooth Island stood outlined against the radiant sky. Two great coal barges came slowly out in tow of a snorting tug, their hundred laborers, a mixture of Arabs, Nubians, Sowahli, Abyssinians and Indanese, singing a rhythmic chant and clapping their hands upon each others' chocolate bodies, naked to the waist, as they clamored for "backsheesh." It was a typical Oriental scene, and the passengers, Scott among them, hung over the rail spell-bound with interest.

Suddenly Jimmie gave a start as he discovered, looking up at him from the stern of a native boat that was rounding to the landing stage, the face of Dick Danforth, a classmate in college, a fraternity chum, now a traveling auditor for the erstwhile and still dominant Standard Oil Company.

"Hey! Hello Dickie D.," sang out Jimmie from above, waving his cap over the rail.

"Jimmie Scott, hello, hello!" came back from the boat below, as a sturdy chap in white duck leaped nimbly aboard and came up the ladder two steps at a time.

Scott hastened to the deck below to meet him, only to see a vision in white go nimbly by him, and throw her arms about the newcomer's neck, while a pair of—strawberry, I think he had defined them—a pair of strawberry lips printed an audible kiss upon a grizzly blonde mustache!

Jimmie Scott stood astounded for a moment, until his friend disengaged himself, and came on to him, both hands ready for a hearty shake.

"Well, old man, of all people on earth! What are you doing here? Where did you come from? Where are you going?"

"One thing at a time, Dick," said Jimmie. "I'm going to Bombay."

"And I, too," said Danforth. "Gee, what luck to find you here. But let me present you to my sister. Dorothy, this is

my old friend Jimmie Scott. He must be yours, too."

And Jimmie found himself bowing before his lady of France, who with a roguish smile replied in impeccable American: "Oh, but I already know Herr Schott, by sight at least."

"Herr Schott? What nonsense are you masquerading under now, Jimmie?"

"Only the nonsense of the German passenger list, old man," said Scott apologetically.

"But they told me you were German," said Dorothy—and then a radiant blush suffused her face as she realized that she had inadvertently betrayed her own interest in one "Herr Schott."

"And they told me you were French, and a *gnädige Frau*," said Jimmie, as he gazed now without restraint upon the face of his dreams.

"Well, I don't know what you two have been up against," said Dick, looking curiously from one radiant face to the other. "Dorothy stayed behind with a lot of Ogontz girls in Italy, and I was to meet her here, and go on with her to Bombay, where Dad and Mother are waiting to take her in charge and see that she does no damage to unfortunate mankind. Excuse me, will you, while I see to my traps. Here you, Abdul Ali, get that stuff on deck." And he rushed off to lean over the rail and shout tri-lingual oratory to the swarthy boatmen below.

Jimmie turned to the charming girl beside him. "Miss Dorothy," he said, "I can't talk French, as you know, but I think I might learn. But there's a full moon to-night. May I talk American to you on the deck after dinner?"

Dorothy wrinkled her pretty brow for a moment, as if trying to understand. Then she said, "*Oui, Monsieur Schott, avec plaisir.*"

When Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Scott came down the Red Sea on their wedding tour, the purser on the *Rhineland* was surprised to receive, a month before the ship sailed, an advice from the Chicago office.

"Seats three and four at table six—reserved without fail for M. and Mme. Schott."

My Masquerade

by

MARGARET
G. FAWCETT

Author of "Susan
Elopes," etc.



ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD GARDNER

I

F Aunt Julia hadn't quarreled with the taxi man, or if I hadn't worn that blue linen suit—

But what's the use of speculating? Aunt Julia always does quarrel with the taxi man, and since we had sent Maria Pratt a sample of the suit, so that she could identify me, it wasn't likely I'd have worn anything else.

Still, the fact remains that if the suit hadn't been of the vivid shade of blue they were wearing in the spring, and if the quarrel hadn't been unusually violent, I'd have kept my wits about me and nothing would have happened.

It's so embarrassing to be the center of a fuss in a place as conspicuous as the Grand Central station, especially when so many good looking men commute nowadays. We were making the 9:15, which was to carry Aunt Julia to Detroit, just the time when the nicest ones are arriving in town.

Miss Pratt, whom I hadn't seen since I was a small girl, was coming in from Greenwich for me, her train being due just half an hour after aunt's pulled out.

"Maria's eccentric, but she's reliable and will see you through," Aunt Julia remarked, as we followed in the wake of the overloaded porter who was carrying our bags.

"One would think I were a baby and this my second summer," I protested, for it's humiliating to be treated as a child when you're nineteen.

"Your mother, when left to her own devices, eloped with a fiddler," she reminded me coldly.

I didn't answer, for I never discuss my Mother with Aunt Julia. But Father wasn't a common fiddler! He was a genius; and when Mother died, he died too, of a broken heart.

It was while Aunt Julia was fumbling for her ticket at the gate that I saw the other woman in blue. "Look what that little beast of a Zabrieskie has done!" I exclaimed, for I was furious at my tailor for duplicating the model he had sold me.

Aunt surveyed the other woman disapprovingly. "Now you see, Mitty, in what a conspicuous way you get yourself up," she said, and that so incensed me, for I'm proud of my taste, that I gave her the merest peck of a kiss by way of good-by.

"Don't stir from the station until Maria comes or sends!" she called back warningly as she stepped aboard the train. The instant it disappeared with her I was sorry for my temper. Though she is strict and queer, she's all the parent I have, and I knew I was going to miss her, especially when I remembered what

Maria Pratt looked like in her pictures.

I stood on the spot in the station indicated by her, but I wasn't watching out for Miss Pratt so much as I was for the woman who was dressed exactly like me, even to her white embroidered veil. Subconsciously, however, my mind must have been on Maria Pratt too, for when that man in livery swooped down and picked up my bags, I recall my first sensation was one of relief that she had sent instead of coming herself.

"We've just a minute to make the train," he called breathlessly over his shoulder.

I followed him as fast as I could, but I was hampered by my narrow skirt and when the conductor called, "All Aboard" I was fully ten yards from the train. I saw my bags tossed up to the protesting darky on the platform and the servant's despairing face as he glanced helplessly back at me; and then, suddenly, I felt myself caught about the waist and the next second I was standing on the platform between the porter and the man who had so unceremoniously come to my assistance.

Maria Pratt's servant, running along-side the train, thrust something into my hand. "Your checks and a letter, ma'am!" he shouted.

"But aren't you coming?" I called back, feeling queer and shaken and cross.

He shrieked something, but the train had already carried me out of range of his voice, and I faced about to find that the darky had disappeared with my bags and that the man who had made

the flying leap with me was regarding me with a smile, half apologetic, half amused.

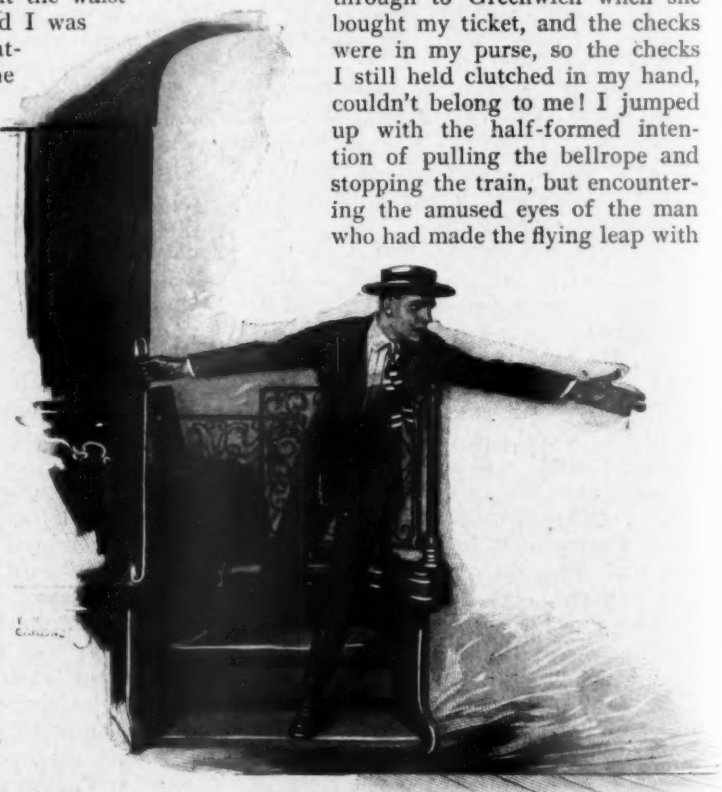
"I'm afraid I was rude," he said, "but it was your only chance."

It doesn't improve anyone's disposition to feel that one's hair is disheveled and one's hat over one's ear. "No doubt you meant well," I answered snubbingly; "but, after all, you know, we might have been killed." And with as much dignity as the motion of the train permitted, I slipped past him and entered the coach.

II

I was no sooner seated in the car, than what Maria Pratt's man had said about checks, floated into consciousness out of an obscure corner of my brain, and I felt myself grow cold all over.

Aunt Julia had checked my trunks through to Greenwich when she bought my ticket, and the checks were in my purse, so the checks I still held clutched in my hand, couldn't belong to me! I jumped up with the half-formed intention of pulling the bellrope and stopping the train, but encountering the amused eyes of the man who had made the flying leap with



When the conductor yelled "All Aboard," I was fully ten

me aboard the train, sank helplessly back in my seat. He was standing in the aisle a few seats in front of me, waiting for the porter to finish arranging his luggage. I don't know why that quizzical look in his eyes should have disconcerted me, but it did, and I hastily dropped my own. When I raised them again, the conductor was asking for my ticket.

There are some conductors who invite confidence, and there are others who seem to be looking for an excuse to put you off their trains. This one was the disagreeable kind.

"Where does it read to?" I asked nervously, as I held out the ticket the person I had mistaken for Maria Pratt's man had thrust into my hand.

"Why, Swansea—don't you know?" he asked suspiciously.

"I—I had forgotten," I stammered.

"Well, don't forget to change cars at Boston," he grumbled. "Here, I don't want this," and he gave me back an envelope I had handed him with the ticket.

In a flash I recalled, as I smoothed it out, that the man in livery had said something about a letter. I stared down at it dubiously. It was sealed, and the flap of the envelope bore one of those indecipherable monograms that tell nothing. I turned it over, and there, on the other side, was the name, "Mrs. Saunders," written in a queer, cramped hand and very black ink.

It was Mrs. Saunders' trunk checks I held, then, but what Mrs. Saunders? There were probably a hundred in New York!

Aunt Julia declares a school-girl wouldn't have displayed the imprudence I displayed throughout the affair, but it seems

to me that, having appropriated another woman's railroad ticket and her trunk checks, I was perfectly justified in opening that letter. After all, it was the only clue I possessed to her identity. The letter was brief:

Madam:—Although I'm advised you have actually engaged rooms for the summer at Swansea Inn, I still doubt your good faith. I am writing you this, therefore, by way of warning. If you don't show up at Swansea, or if the owner of the purple car joins you there, my lawyer is instructed to move at once. The *Idler* sails at noon and I am sending this by Williams, who will have time to make his report before I leave.

It was signed, "Your No-longer-gullible Husband."

Of course, I had no sooner read the letter, than I wished fervently I hadn't. Having read it, however, my duty seemed clear: Mrs. Saunders must not be made to suffer for my blunder in mistaking her husband's servant for Maria Pratt's man. The chances were she would take the next train to Swansea and, by continuing my journey there, I could see her personally and explain how the wretched mistake had happened. As for Maria Pratt, I reasoned that even if she remained in Manhattan to search for me, she would undoubtedly keep in communication with her own house in the hope of hearing that I had arrived there, and I could relieve her anxiety by sending a wire.

"You look,"—the voice that broke in on these thoughts startled me so I actually jumped—"as though you had solved a weighty problem."

I glanced around hastily and met the quizzical eyes of the man who had helped me board the train. He was perched on the arm of the chair across the aisle and regarding me with a nice, friendly smile.

"It wasn't much of a problem," I answered, smiling a little too, for I was ashamed of my rudeness on the platform. "I'd been trying to decide whether I should send a wire from the next station, or wait until we reached Boston, and just as you spoke, I'd decided on the next station."

"We arrive there—" he began. then



yards from the train.

stopped short. His eyes had chanced upon the envelope which lay, address-side uppermost, on my lap, and a most remarkable expression had flashed into his face, a mixture of astonishment and disbelief and suspicion and contempt and—but it's useless to try to describe it.

I endeavored to think of something to say, but before anything lucid occurred to me he rose, with a stiff little bow, and walked to the other end of the car.

III

During the remainder of the journey, J. C. B.—I call him that, because these were the initials on his bags—avoided me as if I were the plague, and, naturally, it made me wretchedly uncomfortable.

I tried to console myself with the reflection that he was probably a detective, detailed by her jealous husband to keep an eye on poor little Mrs. Saunders; but when you have always led a respectable existence, it isn't pleasant to feel that you have aroused the interest, even the mistaken interest, of a detective.

He came into the dining car shortly after I had ordered my luncheon and, as luck would have it, the only vacant table was directly across the aisle from mine. Twice when I glanced at him out of the tail of my eye, I found him staring at me with that strange expression, and it took away my appetite.

The hope that his destination was Boston buoyed me up until we reached that city, but, just as I was about to step aboard the Swansea train, I caught a glimpse of him walking leisurely down the station platform with two porters, dividing his three bags between them, and hope vanished.

Swansea, which we reached shortly before seven, seemed to be made up chiefly of scrubby pines and sand and grey rocks and a fishy smell, and, at first glance, it was difficult to understand how any husband could be so brutal as to threaten his wife with divorce if she changed her mind about going there. An ark of a hack carried me and my luggage to the Inn, which was really a hotel, and the first person I saw as I alighted at the door was J. C. B. He had evidently walked up from the station, which ac-

counted for his getting there before me.

He bowed distantly and moved aside to let me pass, and before I knew it, I was running the gantlet of a score of inquisitive eyes belonging to the guests who were lounging in the big hall which seemed to be office and living room combined. It was the first time I had entered a hotel alone, and though I tried to appear unconcerned, I was frightfully embarrassed.

"Mrs. Saunders—" I began, falteringly, of the young man behind the desk, for it occurred to me that she might have taken a faster train and reached Swansea ahead of me.

The clerk shot his cuffs and smiled in a way I didn't exactly like. "Mrs. Saunders?" he repeated. "Certainly. Suite 45. Front! Shall I register for you, Madam?"

I had never before met anybody who talked so rapidly or stared so hard. In spite of my confusion, however, I managed to gather the impression that Mrs. Saunders had actually arrived, and I turned with immense relief to follow the small boy in buttons whom he had summoned. J. C. B. had been directly behind me, and as I stepped into the elevator, I caught a glimpse of him bending over the hotel register.

Suite 45 was empty; I saw that the instant the boy threw open the door. It was not, however, until the maid, who came promptly to offer her assistance, asked, "Was the journey up dusty, Mrs. Saunders?" that I realized that not only the man in livery, but the hotel people as well, had mistaken me for Mrs. Saunders.

Aunt Julia says one of my greatest faults is temporizing with a situation. But how could I take a strange servant into my confidence at a moment's notice? It was out of the question, so when she added, "You'll wish to dine, of course, Mrs. Saunders?" I found myself answering mechanically, "Yes, as soon as I have brushed up a little."

IV

J. C. B. stood for John Chesney Brewster, and he was from New York.

I found that out by taking a peep at

the hotel register immediately after dinner. And just above his name was the one I had unconsciously assumed, "Mrs. Edward Saunders"—for that's the way the clerk had written it.

Viewed from any angle, it was an embarrassing situation, and I was glad to take refuge in my own apartment. Mrs. Saunders' trunks, which I had felt in duty bound to have brought up from the station, were the first things I saw when I entered the room. Ellen—that was the maid's name—asked if she couldn't unpack for me, but I thanked her hastily

brushed my hair and powdered my nose and went down stairs again.

The hotel stood on a high promontory, overlooking the sea. One end of the wide veranda; indeed, directly overhung the ocean, and I was pacing it slowly and enjoying the briny tang that's so good for the complexion and the spirits, when a fat, ridiculously over-dressed little man joined me.

"Blowing up a storm, do you think, Mrs. Saunders?" he asked casually.

"I don't know—I'm not a weather prophet," I answered coldly, wondering



"I'm afraid I have never before realized," he went on, "how frightfully hard it must be for a woman—especially a young and attractive woman—to steer a straight course when she isn't started right in the beginning."

and said I wouldn't trouble her. When she went away, I sat down and gloomily stared my predicament in the face.

I had obtained a time-table downstairs and found, by consulting it, that there was no train from Boston that night. One left for there, however, at nine, and I was strongly tempted to take it. But I disliked the thought of traveling at night, and I reasoned, moreover, that the real Mrs. Saunders would undoubtedly arrive on that eight o'clock train in the morning, and it would be easy to explain things when we were face to face. So I

how he knew I was Mrs. Saunders.

He gave me an appraising stare. "But it's easy to see you profit by the weather, ha, ha!" he chuckled with a clumsy attempt at gallantry that made me furious.

When J. C. B. had spoken to me on the train, I knew instinctively it was perfectly all right. With this smug little fat man, however, it was entirely different. There was an indefinable something in his manner that I resented, though I couldn't for the life of me explain what it was. But, of course, there was nothing for me to do but let him walk with

me as far as the hotel entrance. Just as we reached the door, a man hurried out. It was J. C. B. He took me and my escort in with a brief glance, then went on down the stairs.

"Brewster seems to be in a deuce of a hurry," remarked the little fat man. "Wonder if he's on the track of his purple car."

His purple car! I recalled a sentence out of the letter I had read on the train—"If you don't show up at Swansea, or if the owner of the purple car joins you there, my lawyer is instructed to move at once,"—and felt my blood congeal.

"Has he lost his car?" I asked, steadying my voice with an effort.

"Stolen," answered my companion. "But," he protested, seeing I was making for the elevator, "you're not going to run away so early!"

"I must," I answered. "I've letters to write."

What was the connection between the owner of the purple car and Mrs. Saunders? Had she stolen his machine, and was that why J. C. B. had looked so queer when he saw that envelope on my lap?

I puzzled over these questions during the whole of a wakeful night.

V

A little before seven I rose, bathed, dressed and went out-doors. A wind had come up during the night and blown all the mist away, and the early morning sunshine on the sea was worth looking at. I found a seat on the sheltered side of a great rock and resumed the tiresome task of trying to piece together the puzzle. I hadn't gotten very far, however, when a shadow came between me and the sunshine, and I looked up and saw J. C. B. Something in the expression of his face convinced me that he had seen me leave the hotel and had deliberately followed.

"It's a beautiful morning, isn't it?" I asked nervously.

"Bully," he answered absently, and I saw there was something he wanted to say, and that he was at a loss how to broach the subject. Instead of feeling apprehensive, however, my spirits began unaccountably to rise.

"I was thinking, as I sat here, looking at the sea," I remarked, with the intention of giving him an opening, "how insignificant the biggest personal problems seem when you look out at this great expanse of shining water. Doesn't it make you think of eternity?"

He ignored the question. "Have you any big personal problem?" he demanded, regarding me intently.

"Why, I suppose everybody has some problem," I answered, evasively.

"Yes, I suppose so," he agreed. He seemed to be turning something over in his mind. "And I'm afraid I have never before realized," he went on, "how frightfully hard it must be for a woman—especially a young and attractive woman—to steer a straight course when she isn't started right in the beginning."

A perverse spirit seized me suddenly. "Very, very hard," I answered sadly, "especially if she has a jealous husband."

The sympathetic light in his eyes went out like a candle. "The wisest thing for any woman to do," he said sternly, "is to avoid the appearance of evil."

I regarded him thoughtfully. "Then I suppose I shouldn't be sitting here, talking to you," I said, and rose. I really didn't want to go, but I was afraid of missing that eight o'clock train and Mrs. Saunders.

He jumped up too. "I am not in your confidence, Mrs. Saunders, nor do I wish to force it," he said earnestly, "but I want to assure you that you have nothing to fear from any action of mine. On the contrary, if you find yourself in an—er—unpleasant situation and need a friend, I should be very glad if you would look upon me as one." And he turned and walked on up the beach.

He had succeeded in making me feel very much ashamed of myself and more worried than ever, for there was no doubt about his being thoroughly nice, and he seemed to have good reason for believing I wasn't. I began to lose some of the sympathy I'd been feeling for Mrs. Saunders.

No one who could possibly be mistaken for her arrived on the eight o'clock train, and disconsolately I went back to the hotel for breakfast. As I passed the desk on my way to the dining-room, the clerk

handed me a yellow envelope. "Night-letter arrived shortly after you went out this morning," he explained.

I sought a secluded table in the dining-room and tore open the telegram. It read:

Wilkins saw you board train with your paramour. Have given up cruise and pursuant to warning already issued am instituting divorce proceedings naming John Chesney Brewster co-respondent. As I suspected, his shipping purple car abroad was merely a blind.

Edward Saunders.

VI

What hurt most, was the discovery that I had been entirely mistaken in J. C. B. There I'd been fretting because I seemed to occupy such a low place in his estimation, and all the while—Well, Aunt Julia had often warned me that men were not to be trusted, and I began to see that there was some excuse for her pessimism.

And yet, the telegram, which I re-read four times while I was eating my grapefruit, by no means solved the mystery of the whole affair. If J. C. B. knew I wasn't Mrs. Saunders, why hadn't he said so, and how about the stolen car?

Once more I became jammed in a mental labyrinth, from which I emerged with only one clear idea—to take the next train out of Swansea and leave Mrs. Saunders to solve her own problem. The dulllest existence with Maria Pratt would be preferable to the unpleasant tangle I had got myself into. Moreover, I was beginning to feel a strong dislike for the hotel itself. The fat little man's manner had been decidedly familiar, and the clerk's knowing air, whenever he had occasion to speak to me, made me uncomfortable. And not one woman had so much as glanced at me since I arrived at the Inn.

The problem, of course, was what to do about Mrs. Saunders' trunks, but, after all, I couldn't be expected to spend my whole summer guarding them. I decided to tell the clerk I was called to New York on business, and write him from there, explaining the mistake.

An elderly woman was at the desk when I went back to the office, and I sat

down to wait until she had finished her business. When she faced about, something in her appearance struck me as being oddly familiar, and slowly it dawned upon me that she looked precisely like the pictures I had seen of Maria Pratt.

My first impulse was to run away and hide, like a naughty school-girl detected in mischief, but the worried look on her face shamed me out of that; I walked up and asked if she weren't Miss Pratt.

"Yes, and you're Mitty Hamaker," she answered promptly, and I experienced a sharp twinge of conscience when she leaned over and kissed me warmly. "My dear child," she exclaimed, "I've been worried to death about you. When I got your wire, saying you were called to Swansea, I couldn't understand."

It's wrong to judge people from their photographs. Maria Pratt proved to be a very agreeable person, and quite different from Aunt Julia. In the first place, she possesses a sense of humor, and, in the second, she is not a man-hater. It wasn't the least bit difficult, when we reached the seclusion of my apartment, to tell her the whole story. I ended by placing Mr. Saunders' telegram in her hands.

"John Chesney Brewster!" she cried, when she had read it. "Why, I don't believe a word of it!"

"Do you know him?" I demanded, staring.

"Do I know him? Why, his mother is my dearest friend! I've known John since he was a small boy in rompers."

"He seems to have grown up into a very wicked man," I observed coldly.

"Nonsense! No one could make me believe that Sarah Brewster's son has been philandering with a married woman! I shall see him at once." She rose determinedly. "Didn't you say he was stopping at this hotel?"

"Yes, but,"—I rose too, in alarm, "I can't see why we should bother—"

"You little goose! Don't you see, he holds the solution to the Saunders riddle? Stay here until I come back!" And before I could utter another word of protest, she whisked out of the room.

VII

It seems that Mrs. Saunders was a no-

torious person who had figured often in the public prints. And it was J. C. B.'s chauffeur she had eloped with to Europe, and they had taken J. C. B.'s car—a new Italian model with vivid purple trimmings—with them.

The reason Mr. Saunders had suspected J. C. B. was that Henri, the

were the same size. Williams must have been an unusually stupid servant to have mistaken me for her, though the white embroidered veils Mrs. Saunders and I both wore that morning, and the fact that our suits were alike, were some excuse.

J. C. B. had received word that Henri was at Swansea and that he expected to be joined there by Mrs. Saunders, and when he got on that train and saw that envelope in my lap, he thought I was the woman in the case, particularly as I seemed so nervous and embarrassed.

As soon as Maria Pratt told him the story, he got Mr. Saunders on the long distance. The latter, it seemed, had already



He answered that he thought a man was an idiot who went out of his way to make himself unhappy.

chauffeur, had passed for him whenever he had taken Mrs. Saunders out in the car. She had gone to the Grand Central station that morning, but had given Williams the slip and taken a taxi to the steamer. The odd thing was that she didn't look a bit like me, except that we

had a wireless from a friend who was a passenger on the boat on which his wife and Henri had sailed, so it wasn't difficult to explain things to him. And there was nothing but old clothes in those two trunks.

I must say, J. C. B. was very nice

about the whole affair. He said my impulsive action argued a kind heart, and I couldn't help but contrast this with that telegram from Aunt Julia in which she declared I was a perfect little fool. It took the remainder of the day to straighten things out, and that evening Maria Pratt, J. C. B. and I dined together, and it was really a gay little dinner, considering the strain we had all been through. Afterwards J. C. B. and I walked on the veranda and looked at the sea and talked. He told me Maria Pratt had invited him to spend his week-ends at her place in Connecticut, but he added that he didn't think he ought to accept the invitation.

Of course, that made me curious, and I asked, "Why?"

He answered that he thought a man was an idiot who went out of his way to make himself unhappy.

Naturally I resented that and told him he was foolish to consider spending his week-ends in Connecticut, if it would make him unhappy.

He said I didn't understand, that the

mere prospect made him wildly, deliriously happy, but that if he had to spend the remainder of his life away from Maria Pratt and—er—me, the contrast would be terrible.

"Miss Pratt might adopt you," I suggested.

But he said he had one mother, and that he didn't need another, or a sister, either, for that matter, and when I asked him, somewhat breathlessly, what he did want, he answered boldly: "You—for my wife!" And we had known each other precisely thirty-six hours!

I knew Aunt Julia would be furious, if I engaged myself after such a brief acquaintance, so I told him firmly I had no intention of marrying a perfect stranger, and he said that if he could spend his week-ends in Connecticut with the understanding that it was merely to give me an opportunity to get better acquainted with him, so that we could be married in the fall, he'd accept Maria Pratt's offer.

And when she joined us a little later, he did.



PHILO GUBB and the Oubliette

*The Correspondence School
Detective and the Pale Avengers*

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," etc.

I L L U S T R A T E D B Y R E A I R V I N

BILLY GETZ sat on one of the stools before the counter of the Pie Wagon, in Riverbank, and stirred his coffee. He held a dime novel before his eyes with his other hand, reading; but Pie Wagon Pete kept an eye on the smartly dressed young man-about-town. He knew Billy Getz and his practical jokes. If unwatched for a moment, the young whipper-snapper might empty the salt into the sugar-bowl, or play some other prank that came under his idea of fun.

Billy Getz was a good example of the spoiled only son, as often found in towns of no great population. He had all the characteristics that lead the spoiled sons of wealth, in cities, into the whirl of vice; but the vicious possibilities of Riverbank were somewhat limited. Billy Getz went in for all the vice there was in the town, and to occupy his spare time he planned and executed practical jokes. He was about thirty years old, rather bald, had a pale and leathery skin, and a preternaturally serious expression, lighted by sharp,



hawk-like eyes. When Billy Getz was seen hurrying down the street in a business-like manner, it meant trouble for some one. In his pranks he was aided by the group of young poker-playing, cigarette-smoking fellows known locally as the "Kidders."

For food Billy Getz ate lemon meringue pie as a steady diet; for income he "touched" his father; and for intellectual pabulum he read dime novels. For sport he played poker and practical jokes. As he read the last line of the thrilling tale of "The Pale Avengers" and tucked the book in his pocket, the door of the Pie Wagon opened and Philo Gubb, the Correspondence School Detective, tall and stiff, like a flamingo, entered. The hawk-eyes of Billy Getz sparkled as he saw the gawky ex-paperhanger. He considered that Philo Gubb owed him reparation for a practical joke that Fate, in the shape of four kegs of gunpowder, had spoiled.

"Hello, Detective!" he cried. "Sit down and have something! You're just the man I've been lookin' for. Was askin' Pete about you not a minute ago—wasn't I, Pete?"

Pie Wagon Pete nodded. It did not matter that this was not so. No one could be expected to be serious with Philo Gubb.

"Yes, sir," said Billy Getz eagerly, trying to think of a prank to play on the solemn-visaged amateur detective. "I've got something right in your line—something big; mighty big—and—say, detective, have you ever read 'The Pale Avengers?'"

"I aint had that pleasure, Mr. Getz," said Philo Gubb, straddling a stool.

"What's the matter? You're out of breath," said Pie Wagon.

"I been runnin'," said Philo Gubb. "I had to run a little. Detectives have to run at times occasionally."

"You bet they do," said Billy Getz earnestly. "You aint been after the dynamiters, have you?"

"I am working upon that case," said Philo Gubb with dignity.

"Well, you be careful. You be mighty careful! We can't afford to lose a man like you," said Billy Getz. "You can't be too careful. Got any of the ghouls yet?"

"Not yet," said Philo Gubb stiffly. "It's a difficult case for one that's just graduated out of a detective school. It's like Lesson IX says—I got to proceed cautiously when workin' in the dark."

"Or they'll get you before you get them," said Billy Getz. "Like in 'The Pale Avengers.' Here, I want you to read this book. It'll teach you some things you don't know about crooks, maybe."

"Thank you," said Philo Gubb, taking the dime novel and slipping it into his pocket. "Anything that can help me in



"I'll kill him, that's what I'll do," shouted the intruder.

Red
Mun.

my detective career is real welcome. I'll read it, Mr. Getz, and— Look out!" he shouted, and in one leap was over the counter and crouching behind it. Billy Getz turned toward the door of the Pie Wagon, where a short, red-faced man was standing with a pine slab held in his hand as a club. Intense anger glittered in his eyes, and he darted to the counter and, leaning over, brought the slab down on Philo Gubb's back with a resounding whack.

"Here! Here! None o' that stuff in here, Joe," cried Pie Wagon Pete, grasping the intruder's arm.

"I'll kill him, that's what I'll do!" shouted the intruder. "Snoopin' around my place, and follerin' me up and down all the time! I told him I wasn't goin' to have him doggin' me an' pesterin' me. I told him twice, an' now I'm goin' to give him the worst lickin' he ever had. Come out of there, you half-baked ostrich, you."

"Now you stop that," said Pie Wagon Pete sternly. "You're goin' to be sorry if you beat him up. He don't mean no harm. He's just foolish. He don't know no better. All you got to do is to explain it to him right."

"Explain?" said Joe Henry. "I'd look nice explainin' anything, wouldn't I? Hand him over here, Pete."

"Now, listen," shouted Pie Wagon Pete angrily. "You aint everything. I'm your pardner, aint I? Well, you let me fix this." He winked at Joe Henry. "You let me explain to Mr. Gubb, and if he aint satisfied, why—all right."

For a moment Joe Henry studied Pie Wagon's face, and then he put down the slab.

"All right, you explain," he said ungraciously, and Philo Gubb raised his white face above the counter.

Since Philo Gubb's remarkable capture of the Hard Boiled Egg—the famous confidence man—the Correspondence School detective had been a nine days' wonder in Riverbank. For two days he enjoyed real fame, and then Billy Getz took him in hand. With the gawky student of the Rising Sun Detective Bureau's Correspondence School grasped by the coat-sleeve, Billy Getz paraded up and down Main Street, stop-

ping everyone and making the solemn-faced paper-hanger tell over and over how he had learned detecting in twelve lessons, by mail; how he had captured the Hard Boiled Egg, and what great work he meant to do in the detecting line in the future. Plying him with the rankest flattery and thus inducing him to brag, and show just how little there was to him, Billy Getz had huge sport with Philo Gubb for seven days. He had everyone laughing at the simple-minded detective, and he and the other "Kidders" had planned a grand finale for the fun, when they were interrupted.

Rollo Willcox, one of the "Kidders," was to lend Willcox Hall for the occasion. Since the passage of the prohibitory law, every saloon in town had been closed, and there were growlings. Five of the leading prohibitionists had received threatening letters, and the town was daily expecting a call for a mass meeting. The "Kidders," with Billy Getz at their head, meant to take advantage of this, and call a mass meeting for the organization of a "Law and Order League." They had the handbills already printed, with Philo Gubb's name in big letters, when the catastrophe came. Philo Gubb, not doubting that a speech by him would be a great treat, had written reams and reams of self-praise, and was learning it by heart when, the night before the mass meeting was to be announced, the houses of four of the prohibitionist leaders were blown up.

Of course, that put an end to any fooling. If the "Kidders" had continued with their plan they might have been lynched, so hot was public anger. The attack on the defenceless citizens had been dastardly. At two in the morning a keg of gunpowder had been exploded under each of the four houses, wrecking them, and a fifth had failed to explode only through the failure of the fuse. Luckily, no one was killed; but that was not the fault of "the dynamiters," as everyone called them.

In the excitement of the next few days, Billy Getz quite forgot Philo Gubb. A genuine mass meeting was called and a genuine "Law and Order League" organized, and a large sum subscribed. All the leading ex-saloon-

keepers gave liberally, and a large reward was offered for the capture and conviction of the "Ghouls," as the local papers delighted in calling the dynamiters, who were really gunpowderers. The State added a large reward, and the county added more. Twenty-five thousand dollars was offered in all, and in a few days the town was crowded with detectives. The Law and Order League hired its own outright, overlooking Philo Gubb. Real detectives came on their own initiative to try for the noble prize. Amateur detectives came in hordes. Citizens who were not detectives at all tried their hands at the work.

For the first few days, rumors of immediate capture of the "ghouls" were flying everywhere, but day followed day, and week followed week, and no one was incarcerated. The citizen-detectives went back to their ordinary occupations; the amateur detectives went home; the real detectives were called off on other jobs, and by the time the Mississippi river began to flood its banks in June, the field was left clear for Philo Gubb, except for the two official detectives of the Law and Order League, who were supposed to be still on the job. Except the Executive Committee of three, none knew who the official detectives were. Things settled down into the old rut, but Philo Gubb clung to the trail like a bull dog.

Not that he made much progress. Each night he hid himself in the dark doorway of Willcox Hall waiting to pick up (Lesson IV, Rule 4) some suspicious looking person, and having picked him up, he proceeded to trail and shadow him (Lesson IV, Rules 4 to 17). Six times—twice by Joe Henry—he was well beaten by those he followed, and who objected to being shadowed and trailed. It became such a nuisance to be followed by Philo Gubb in false mustache or whiskers, that it was a public relief when some young fellows took upon themselves the duty of being shadowed. With hats pulled over their eyes and coat collars turned up, they would pass the dark doorway of Willeox Hall, let themselves be picked up, and then lead poor Detective Gubb across rubbish-encumbered

vacant lots, over mud flats or among dark lumber-piles, only to give him the slip with infinite ease when they tired of the game.

But Philo Gubb was back the next night, waiting in the shadow of the doorway of Willcox Hall. He did not progress very rapidly toward the goal of the twenty-five-thousand-dollar reward, but he counted it all good practice in shadowing and trailing. The fact that he was discovered and beaten only proved to him that he needed more practice.

But being beaten twice in succession by Joe Henry aroused his suspicion. It seemed to mean that Joe Henry had a distinct dislike for being Trailed and Shadowed, and while Philo Gubb had no longing for more beatings, he considered this his first real clue. He waited several weeks and then, on this very night in June, began again on Joe Henry.

Joe Henry ran a small carting business, and seemed to be doing well. He had three teams and three drays, and had hired a small stable on Locust Street, on the alley corner. He had proved, it seemed, the falsity of the claim that the prohibitory law would ruin Riverbank, for he had come to town soon after the law was passed, and his business seemed to have grown steadily. He was a great friend of Pie Wagon Pete, who had come to town about the same time, and he ate at the Pie Wagon. It was understood that Pete had a share in the carting business. While rough, they seemed good citizens.

Philo Gubb, on this night, had not picked up Joe Henry, for he wanted no more beatings than were necessary. By a round-about way he had gone from his rooming house to the alley across the street from Joe Henry's stable, and there, crouched behind a manure bin, he had watched and waited.

It was a warm June night and not uncomfortable, except for the cramped position of his legs. He could see into the stable, but there was not much to see. The stable boy sat at the door, his chair tipped back, reading a paper by the light of the wall lantern over his head. Occasionally he stretched his arms and

yawned, but nothing else happened until a few minutes after eleven, when one of Joe Henry's drays drove up.

The stable boy lazily moved his chair to permit the dray to enter the barn, and pulled a wisp of hay from one of the many bales on the dray as it passed him. Philo Gubb heard the voices of the men as they hoisted the hay to the hay-loft, and he saw Joe Henry helping with the hoisting rope, but he did not hear Joe Henry swear at the driver of the dray. This was odd, for the hay was water-soaked. Water dripped from it onto the floor of the stable, and Joe Henry was not the man to allow a driver to bring wet hay without comment,

however much the flooded condition of the levee might excuse its wetting.

But nothing exciting occurred, and Philo Gubb was about to consider this a dull evening's work, when Joe Henry appeared in the doorway, a pitch-fork in one hand and the slab of pine in the other. He looked up and down the street and then, with surprising agility, sprang across the street toward where Philo Gubb lay hid. With a wild cry, Philo Gubb fled. The pitchfork clattered at his feet, but missed him, and he had every advantage of long legs and speed. His heels clattered on the alley pave, and Joe Henry's clattered further and



"But I am disguised," said Philo Gubb. "These here is false whiskers and hair."

further behind at each leap of the Correspondence School detective, until he gave up the chase.

"All right, you explain," said Joe Henry sullenly.

"Now you aint to breathe a word of this, cross-your-heart, hope-to-die, Philo Gubb. Nor you neither, Billy," said Pie Wagon Pete. "Listen! Me and Joe Henry aint what we let on to be. That's why we don't want to be follered. We're detectives. Reg'lar detectives. From Chicago. And we're hired by the Law and Order League to run down them gools. We're right clost onto them now, aint

we, Joe? And that's why we don't want to have no one botherin' us. You wouldn't want no one shadowin' you when you was on a trail, would you, Gubby?"

"No, I don't feel like I would," admitted Philo Gubb.

"That's right," said Pie Wagon approvingly. "And when these here dynamite gools is the kind of murderers they is, and me and Joe is expectin' to be murdered by them any minute, it makes Joe nervous to be follered an' spied on, don't it, Joe?"

"You bet," said Joe. "I'm liable to turn and maller up anybody I see sneakin' on me. I can't take chances."

"So you wont interfere with Joe in the pursoot of his dooty no more, will you, Gubby?" said Pie Wagon Pete.

"I don't aim to interfere with nobody, Peter," said Philo Gubb. "I just want to pursoo my own dooty, as I see it. I wont foller Mr. Henry no more, if he don't like it; but I got a dooty to do, as a full graduate of the Rising Sun Detective Agency Correspondence School of Detecting. I got to do my level best to catch them dynamiters myself."

Joe Henry frowned, and Pie Wagon Pete shook his head.

"If you'll take my advice, Gubby," he said, "you'll drop that case right here and now. You don't know what dangerous characters them gools are. If they start to get you—"

"You want to read that book—'The Pale Avengers'—I just gave you," said Billy Getz, "and then you'll know more."

"Well, I wont interfere with you, Mr. Henry," said Philo Gubb, putting one leg over the counter and drawing himself from behind that safe retreat. "But I'll do my dooty as I see it. Fear don't frighten me. The first words in Lesson One is these: 'The detective must be a man devoid of fear.' I can't go back on that. If them gools want to kill me, I can't object. Detecting is a dangerous employment, and I know it."

He went out and closed the door.

"There," said Pie Wagon. "Aint that better than beatin' him up?"

"Maybe," said Joe Henry grudgingly. "Chances are—he's such a dummy—he'll

go right ahead follerin' me. He needs a good scare thrown into him."

Billy Getz slid from his stool and ran his hands deep into his pockets, jingling a few coins and a bunch of keys.

"Want me to scare him out of town?" he asked pleasantly.

"Say! You can do it, too!" said Joe Henry eagerly. "You're the feller that can kid him to death. Go ahead. If you do, I'll give you a case of Six Star. Aint that so, Pete?"

"Absolutely," said Pie Wagon.

"That's a bet," said Billy Getz pleasantly. "Leave it to the Kidders."

Philo Gubb went straight to his room at the Widow Murphy's, and having taken off his shoes and coat, leaned back in his chair with his feet on the bed, and opened "The Pale Avengers." He had never before read a dime novel, and this opened a new world to him. He read breathlessly. The style of the story was somewhat like this:

The picture on the wall swung aside and Detective Brown stared into the muzzles of two revolvers and the sharp eyes of the youngest of the Pale Avengers. A thrill of horror swept through the detective. He felt his doom was at hand. But he did not cringe.

"Your time has come!" said the Avenger.

"Be not too sure," said Detective Brown haughtily.

"Are you ready to die?"

"Ever ready!"

The detective extended his hand toward the table, on which his revolver lay. A cruel laugh greeted him. It was the last human voice he was to hear. As if by magic the floor under his feet gave way. Down, down, down, a thousand feet he was precipitated. He tried to grasp the well-like walls of masonry, but in vain. Nothing could stay him. As he plunged into the deep water of the oubliette a fiendish laugh echoed in his ears. The Pale Avengers had destroyed one more of their adversaries. But Carl Carroll, the Boy Detective, still lived! They still had work to do!

Until he read this thrilling tale, Philo Gubb had not guessed the fiendishness of malefactors when brought to bay, and yet here it was in black and white. Nine out of ten fearless and wily detectives fell victims to the Pale Avengers in the

short story, and by means Philo Gubb had never imagined. The oubliette—a dark, dank dungeon hidden beneath the ground—was the favorite method of killing detectives, it seemed. At times other methods were used by the Pale Avengers. The ceiling of the room sank slowly upon the imprisoned victim, crushing him. The walls of the room moved in upon him, smothering him. But, generally speaking, the oubliette seemed to be the prevailing fashion in vengeful murder. Sometimes the bed sank into the oubliette; sometimes the floor gave way and cast the victim into the oubliette; sometimes the whole room sank slowly into the oubliette; but death for the victim always lurked in the pit.

Before getting into bed Philo Gubb examined the walls, the floor and the ceiling of his room. They seemed safe and secure, but twice during the night he awoke with a cry, imagining himself sinking through the floor. Only the thought that Mrs. Murphy's parlor was directly underneath his room, and that it was not likely she would keep a private oubliette, reassured him. He was worried. The twelve lessons of the Correspondence School of Detecting had mentioned nothing of this sort.

Three nights later, as Philo Gubb stood in the dark doorway of the Willcox Building waiting to Pick Up a suspicious character, Billy Getz slipped in beside him and drew him hastily and silently to the back of the entry.

"Hush! Not a word!" he whispered. "Did you see a man in the window across the street? The third window on the top floor?"

"No," whispered Philo Gubb. "Was—was there one?"

"With a rifle!" whispered Billy Getz. "Ready to pick you off. Come! It is suicide for you to try to go out the front way now. Follow me; I have news for you. Step quietly!"

He led the paperhanger through the back corridor to the open air and up the outside back stairs to the third floor and into the building. He tapped lightly on a door and it was opened the merest crack.

"Friends," whispered Billy Getz, and

the door opened and admitted them.

The room was the club room of the Kidders, where they gathered night after night to play cards and drink illicit whiskey. Green shades over which were hung heavy curtains protected the windows. A large, round table stood in the middle of the floor under the gas lights; a couch was in one corner of the room; and these, with the chairs and a formless heap in a far corner, over which a couch cover was thrown, constituted all the furniture, except for the iron cuspidors. Here the young fellows came for their sport, feeling safe from intrusion, for the possession of whiskey was against the law. There was a fine of five hundred dollars—one half to the informer—for the misdemeanor of having whiskey in one's possession, but the Kidders had no fear. They knew each other.

For the moment the cards were put away and the couch cover hid the four cases of Six Star that represented the club's stock of liquor. The room might have been the headquarters of the Law and Order League. The five young men already in the room were sitting around the table.

"Sit down, Detective Gubb," said Billy Getz. "Here we are safe. Here we may talk freely. And we have something big to talk to-night."

Philo Gubb moved a chair to the table. He had to push one of the cuspidors aside to make room, and as he pushed it with his foot he saw an oblong of paper lying in it among the sand and cigar stubs. It was a Six Star whiskey label. He turned his head from it with his bird-like twist of the neck and let his eyes rest on Billy Getz.

"We know who dynamited those houses!" said Billy Getz suddenly. "Do you know Jack Harburger?"

"No," said Philo Gubb. "I don't know him."

"Well, we do," said Billy Getz. "He's the slickest ever. He was the boss of the gang. Read this!"

He slid a sheet of note paper across to Philo Gubb, and the detective read it slowly:

Billy: Send me five hundred dollars



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quick. I've got to get away from here. I'm sure the detectives are after me close. I wouldn't bother you, but it's life and death with me. Don't breathe a word, but I did that dynamite job. You see it's mighty important. I'm broke. Help your old pal.

J. H.

"And we made him our friend," said Billy Getz. "Took him into this Checker and Domino Club, and made him one of us, and now he's going to be caught, and it will look as if we were in his gang. Why, he was here the night of the dynamiting—wasn't he, boys?"

"He sure was," said the Kidders.

"Now he's nothing to us. We've got to look out for ourselves first," said Billy Getz. "And we've talked it over, and the only way is to give him up. Give him up before Pie Wagon Pete and Joe Henry grab him and pull down that twenty-five thousand dollars reward. Now what do you say, Detective Gubb? If we fix it so you can grab him, will you split the reward with us?"

"Half for you and half for me?" asked Philo Gubb, his eyes as big as poker chips.

"Fifteen thousand for you and ten for us, was what we figured was fair," said Billy Getz. "You've got the taking to do. You ought to have the most. You put in your experience and your education in detective work."

"And that ought to be worth something," admitted Philo Gubb.

So it was agreed, and around the table the details were worked out. They explained to Philo Gubb that Jack Harburger was the son of old Harburger of the Harburger House at Derlingport, and that they could count on the clerk of that hotel to help them. Billy Getz would go up to-morrow and get things ready—arrange for the police to step in at the right moment and fix things with the clerk of the hotel, and the next day Philo Gubb would appear at the hotel—in disguise, of course—and do his part. The clerk would give him a room next to Jack Harburger's room, and see that there was a hidden opening in the partition; and Billy Getz, pretending he was bringing the money, would wring a full confession from Jack Harburger, so the

whole gang of ghouls could be taken later on. Then Philo Gubb need only step into the room and snap the handcuffs on Jack Harburger and collect the reward.

For two hours they talked to the paperhanger-detective, who swelled with importance. When he made a suggestion they acceded to it as to a superior mind—he was a detective, and they were only ordinary fellows, you see. They shook hands all 'round, finally, and Billy Getz went to the window to see that no ghoul was lurking in the street, ready to murder Philo Gubb when he went out. He announced that the coast was clear, but as he turned away from the window the toe of his shoe caught in the fringe of the couch cover and dragged it partially from the odd shaped pile in the corner. With a quick sweep of his hand Billy Getz replaced the cover, but not before Philo Gubb had seen the necks of a full case of bottles and had caught the glint of the label on one of them, bearing the six silver stars, like that in the cuspidor. Billy Getz cast a quick glance at the Correspondence School detective's face, but Philo Gubb, his head well back on his stiff neck, was already gazing at the door.

Two days later Philo Gubb, with his telescope valise in his hand, boarded the morning train for Derlingport. The river was on one of its "rampages" and the water came close to the tracks. Here and there, on the way to Derlingport, the water was over the tracks, and in many places the wagon road, which followed the railway, was completely swamped, and the passing vehicles sank in the muddy water to their hubs. The year is still known as the "year of the big flood." In Riverbank the water had flooded the Front Street cellars, and in Derlingport the sewers had backed-up, flooding the entire lower part of the town.

When the train reached Derlingport Philo Gubb, with his telescope valise, which contained his twelve Correspondence School lessons, "The Pale Avengers," a pair of hand-cuffs, his revolver and three extra disguises, walked toward the Harburger House. He was thor-

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oughly disguised, wearing a coal black beard and a red mustache and an iron gray wig with long hair. Luckily he passed no one. With that disguise he would have drawn an immense crowd. Nothing like it had ever been seen on the streets of Derlingport—or elsewhere, for that matter.

The old hotel stood one street back from the river, on a corner, extending back to the alley. At one time the best hotel in the town, it had decayed into a third rate hostelry, little patronized by transients.

A full block away Philo Gubb saw the sign of the hotel, and he immediately became cautious, as a detective should. He crossed the street and observed the exits. There was a main entrance, on the corner, a "Ladies' Entrance" at the side, and an entrance to what had once been the bar-room. From the fire-escape one could drop to the street without great injury.

Philo Gubb noted all these, and then walked to the alley. There were two doors opening on the alley—one a cook's door, and the other evidently leading to the cellar. At the latter a dray stood, and as Philo Gubb paused there, two men came from this door and laid a bale of hay on the dray, pushing it forward carefully. They did not toss it carelessly onto the dray, as carters do toss baled hay, but slid it onto the dray. And the hay was wet. Moreover, the two men were two of Joe Henry's men, and that was odd. It was odd that Joe Henry should send a dray the full thirty miles to Derlingport to get a load of wet hay, when he could get all the dry hay he wanted in Riverbank. But it did not impress Philo Gubb. He was not interested in hay. If Joe Henry was sending men to get hay from the Harburger House, it could mean nothing but that Joe Henry was on the trail of Jack Harburger, and that if the reward was to be won he must act quickly. He hurried to the main entrance of the hotel, and entered.

The lobby of the Harburger House was large, and gloomy in its old-fashioned black walnut woodwork. Except for one man sitting at a desk by the

window and writing industriously, and the clerk behind the counter, the lobby was untenanted. To the left a huge stairway led to the gloom above, for the hotel boasted no elevator except the huge "baggage lift," which had been put in in the palmy days of the house, when the great river packets were still a business factor.

Philo Gubb walked across the lobby to the clerk's desk. The industrious penman by the window glanced over his shoulder. He looked more like a hotel clerk than like a traveling salesman, but Philo Gubb gave no thought. The clerk behind the desk put his fingers on his lips.

"Sh!" he whispered. "Are you Detective Gubb? Good! I've been expecting you." And then in a louder voice: "Glad to see you, Mr. Jones. How is the broom business? Sign 'John P. Jones' on the register," he whispered.

Philo Gubb signed, "John P. Jones."

"Be cautious!" whispered the clerk. "I'm afraid that man over there is one of the gang. Jack Harburger is acting queer—I'm afraid he suspects something—but everything is ready. Billy Getz is in Jack's room now, waiting for him. Have you a gun?"

"In my telescope case," whispered Philo Gubb.

"Take this one," said the clerk, handing the paperhanger-detective a glittering revolver. "Be careful. Come—I'll show you the room."

He came from behind the desk and picked up Philo Gubb's telescope valise and led the way up the dingy stairway. Luckily for Billy Getz's great practical joke, Philo Gubb had never seen Jack Harburger, or he would have recognized him in the plump little man carrying his telescope valise. Up three flights of dark stairs, Jack Harburger led Philo Gubb, and at the landing of the fourth floor he stopped.

"You were taking a risk—a big risk—coming undisguised," he said.

"But I am disguised," said Philo Gubb, running his hand over the utterly unnatural beard and mustache. "These here is false whiskers and hair."

"What!" exclaimed Jack Harburger.

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He led the way through a long, dark corridor that turned and twisted. At the extreme end he stopped, set down the telescope valise, and drew a key from his pocket.

"That's Jack's room," he breathed softly, "and you go in here. Sorry it isn't

a better room. We had to use it, and you won't be here long, anyway."

He opened the door. It was a large door that swung outward, and it occupied one-half of one side of the room. The floor of the room was carpeted, and the walls were papered, as was the ceiling. There was no window, but an electric light burned in the center of the ceiling. Across the far side of the room stood a narrow iron bed, with a small bureau beside it. Jack Harburger pointed to a hole in the wall paper.

"That's your ear-hole," he whispered, and Philo Gubb stepped into the room. Instantly the door slammed behind him, the key turned in the lock, and he heard a heavy iron bar clank as it fell into

place outside. He was a prisoner, caught like a rat in a trap, and he knew it! He threw himself against the door, but it did not give. The electric light above his head went dark. He put out his hand, and the wall gave slightly. He drew the revolver and waited, dreading what might next occur. He heard soft footsteps outside the door, and, raising the revolver, pulled the trigger. The trigger snapped harmlessly. He had been tricked, tricked all around.

"Is the oubliette prepared?" whispered a voice outside.

"All ready for him. Twelve feet of water. He'll drown like a rat."

"Good. A slow



Over his feet ran something cold. It was the water of the Oubliette!

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death, like a rat in a trap—like we served the other two. Then get rid of his body the same way."

"A stone on it, and the river?"

"Yes. They never come up again."

The voices died away along the corridor, and Philo Gubb was left in utter silence. Oubliette! The fate of the detectives of "The Pale Avengers" was to be his! Suddenly the room began to quiver. The floor and the walls trembled and creaked, and Philo Gubb threw himself once more against the door. He could feel it gliding upward against his shoulder. He shouted and beat upon it with his hands. Inch by inch, creaking and swaying, the room glided downward. The door seemed to glide upward beyond the ceiling, giving place to a solid wall. He turned and beat on the side of the room, and it gave forth a hollow sound. As he moved, the room swayed under his feet. He was doomed!

Alone in the darkness, his fear suddenly gave way to a feeling of pride. He was dangerous enough, then, to be thought worthy of death? His last drop of doubt oozed out of his mind. He was—he must be—a great detective, or such means would not have been taken to get rid of him. He felt a sort of calm joy in this. His murderers knew his prowess.

Locked in the room, going down to certain death, he exulted. And if he was as great as all that, it could not be that his position was hopeless. Time and again *Carl Carroll*, the Boy Detective, had been in equally precarious positions, but in the end he had brought the Pale Avengers low. And what a boy, untrained, could do, a graduate of the Rising Sun Correspondence School of Detecting ought to be able to do! He drew his knife from his pocket and cut into the wallpaper of the side wall.

Being a paper-hanger, the first touch of his hand against the side wall had told him the wall-paper was pasted on canvas and not on a solid wall, and now he ripped the canvas away. The wall was of rough boards, scarred and marred. The opposite wall was the same. He kneeled on the bed and tried the rear wall. Here the canvas was not even attached to the wall, and as he tore it away, he felt the

plastered wall gliding upward. He stood on the bed and ripped the canvas ceiling away. He was in an elevator of some sort.

As he ripped the ceiling away, light entered the cage from a dirty sky-light far above. Just over his head a heavy iron grating covered the cage, barring him in, but high up he could see the great drum, from which the cable slowly unwound as the car descended. He was in an elevator, but this knowledge gave him small comfort. Cage, room or elevator—call it what he chose—it was relentlessly descending into the flooded cellar. He watched the drum with fascinated eyes, as the wire cable unwound itself. He lay back on the bed, his feet hanging to the floor, and stared upward. He could not take his eyes from the revolving drum. It was like a clock, marking the moments he still had to live.

But suddenly he was galvanized into action. Over his feet something cold ran, making him jerk them from the floor. It was the water of the oubliette, and he gazed on it with horror as it rose, inch by inch, toward him. Slowly, as the car dropped, the water crept up. It reached the first drawer of the small bureau. It crept up to the side rails of the bed. It wet the mattress—and still it rose. He stood on the bed and grasped the iron grating above his head.

"Stop!" whispered a voice above his head, and the creaking of the cage stopped. The descent of the car ended.

"Gubb! Detective Gubb!" whispered the voice, and Philo Gubb looked upward. "Listen, Detective Gubb," said the voice. "One touch of my hand on the lever, and you will be dropped beneath the waters, never to appear again, except dead. One only chance remains for your life, and, blackened with crime though we are, we offer you that chance. If you will swear to leave the state, never to return, we will spare you. What say you, Philo Gubb?"

It was an offer no mortal could refuse. Life, after all, is sweet. Philo Gubb, the relentless Correspondence School detective, opened his mouth, but as he turned his head upward, he closed it again and licked his lips twice.

"No, darn ye!" he shouted angrily.

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"I wont never do no such thing!"

There was a hurried whispering of many voices above him.

"Think well," said the voice again. "We will give you until midnight to reconsider your rashness. Until midnight, Detective Gubb!"

"You can't scare *me*," shouted Philo Gubb.

"Until midnight!" repeated the voice, and then there was silence.

Philo Gubb immediately drew his heavy pocket-knife from his pocket and began cutting out one of the panels of the door that shut him in on one side. He did not work hurriedly. He was not at all frightened. Looking up, he had seen the drum, and there was no more cable on the drum to be unwound. The car could descend no further. His feet were as wet as they could get. Unless the river rose to unbelievable height, he could not be drowned in the make-shift oubliette, unless he voluntarily lay down in the water and inhaled it. He worked on the panel slowly, but with the earnestness of a very angry victim of a hoax. The panel fell outward with a splash, and floated away. Philo Gubb bent sideways and squeezed out of the small opening into the cellar.

The huge cellar was dusky in the dim light that entered through the cobwebbed panes, high in the wall. It was an immense place, and all now knee-deep in water, except for a gangway of boards laid on low trestles, which led from one side of the cellar to the cellar door. The large furnace stood like a black island in the water; clothes-lines were stretched here and there; and the stove in the temporarily abandoned laundry was almost submerged. There were coal-bins and vegetable-bins, like watery bays leading from the general cellar sea, and—strange appliance to discover in a hotel cellar—a small hay-baling press stood on an extemporized platform against one wall, and alongside it, on a long table, such as are seen in factories, bales of hay, some complete and some torn open—and cases! The cases were labeled "Blue River Canned Tomatoes," but one, split

across the end, gave evidence that their contents were not canned tomatoes at all. Through the crack in the case glittered the six silver stars of the Six Star whiskey. There were twenty-six of the cases.

Philo Gubb waded to the raised gangway and walked to the cellar door. It was double-barred on the inside, and he lifted the bars cautiously and stepped into the alley, closing the door carefully behind him. He pulled his false whiskers and wig from his face and stuffed them in his pockets and hurried down the alley.

When he returned, Billy Getz, Jack Harburger and six of the Kidders were holding high revel in the closed bar-room of the Harburger House, but they all fell silent when the door opened and the Sheriff entered, with Philo Gubb and three deputies in company. It was evident that the Sheriff did not consider Philo Gubb a joke.

"Search warrant, Jack," he said to Harburger. "Detective Gubb, of Riverbank, has been doing some sleuthing in your hotel, he says. We want to have a look at the cellar."

The next morning the papers were full of Philo Gubb again. Through the superb acumen of that wonderful detective, three stores of whiskey had been discovered and confiscated—one in the cellar of the Harburger House; one in Joe Henry's stable, and a smaller one in the room in the Willcox Building frequented by the "Kidders."

"How I done it?" said Philo Gubb to one of his admirers. "I done it like a detective does it—a detective that wants to detect,—picks up some feller that looks suspicious-like, like it says in Lesson Four, Rule Four. And then he shadows and trails him, like it says in Lesson Four, Rules Four to Seventeen. And then somethin's bound to happen."

"But how can you tell what's goin' to happen?" asked his admirer.

"Well, sir," said Philo Gubb, "that's the beauty of the detective business. You don't ever know what's goin' to happen until it happens."



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Geraldine's Week-End

by W. CAREY
WONDERLEY

Author of "The Tin Pan Girlie."

ILLUSTRATED BY—
—EDMUND FREDERICK

MRS. COPLEY'S graceful little note asking one Geraldine Parker down to Broad Meadows from Saturday to Monday threw the entire household into a state bordering dangerously on hysteria. Nothing else was discussed from morning to night; the very atmosphere seemed charged with week-ends. It took possession of the very modest apartment and refused to be shaken off, even if the family had wished to do such a thing, and they didn't. You see, it was such a splendid chance for Geraldine! I am she.

Mother had been angling for nearly two years for the invitation. You know she and Sarah Copley had been girls together, and Mother might have married into Wall Street, instead of into Harlem, as she did, if she hadn't fallen in love with poor daddy, who painted pictures that nobody wanted to buy. When our father died, Mother cried for days and finally told me I mustn't accept her for a model but must look around for a rich husband, although how she ever expected me to find one in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street is more than I can explain. Afterwards I learned she didn't; she had written to Mrs. Copley, and after two years of regular correspondence on Mother's part, the much longed-for invitation to Broad Meadows arrived. Now, in Ted's vocabulary, it was up to me. Ted is my brother and my junior by three years, which seems hardly fair when

you are twenty-one. Somehow, twenty-one appears frightfully ancient to me, and I look forward to thirty with a sinking sensation in my heart.

It seems a little odd, perhaps, after waiting as long as we did for the Copley invitation, that when it came it should find us unprepared. But it did. First, you see, we have only two hundred dollars a month, and second, Mother has never learned to count her pennies and dimes. So from the moment of the note's arrival, she went around wringing her hands and asking aloud where I was to get the clothes to wear at Broad Meadows.

"Jerry looks simply bully in that white ruffly thing," declared Ted stoutly.

"Indade she do, mum," echoed Annie, who is our maid-of-all-work and as such one of the family.

"Very true," nodded Mother, "but even a pretty girl cannot go to such a smart week-end in a blue coat-suit and with a little white muslin frock done up in a steamer-trunk!"

I glanced up from the pages of the very newest society novel in the Public Library and expressed my indifference in the manner of the heroine of the book.

"Perhaps you'd better write, dearest, and say I'm unable to get down to Broad Meadows, this time," I murmured. "Say—oh, say I'm leaving for the Berkshires this afternoon."

"Oh, Jerry dear!" wailed Mother.

"Now see here, old girl, we expect



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great things of you," put in Ted, with a warning forefinger. "You know very well I'm doing my share of athletics this year, and with no extra money from the Matter, either. You're selfish when you refuse to do the right thing by us. Here's the chance of a lifetime and you want to turn it down flat. Where do you ever hope to meet any man with a weekly income of more than twenty bones if you don't seek the shelter of the exclusive Sarah's wing?"

"That's true," sighed Mother. "Oh, Jerry, be reasonable! You must go. Sarah Copley may not remember to ask you again for another two years if you refuse her now."

"And then I'll be twenty-three," I said, to myself, but the others heard me.

"You will!" cried Mother quickly. "You know, Geraldine, you are not a real beauty. I often think you are rather like poor Arthur's pictures—there was a charm, a sort of wistful prettiness about them, but that was all. And most of them the butcher took in payment for his bills, although his wife didn't like them at all—there were not enough purples and golds and reds in them."

"You don't seem to understand, dear," I said then, jumping up and putting aside the book. "I'd dearly love to go to Mrs. Copley's, but a girl just has to have something to wear. It is frightfully smart at Broad Meadows. A glimpse at the names of the persons who go there, week after week, from Saturday to Monday, will fairly take your breath away! The Cuylers, the Van Sants, the Vermilyes, the Stuyvesants—oh, Mother, it's an awe-inspiring lot!"

"Yis, Mum. Once there was a duchess, Miss, and twict, or maybe oftener, countesses," chimed in Annie, who read the society columns.

"Ah, you see? And me in white muslin with antediluvian sleeves," I laughed. "No, it simply can't be done. Of course it is the chance of my life, but if Percy Van Sant should take me out to dinner and I should find his gaze riveted on those sleeves—Thank you, no!"

"Oh, Jerry, you are cruel," wept Mother. "If you must have clothes, you must get them. That's all there is to that."

"Where?" I asked blankly.

"Where indeed?" murmured poor Mother, cornered and helpless.

But Ted had a brilliant idea and the glory of it was reflected in his radiant face.

"If Jerry's so sure to catch one of those wealthy Mr. Knickerbockers down on Long Island, why, it's the easiest thing in the world to take next month's check and buy her some new frills and feathers with the money!" he explained. "Isn't that simple enough? Because after Jerry's caught her fish we'll have money to burn, of course!"

"Could we do that?" asked Mother dubiously.

"It sounds—feasible," I sighed.

"You know best," said Mother. "Figures give me a frightful headache. Only there must be enough left to pay the rent—he won't take pictures even if we had that many, and we haven't. What do you think, dear?"

I sat down at the desk and hurriedly jotted down a list of articles. The amount was appalling and I turned and faced the family again with a gesture of despair.

"Two hundred dollars wouldn't go—anywhere!" I announced.

"It wouldn't?" spoke up Ted.

I shook my head.

"It would cost pretty nearly that for a pretty evening frock of the sort they'll wear there, without slippers or gloves or—or anything else. You see, as it is, I haven't anything. I'll not need one or two little inexpensive things, but practically everything. You don't understand—girls' clothes are expensive."

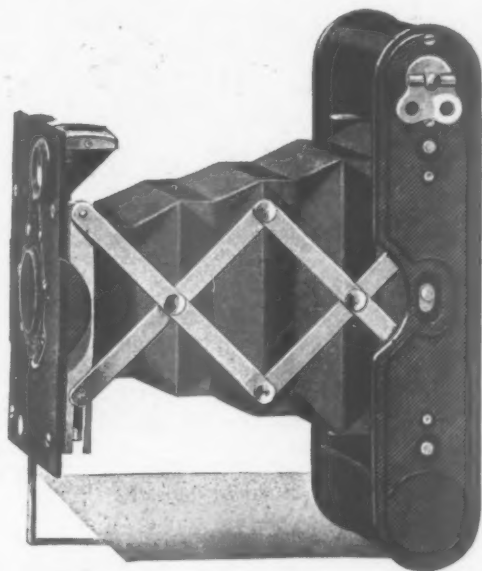
"Take another month's money," suggested Ted boldly.

"Oh, dear!" cried poor Mother, hastily counting something over on her fingers and becoming hopelessly confused.

"No, I won't go," I decided, after one glance at her face. "Would you rather write the note, Mother?"

"Oh, Jerry, you ought to go, indeed, indeed you ought!" cried Mother, her pretty eyes filling with tears. "I knew Sarah Copley when she was Sarah Drake and I feel sure she will do the best she can for my daughter. It is a pity she hasn't a son, but—I want you to go to Broad Meadows, dear. My heart has

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The guests played bridge, but I refused.

been set on it for years. You deserve to, Geraldine."

"Look here, Miss Parker," cried Ted, "you'd certainly make some sort of an effort to get your mother and brother out of this miserable flat—now wouldn't you? Mater, she's not half bad at all when she's fixed up, you know. Bill Foxall says she's fascinating, although I wouldn't go that far myself. Still, Mater, she's going, that's all!"

I was silent for a moment and I wanted to laugh dreadfully. Instead, I smiled and said: "It seems selfish—all that money for just three days. I hate to touch it. But it is very smart at Broad Meadows, you know, Mother, and I must have at least one new frock. What shall I do?"

Mother pressed her hands to her aching head.

"I think you'd better take the two hundred and go," said she.

And that, of course, settled the question for all time.

Mother and Ted and Annie saw me off at the station. Broad Meadows is only the Long Island home of the late copper

king's widow, and only an hour's journey from our flat, yet no tour around the world ever evoked more enthusiasm or half the preparations. My one pretty frock, a very smart pink crêpe with a little lace here and there, together with a dainty morning dress, a couple of waists and a garden hat, had gone down on an earlier train, packed in a handsome wardrobe trunk which Mother borrowed from

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the family upstairs. The blue tailored suit I was wearing had been carefully scoured and pressed by the faithful Annie the night before, and it looked very nice, especially when the light didn't fall directly on it, as Ted observed. Altogether everything had turned out so successfully and such wonders had been done with the two hundred dollars that the four of us were worked up to the top notch of enthusiasm. It was with difficulty that Mother and Ted restrained Annie from telling the world at large that "Miss Jerry was going down to Broad Meadows for the week-end, where once a duchess, and oftener countesses, had spent Saturday to Monday!"

Ted insisted on a Pullman—the extra charge was so ridiculously small, and "one might as well go right." It was a proud Teddy who, taking me by the arm, led me to my chair and left me with a resounding kiss and a couple of magazines. After he was gone, I began to wish it were possible for me to help him so that he could make the University without all that tiresome extra work at nights.

The run down to Catherwood seemed far shorter than scheduled, and almost before I knew it, I was standing on the station platform and the train was circling away in the distance. Then for the first time I saw one of my fellow-guests at Broad Meadows. He had got out of the club car and now stood looking up and down the wonderful Chestnut avenue for the carriage which was to meet us.

Out of the corners of my eyes I got a good glimpse of him. He was young and very good-looking, well groomed and carefully turned out by a man who thoroughly understood his business. But he appeared rather tired, I thought, like what the novelists call *blasé*. However, this is but natural, I suppose, of those who are born with a golden spoon in their mouths. With my back turned to him, I asked myself who he could be, a Cuyler, a Van Sant, a Delancey or a Stuyvesant. I rather fancied the Stuyvesant myself; you see he was such a well-bred, very correct young man.

When the carriage came down to meet the arriving guests, I was a bit surprised to find that Mrs. Copley had come with

it, for hostesses never do in the English novels which Mother and I read together every night. But I was glad she had come all the same, for Mrs. Copley is a dear even if she does look like Queen Victoria. With a charming smile on her face, she gave both of us a warm, motherly greeting, kissing me on the cheek and calling the correct young man Dick—after which she presented him to me, and his name turned out to be not Stuyvesant but Cuyler, which I like second best anyway.

We chatted together in the most friendly fashion during the drive up to the house, a low, rambling Tudor-like mansion of red bricks with creeper-covered tower. Mrs. Copley remarked that she was having only a few persons down for the week-end, just twelve in fact, and she hoped I wouldn't find it dull.

Tea was in progress in the big oak hall when we reached the house, and I was properly bewildered to find myself actually taking part in a scene which heretofore I had observed only from a seat in the second balcony at the Empire. When the urn and china were wheeled in on one of those pretty little tables such as one sees in London-made plays, and a glorious creature in mauve murmured: "Cream, lemon or rum, please?" with slightly arched brows, I knew that my happiest moment had come. I fairly reveled in that half-hour. I am perfectly sure I consumed dozens of hot buttered scones and drank gallons of weak, very sweet tea while I talked recklessly of bridge-whist to my neighbor, an apologetic young man with watery blue eyes who must surely have been the "rector" in order to make the picture complete.

Mrs. Copley's own maid came to help me dress for dinner. It was all I could do to tear myself away from the five o'clock, but I cheered myself with the thought that when next I danced upon the scene I would be wearing the wonderful pink crepe.

I'm afraid I can never remember half the delightful things which occurred that night. It was all like a poem. A hundred times I wished for Mother, although I've a notion that she'd have lost her appetite for some novels if she had been there. And under ordinary

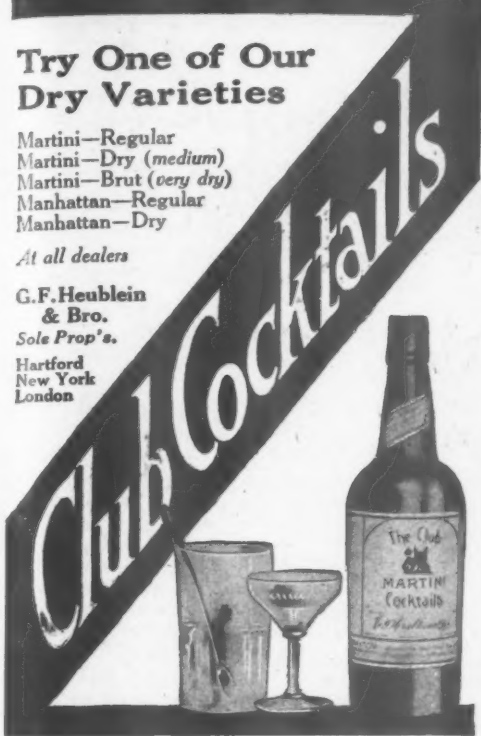
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circumstances Mother adores them. But this was different from a mere book.

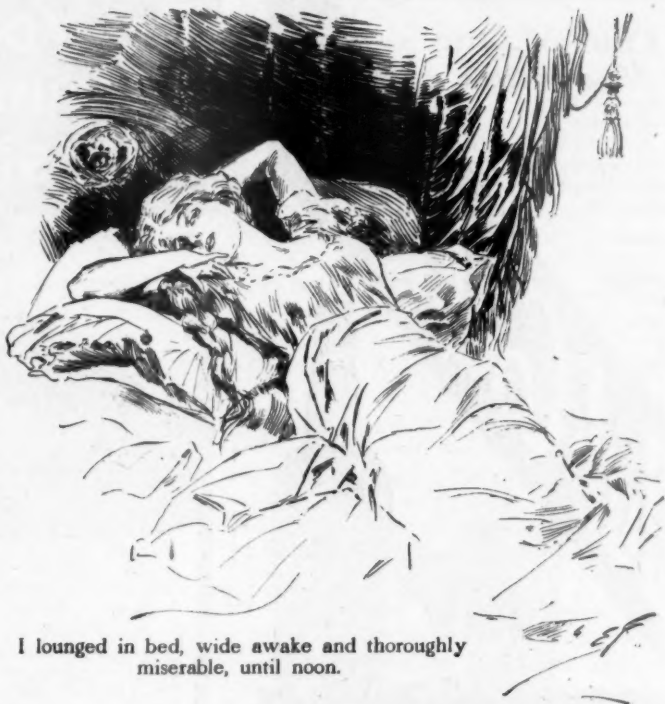
We gathered in the blue drawing room and everybody laughed and talked and flirted for ten minutes or so before the butler announced that "Dinner is served, Mrs. Copley." Somehow it made me think of home—it was so different! In our little flat Mother and I often sit down together, Mother with a book, I with a magazine, and Ted running in at the tail end of the meal. And as she serves, Annie relates marvelous stories about the folks upstairs or the new couple, down. Recalling this, I was greedy for the glitter and small-talk of the Copley dinner table.

Dick Cuyler was on my right, faultlessly groomed and looking like Mr. Robert Warwick in a society play, while on my left was a Van Buren, and a Rutherford sat just across. The glorious creature who had poured tea in the oak hall, now in sea-green Paquin, proved to be a Dykeman-Smyth, and so on up and down the table until the very names sounded like the roll call of the Four Hundred.

Back in the drawing room again a few of the guests played bridge, but I refused although I trembled to think what I might be set down as because of it. "Provincial" is a word I detest. So I slipped away to the terrace and presently Mr. Cuyler joined me. He too had refused a place at the card-tables.

"One gets so tired of bridge in time, I think, Miss Parker," he said, lighting a cigar, after asking my permission.

I readily agreed, although I was dying to play. At home we often sat up until after midnight playing with marshmal-



I lounged in bed, wide awake and thoroughly miserable, until noon.

lows. But at Broad Meadows, of course, they played for money and I hadn't a penny to lose. Still, if it was considered smart in the Copley set to be bored with cards, I was glad and thankful too, for, from Saturday to Monday I was to be one of that exclusive circle.

Really we got along very well together. I took my cues from Mr. Dick Cuyler, for of course a Cuyler knew. We discussed books I had never read, plays I had never seen and singers I had never heard. He preferred Garden to any singer of the season; I spoke of Farrar—I had heard her sing the Jewel Song, on a phonograph in the apartment of the family upstairs, one Sunday night. They promised to ask Mother and me up again, real soon, but they never did, for Annie told us, the very next week, that the installment man had come and taken the machine away. If the Hickmans had kept it, perhaps I could have talked more freely of Mary Garden and "Thais."

Later, back in the drawing room, I tried Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Rutherford and Miss Dykeman-Smyth with literature, the drama and music. I was determined to learn their views on the sub-

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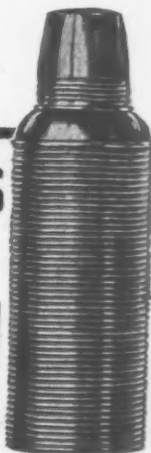
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jects and then save them up for another time. Really it is the only way to be on the safe side. But what I did find was that Arthur Van Buren never read anything but the newspapers, and Franklyn Rutherford thought Gaby Deslys "all right," while Helena Dykeman-Smyth knew a little pal who could play the "Pink Lady" with one finger, blindfolded, and sitting with her back to the piano! When I happened to mention Nazimova, Mr. Van Buren said he couldn't stand for those new-fangled breakfast foods!

All in all, it seemed to me that night as I went to bed that I had acquitted myself rather brilliantly during my first evening at Broad Meadows. And as for the people, they were dears—every one of them! No more delightful folk ever lived and loved between the covers of an English novel than my neighbors at the Copley week-end! It seemed almost too good to be true that I was among such men and women at last. Of course this was my proper position in the world; I took after Mother, and Mother was a Westervelt; I belonged in this atmosphere. All at once I began to think of Monday morning and the going home to the little Harlem flat.

What was it Ted had said? Stuff and nonsense, of course, but—I *wasn't* half-bad when I was all fixed up. Others beside that foolish Billy Foxhall must have seen that I am fascinating. Dick Cuyler had remained with me all evening, for instance. And Dick Cuyler was—I went to sleep planning everything in the most approved story-book manner.

The next day was Sunday, and I lounged in bed, wide awake and thoroughly miserable, until noon. A tray was brought up to me about nine o'clock and I finished the tea and toast and egg, and was ravenously hungry. At home no one ever stayed in bed until noon unless they were really ill, and trays were only sent up when one had a headache or felt out of sorts.

"But at Broad Meadows, one must do as the Copley set do," I comforted myself with, and tried to go to sleep again.

It was no use, and a little later I crept down to the morning room wearing my prettiest waist. But I felt stupid from staying in bed so long, and besides I was

frankly hungry—I'm not used to going without breakfast. The house seemed quite deserted, and I ran out on the terrace, feeling sure that all the rest were still in their rooms. Suddenly, down in the garden, I spied Dick Cuyler.

"Good morning!" I cried, waving my hand to him. "Pray what are you doing out in the garden at this ridiculous hour?"

He looked at me rather guiltily and a dull brick-red swept his cheeks. "I—am down a little early this morning," he said apologetically. "But it was so fine out of doors—I suppose no one else is up yet?"

I smiled. "It was the day that brought me out," I cried. "It is glorious in these allies. So green and cool and sweet—!"

We strolled down the steps and across the terraces, slowly, and I called to the pigeons so that they came circling around me, on my shoulders—one, a venturesome fellow, on my hand.

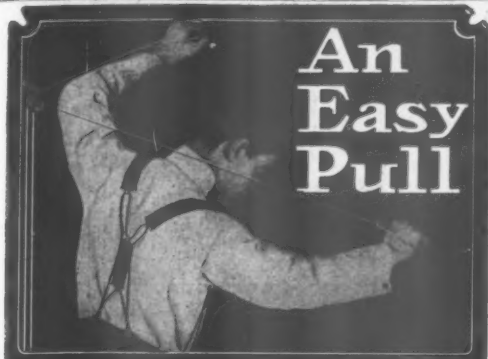
"I always say this is the most English place on Long Island," I remarked, as we stopped to rest beside a fine old sun-dial. "Of course in the Berkshires, now—the Vivians' house, for instance—But I'm always glad to come to dear Mrs. Copley—it is so quiet and restful after the others, you know."

"Yes," he nodded, looking across the hills. "Sarah Copley is a most delightful hostess—a really remarkable woman."

We stood thus exchanging small-talk for several minutes, perhaps, and then the pigeons, the day, and the sunshine touched the divine fire in our hearts, and we commenced to speak of other things than week-ends and charming hostesses. Not that I mentioned Harlem. It wasn't necessary—yet. But I did tell him of poor Daddy's pictures, although if he got the impression that they were now in the best collections in America and Europe, it wasn't my fault. And they ought to be.

Altogether it was a lovely half hour, but with the sound of wheels on the chestnut avenue, we left the sun-dial and pigeons and our real selves and hurried to meet the Copley carriage. In it were Mrs. Copley and Helena Dykeman-Smyth.

"Why—you have been out this morning?" I cried, flushing miserably as I



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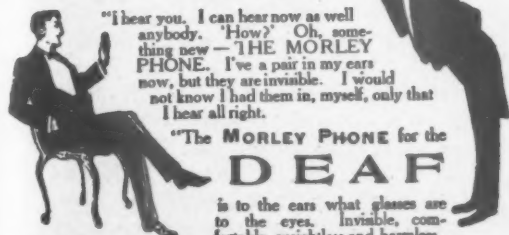
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"I always say this is the most English place on Long Island," I remarked.

caught the surprised look on Dick Cuyler's face.

"We have been to church," smiled Mrs. Copley. "We left Arthur and Frank at the lodge as they wanted to walk up to the house—the morning is so beautiful, my dear! I am sorry you and Dick overslept yourselves and couldn't go with us."

I merely smiled. It was in vain I tried to recall a novel in which the smart folk had attended church on Sunday morning. I thought of the weary hours I had kept religiously in bed, believing it was con-

sidered the usual thing to do in the Copley set. Then I glanced at Dick Cuyler and wondered how long he had been in the garden before I came out on the terrace.

Broad Meadows is rather a dull house on Sunday after all. It surprised me that no one played cards, not that I was used to it at home but because I fully expected it among these people of Mrs. Copley's acquaintance. After luncheon I rushed off to my room, and when the party gathered on the terrace at five

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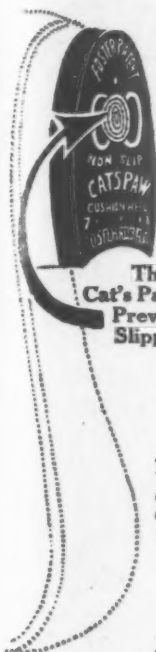
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o'clock, I spoke of the dozens of letters I had written and the forty winks I had managed to get in.

"We went down to the lower pasture to see the new calves, Geraldine," said Mrs. Copley. "I looked for you, but Felice said you had gone to bed. Not a headache, I trust, my dear?"

There was barely time after tea to dress for dinner, for we lingered on the terrace to watch the sunset, and it was all so sweet and homey and everyone was so friendly and considerate that it was all I could do to tear myself away. Again Mrs. Copley sent her maid to help me, and this time we got along famously together, I giving her my feet to dress and waiting for her to arrange my frock and hair without her tactful suggestions.

The party broke up early that evening, for half the folk were going on to some other country house in the morning. It had been a quiet day, but I had enjoyed it immensely. Back in my room as I watched Felice packing the pretty pink crepe and the dainty waists over which Mother and Annie had taken much time and loving care, I felt, for the first time, something like a pang of regret. In the morning I was going home too. And the next month's expenses were gone—two hundred dollars! When I thought of what Ted's first question was bound to be, I sighed a little. For the only man I knew at all well was Dick Cuyler, and I could never, never ask him to come see me—in a Harlem flat! I—I rather liked Dick Cuyler too.

After Felice had gone, I put on my old white negligee—I waited purposely for the door to close behind her because it is so very old, you know—and I was sitting alone thinking it all over when there came a rap on my door. I ran to open it, and came face to face with Mrs. Copley.

"May I come in for a while, my dear?" she asked. "I won't keep you long out of bed. There is something I wanted to say to you—to tell you how much I have enjoyed having you here with me. I know Louisa is very proud of you and I wish you belonged to me. There, let's sit down together for five minutes."

I pulled forward a chair for her, and minus her smart gown and elaborate

coiffure I saw that my hostess was really a rather stout, middle-aged, very plain woman, even older than the faded little mother back in the Harlem flat. Of course she was dear and sweet and all that, but she didn't look like a dowager in an Empire Theatre comedy.

"I've a little present here for you, Geraldine," began Mrs. Copley, holding out a slip of crisp paper to me. "Now you mustn't say no—it is just a simple remembrance of your visit to Broad Meadows. If you weren't Louisa's daughter I could not offer it to you, but because you are, you must accept it."

I tucked the check in my waist, wild to catch a glance at the amount, and said:

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Copley. I am going to keep it for your sake."

I think this pleased her, for she smiled and patted my arm, and spoke of other days at Broad Meadows, when, perhaps, Mother could be there too. It seemed too lovely to be true—Mother at Sarah Copley's! I think it made me happier even than the check.

"Another time I will have only just my own little circle of friends," she explained. "That was my idea this time—I had intended having just you and Helena and Arthur and Franklyn Rutherford, and I had hoped for a few quiet days together. Then I remembered I owed the Warringtons a favor because Editha had helped me with one of my pet charities this past winter. And Maude Fennel sent me my cook. Mr. Montague is connected with my lawyers' office, and Dick Cuyler's father was an old sweetheart of mine—and of your mother's too!"

"Of course all these people coming upset my plans for the quiet little time I had wished for. Oh, they are all, every one of them, very charming folk. I don't mean they are not, my dear child. But we are preferably quiet here at Broad Meadows, and all these high teas and bridge parties I detest. We—Helena and Arthur and Franklyn and myself—only countenance them because we know the others expect such things. Ah, well, now that they are going to-morrow, I'd love dearly to have you here with me for a little while, Geraldine."

But do you know I didn't even want to

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stay any longer, not a day. So I explained that I must go home, and named the early train as the one for my departure. Thereupon Mrs. Copley kissed me on the cheeks and said good-by.

"I will write to Louisa in a few days," were her last words.

When I entered the breakfast room the next morning, I found Dick Cuyler at the table. He stared at me with undisguised amazement and could hardly wait until the trim little maid had departed before he asked:

"Why in the world are you up so early, Miss Parker?"

"Oh, I'm going home on the first train," I told him with a smile. "You see"—with a swallow—"it's a long way home: I live in Harlem."

He shot me a quick, significant glance. Then, presently:

"I live in Flatbush myself."

"Yes?" I nodded, trying to hide my astonishment. "You know, Mrs. Copley and Mother were friends in their girlhood—that's why I'm here."

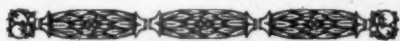
"It was Dad and Mrs. Copley in my case," he laughed back. "She's a great old lady, isn't she? And I've certainly enjoyed myself. But I'm an architect—'promising' I believe they call it. Say, do you think you could let anyone from Flatbush be one of your friends, Miss Parker?"

Across the breakfast table I held out my hand and he took it. Gravely we shook, just like old-time friends.

"Why, Flatbush is ever so much nearer Harlem than Broad Meadows is!" I cried.

And he is coming to see me!

And I don't care what Ted says either!



Tragedy, *à la Carte*

By HENRY P. DOWST

AT a Certain College it used to be said that no one had put anything over on Profes-

sor Mersey Thames since the year The Team tied Harvard and licked Yale, which was so far in the past that the mind of man runneth not to the contrary, as the late Mr. Blackstone would say. But that story is old, and they use it at a Certain College as a text book in Mythology 4 AA, translating it into the original Greek and back again. When well told it makes you think of an *Einklang* or a *Volsungesaga*, or whatever those mossy old legends are called. It is Tradition.

ILLUSTRATED
BY IRMA
DEREMEAUX

G. Starr Bright, of the Famous Class of Oofy Eight, was all that his name implied, and then a modicum.

When it was left to him to yank Tradition down out of her dusty niche and furbish her up with a new coat of paint, we all thought he was surely the right artist to spread the pigment. We figured that if G. Starr couldn't entice old Capricornus out of Professor Mersey Thames' private Zodiac, the critter would continue to chew waste paper in the professor's gloomy study until the end of time.

Likewise, we hoped for Bright's success as a particularly fluffy feather in the

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cap of the Famous Class of Oofy Eight. There are four Famous Classes in every college all the time except during the summer vacation. They all get the Famous Class habit. The newspapers never chronicle the doings or dyings of any celebrity without mentioning the fact that he was a member of the Famous Class of Somethingty Something, as you have doubtless noticed.

When G. Starr Bright entered a Certain College, one of our up-country classmates discovered that G.'s name re-

He never stooped to the commonplace, and the clapper of the college bell wagged unhindered by any interference of his. The famous Class of Oofy Eight became one consolidated and coagulated fraternity, of which Twink was the High Worshipful Gazooks with a clan of nearly two hundred willing clan-destines ready to jump at his nod. Twink was a benevolent despot, like that well known monarch, Old King Cole, or Big Tim Sullivan.

But in spite of Twink's being what



"Leave it to me, men, leave it to me!"

minded him of a farmer propelling a yoke of steers with a goad, so out of respect for this bucolic member's feelings we shortened it to "Twinkle," later abbreviated to "Twink;" and "Twink" Bright he is to this day, despite the fact that he is thirty-seven years old, and a Methodist Episcopal bishop somewhere west of Allegheny.

Twink's adventures and misadventures in the four years during which he permeated a Certain College and dominated the Famous Class of Oofy Eight would tax the energies of a Plutarch to record.

Prexy once characterized as "an incorrigible cut-up," he got by with the faculty as neatly as *Uncle Remus'* rabbit in the briar patch. Regent, dean or recorder had nothing on Twink. At both mid-year and final examinations, Twink was present with the well filled blue-book, and in all four years he never fell below a C plus in any subject. In fact, he only fell *that* far once; but if his C plus had been a B this story would have terminated just short of the initial letter of the first word of the opening paragraph. Professor Mersey Thames put the



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speck in Twink's expectations, when, up to the last of his final exam's he had fully counted upon a *Magna Cum*.

At a Certain College you were awarded your degree with trimmings if you maintained a standing in all your courses not lower than B. This meant a *Magna Cum Laude*. If you got C's in half your studies, and no E's (which denoted failure,) your parchment was served *au naturel*, and you were glad to forego the extras. But if you had gone along with an unbroken string of A's and B's up to your senior finals, you began to have visions of what Father would do for you when he got the glad news, and of the gold watch-key you would be entitled to wear on the chain of your watch for the rest of your life.

Twink Bright had those visions along about June first, in the memorable year Oofy Eight. Not that he felt that any special exertion on his part entitled him to the privileges and emoluments of a *Magna Cum*; he could pick out ten or a dozen "digs" who had ground out A's and B's in the approved perspirational way, but seemed no surer of the result than he. He ate up the first four finals with his usual ease, and then— Came those three desperate hours of defensive battle with Math. 18 X, his blue-book only three quarters filled at the last gong, and—

Professor Mersey Thames marked it with a big, blue-penciled C.

True, it was a C plus; but all he needed was a B minus, one measly fraction of a grade, to give him his *Magna*; and Professor Mersey Thames had never been known to raise a mark for man, god, or football captain. Twink besieged him with argument and pleading. The professor assured him that he "had marked him liberally, more than liberally," and Twink retreated with ignominy and a sore throat.

That Professor Thames should perpetrate this outrage was not alone a personal affront to G. Starr Bright; it was a capital offense against the Famous Class of Oofy Eight. Twink had the sympathy of the entire class, and at his behest they would have walked out to a man, or staunchly refused to accept their degrees at the hands of a faculty numbering

among its members that fiend in human form, that—that—(Series of dashes, indicating stuttering, tongue-tied incoherency due to excess of emotion.) He had advice, plans, schemes and plots thrust upon him. Would-be conspirators were everywhere, but the conspiring was not so good as is usual at that time of year.

Bets were placed freely upon the outcome, Twink's being the short end. The class was loyal, but couldn't afford to lose money on him. One thing was sure; if Twink could put it across, the fame of Oofy Eight would go blazing down the ages with a luster all its own, a luster that would never need the revivifying touch of the chamois so long as time should tick.

G. Starr Bright at length delivered the following ultimatum (I had almost said "bull.") :

"Leave it to me, men; leave it to me! You are all very kind, but your schemes lack finesse; they are wanting the Machiavelian touch, the fine Italian hand. Pierre Flaherty and I have evolved something. Whether or not we succeed remains to be seen, and depends on a whole lot of things. Sabre-tooth Fenson, John of St. James, Bugs Bindell, we have need of thou—of youse, rather. Kindly report hither right after lunch; and remember, as King Charles remarked, remember—"

Twink paused, and swept the group with an hypnotic glare.

"Remember," he warned, "whatever happens will happen quickly or not at all. Don't go gum-shoeing around as if you had a state secret in your pocket, because if you do, some one will get wise. Besides, I haven't told you anything, anyhow."

Thus by taking them so entirely into his confidence, he kept their confidence, and every man of Oofy Eight was fairly hopeful that Twink would crown his college career with the Ultimate Achievement, and send the class hurtling into the centuries with the luster so definitely specified in a preceding paragraph.

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College. At the year-end it began to fill with commencement guests, including old grads, their wives and daughters, new grads, and the fathers, mothers, sisters and sweethearts of near grads. It was a painstakingly antiquated inn, haunted by Tradition, and decorated with selected cobwebs.

The entire atmosphere and architecture of the place were redolent with history, and fine old associations, and Turkish cigarettes. "The Pipe and Pouch" was as much an institution as a Certain College itself. It had been built three years at the time of which I typewrite, and had done very nicely as a business proposition and as an advertisement for a Certain College. A leading magazine had published a write-up about it; it had been attacked from the pulpit as a Nursery of iniquity, and in other ways had been liberally press-agented.

The main dining room of "The Pipe and Pouch" on the street floor, was papered with an alternation of pale blue fishing boats and windmills; hence its name, the Delft Room. Here all might breakfast, sup or dine without regard to class, religion or previous condition of lassitude. With the annual commencement influx of grads of varying periods, with their accompanying womenfolk, the Delft Room of "The Pipe and Pouch" became a busy place. Nearly all a Certain College's Famous Classes of years gone by would be represented, and the remark, "Once, when I was in college, etc." was as staple as "What'll you have for dessert?" At this time of the year the air was especially charged with the brooding spirit of Tradition, as one old grad remarked after an evening of careful observation in the grill room.

Hand in hand with Tradition, co-sponsor for the success of "The Pipe and Pouch" went Good Food. The soups were rich and savory, the steaks thick, tender and juicy, the chops opulently fat-engirdled. A pseudo-chef, in cap and apron, propelled among the tables a wheeled serving car, burdened with great joints, roasts, spiced hams, cold fowl and mountainous *patés en aspic*. With Brobdiagnagian blade he dealt thin, clean slices of this and that as your appetite might dictate. The mealtime atmosphere of

hospitable plenty made the size of your check a negligible item.

Professor Mersey Thames dined at "The Pipe and Pouch," not every evening, but on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Sometimes Mrs. Thames came too, but she made no pattern of her husband's unfailing regularity. Twice a week his small table was held for him, in a corner whence he could pleasantly observe the diners, and where the music of the orchestra should support rather than engulf meditation. His years were not less than sixty, his body well preserved, erect and neatly if somberly garbed. He was dignified to the point of austerity, grizzled, bespectacled, and slightly bald. He could as well have been a banker or a retired plumber as an academician, so far as looks might guide his analyst. He sauced his gastronomic proceedings with leisure as well as appetite, smoked a single cigar thereafter, and rose from his place at eight. At this moment you saw other guests surreptitiously glancing at their watches, not, however, to observe if Professor Thames moved on schedule, but rather to make sure that the watches were severally correct, by reference to his departure.

On Thursday night of the week preceding the Commencement of the Famous Class of Oofy Eight, Professor Mersey Thames occupied his usual seat in the Delft Room of "The Pipe and Pouch." Owing to the presence of numerous visiting grads and their appropriate womenfolk, the room was well filled.

A vacant table next that of Professor Thames had been reserved, and presently, seeking the cause of a perceptible lull in the conversational tempest, he observed an unusual and striking couple approaching in the wake of the head waiter. People turned to view the pair curiously as they made their decorous way through the narrow spaces among the diners until they came to the vacant table next the Professor, where they took seats.

They were old people. The man made you think of John Drew in the last act of "Rosemary." Indeed, he was almost theatrical in the snowy whiteness of his soft, abundant hair and heavy eye-brows, under which his black eyes glittered with an amazing alertness; in the strong, deep-

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"That's right, fade.
Best thing you ever did."



lined jowl, thin lips, and high-bred, hawkish-nose. His dress was in character with his countenance—a swallow-tailed coat of by-gone vintage, with velvet collar and brass buttons. Above his immaculate, pleated shirt an old-fashioned, round cornered dicky collar was swathed in a thick stock made of soft, dark silk. You have seen pictures of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay similarly clad.

And his manners! Ah, that was indeed the real "gentleman-of-the-old-school" brand. With easy, dignified grace he extended his hand to his wife as—

But having reached the wife, let us give her the same undivided attention that was paid her by the diners in the Delft Room of "The Pipe and Pouch."

She was wonderful, absolutely wonderful. You noted audible little "oh's" and "ah's" from the other guests, supplemented by specific expressions of approval by voice, gesture and glance. She was at least seventy, perhaps considerably older. Her quaintly fashioned gown of gray silk must have been made in

a past generation, yet seemed so appropriate in every curve and fold that you quite forgot its unique out-of-dateness. Over her slightly stooped shoulders she wore an exquisite thing of finest muslin and lace, a sort of kerchief or fichu.

Peeping out above these laces you saw a bewitching, lovely old face, with eyes that twinkled good-nature and possible mischief in a soft light of eternal youth, and delicate pink cheeks most becomingly wrinkled with kindness and good will. About her face wreathed a frame of tiny white curls, made beautiful by the hand of time and clustered with charming art, set off by a wisp of a cap of old lace and lavender ribbons. For all her friendly air you knew that she too was an aristocrat and fitly mated. All about her floated an aura of rare, faint perfume, ethereally suggestive of rose leaves long ago dried and almost forgotten.

The momentary lull caused by the advance of the interesting couple lasted only until they were seated, when conversa-

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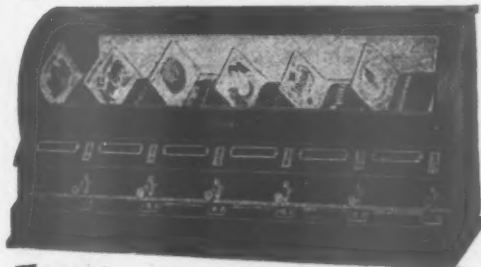
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tion resumed its normal clatter. The orchestra contributed a rag-time classic, while the clink of silver and rattle of porcelain sustained an unabated and destructive violence.

But because of the proximity of their table to that of Professor Mersey Thames, his attention remained caught. There was something refreshing about them; they were so different in every way from their neighbors, so individual in a company where every tableful duplicated that on its right or left.

It transpired that the old lady was slightly—oh, ever so slightly—deaf, and this combined with the conglomerate noise of the room to make it necessary for her companion to raise his voice above the normal pitch and to lean toward her when he talked.

Professor Thames would never have permitted himself to listen to things not intended for him. He turned to the discussion of his dinner and to the contemplation of his own thoughts. Still, constantly breaking in upon his consciousness, came the voice of his neighbor. At first these bits of conversation had no logical sequence or connection; they were mere isolated, detached fragments. By and by, as the Professor's ear became attuned to the pitch of the old man's tones, he found himself catching almost everything that his neighbor said. He made no effort either to listen or to shut out the voice, and he soon became aware of the woman's tones, too, a little shriller and more penetrating. Like all deaf persons, she had not the normal, modulatory control that persons have who are not deaf.

"And didn't the janitor tell you where he had gone, my dear?" she asked.

Her husband replied:

"No. He only said he saw him leave at three o'clock with a suit-case."

"How queer that was," she said. "And he knew we were coming."

"There must be some mistake," urged the old man.

"No, thank you," said his wife, "I don't like them baked."

"I said," her husband repeated, "there must have been some mistake."

"Forgive me, dear," she begged. "I thought you asked if I wanted my potatoes baked."

The old man smiled, and reaching over, patted his wife's hand. A willowy young thing at a near-by table, who was staring at the couple, smiled in sympathy. Instantly catching the girl's eye, the lady smiled back. Her right lid also fluttered by as much as the breadth of a line, which, as we all know, is the shortest distance between two points, and is not credited with any breadth at all. But the girl dropped her eyes in confusion. The old lady's face was averted from that of Professor Thames when this happened.

"I don't believe the boy would willingly have neglected us, my love," said the old man.

"No indeed, the dear child," cried his wife.

At this point a bell-boy approached and delivered a letter to the old man. He adjusted a pair of spectacles with hands that trembled only slightly for one of his years. Glancing over the rims at his wife, who showed a polite curiosity in the tilt of her head, a sort of timid and birdlike eagerness, he asked:

"Shall I read this? It seems to be from the boy."

"Oh, by all means," she answered. The old fellow scanned the written pages, pursing his thin lips and knitting his brows in perplexity.

Presently he laid the letter down, and without looking at his companion, broke off a piece of bread which he buttered and ate with grave deliberation. She seemed to bear her anxiety with growing impatience, and when the old man finally handed her the letter, as if in doubt as to the advisability of doing so, she could not conceal her perturbation.

You could see that a little drama was being staged. These two aged and distinguished people were working up a climax in *la comedie humaine*; and Professor Thames was a student of human nature. The Delft Room of "The Pipe and Pouch" was his theatre, where he occupied a stage box twice a week, and watched the diners play in rôles that were perfectly, because unknowingly, acted. Sometimes the performance might be a dull one, but to-night it was pocket tragedy, with dialogue.

While the old lady read the note, the



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man watched, frowning. Presently she looked up, and the eternal youth had gone out of her eyes. All at once she became what she was: and old, old woman, decked out in silk and lace and ribbons. She did not look at her companion as she laid down the letter, but absently swept the room until her gaze rested on the face of Professor Mersey Thames with a look that gave him the uncanny thought that somehow he too was included in her tragedy; and shunning so much intimacy with her distress, he hurriedly directed his glance elsewhere.

Of her husband she queried, hopelessly, "What can we do, dear?"

"Nothing, my love," the old man answered.

"Could you not call upon this Professor Thames?"

"Impossible, my dear. My pride would never permit that; and besides, it would be useless. The letter says this professor has never been known to raise a mark."

"He must be very hard," she said, bitterly.

"No, probably he is a just man, and a conscientious one. The letter does not speak unkindly of him."

"Perhaps not so unkindly as he deserves," she pursued, tremulously vindictive.

A saddened silence fell upon them. Neither paid any further attention to the food; they toyed idly with the silver. Professor Thames once more saw into the old lady's eyes, and to him they appeared to be brimming with tears. He was exceedingly uncomfortable. Here was a drama that he had not bargained for, and of which he found himself part of the scenario, an element in the plot—yes, one of the characters. He was on the wrong end of the opera glasses.

Presently the old lady said:

"Read that part again where he speaks of Professor Thames." Her companion read, rather loudly, so that she should hear it all:

"Professor Thames will not admit that the question I answered badly was ambiguous. It might have meant one of two things, and I chose the wrong one. Had I answered correctly I should have had at least a B minus. In that much he

agrees. But he believes he is right and I do not wish to speak unjustly of him. It is very hard, but I could bear it if it were not for you and grandmother. Do not blame the Professor—he is the soul of honor and square dealing."

"He is a noble, forgiving boy," cried the old lady. "I wish he were here; I want to comfort him."

"He would have been here if he had known we were coming so soon," said her husband. "My telegram reached him just as he was starting. I would not have him break his word for us. He must keep his engagements. I have always kept mine faithfully, and so has his father."

"Perhaps it is as well that John is abroad," said she. "He might be very angry with Starr."

"Yes. John has been a stern father; but I was equally so with him, my dear."

"That is true, William, very true. I often thought you severe."

"I do not regret it," said the old man, with some asperity. "But there is no reason for severity in this case, none at all."

Professor Thames' discomfort increased. His cigar went cold; his coffee remained untasted. His two neighbors said little more; they were hopelessly crushed. He might have approached them and introduced himself, but if he had done so he would not have been Mersey Thames. The situation looked as hopeless to him as it did to them, for it was true that he had never raised a mark in his life, and unless he intended to reconsider in this case, what was there for him to say to these people?

"Then our grandson's name will not appear on the list of honor men at Commencement?" quavered the old lady.

"No, I suppose not. He will get a degree without any distinction, my dear."

Woe settled down like a London fog about the couple. Woe likewise enveloped Professor Mersey Thames. He saw the hard, age-registering lines deepen about the old man's mouth. He saw a large, shiny tear trickle down the delicate cheek of the woman. The bright little curls that clustered about the charming face, that lent it a quaint coquettishness, drooped, pitifully. The perky lavender ribbons in her lace cap ceased to perk.

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The old man's hands trembled, as he fumblingly paid for the uneaten food, and his chin sagged dolefully into the deep folds of his stock. After all, they were just a couple of aged, feeble folk, hopelessly out of date and out of harmony with their surroundings, a jarring note. Presently they arose and tottered out, a drooping-shouldered, antiquated pair, bowed beneath the weight of years and you knew not what of life's vicissitudes. They seemed to attract less attention than they had drawn when they had entered, and this lessened notice was not of a sympathetic sort. Here and there you caught a smile on some face, but to Professor Thames each was a smile of mild derision.

For him the Delft Room of "The Pipe and Pouch" lost its flavor, and he shortly departed. As he stalked out, two men hastily glanced at their watches and advanced the hands five minutes. They were good, reliable watches, but
 Professor
 Thames

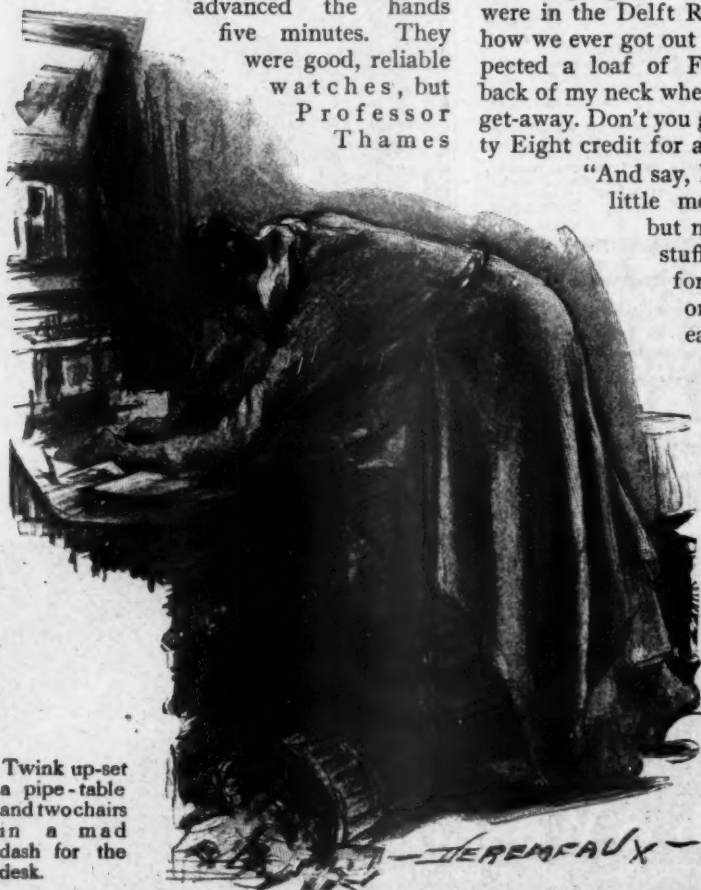
was Infallible Regularity—note the capitals.

Twink Bright slept late on Friday. There were no more Nine-o'clocks for the Famous Class of Oofly Eight. He heard Billy the Postman's familiar tread in the hall, and hopped out of bed, but Billy kept right on past his door. Twink had a grouch, and when Bugs Bindell came in, Twink berated him with new and ingenious insult.

"Hullo, you lean and slippered pantaloon," he railed. "You're a shine actor. Get out before I throw you out. You irritate me. Besides, you've got grease-paint in your eyebrows. No, I haven't any cocoa butter. Go buy some. And don't you show your ugly mug on the campus. The whole class'll be layin' for you. Of course they're on. The whole darned gang and its aggregate best girl were in the Delft Room last night, and how we ever got out alive beats me. I expected a loaf of French bread in the back of my neck when we made that bum get-away. Don't you give the class of Oofly Eight credit for any brains at all?"

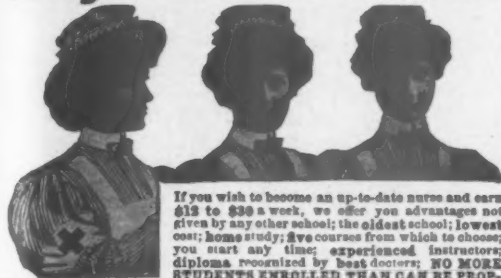
"And say, I may make a grand little motorman some day, but nix on that footlight stuff from now henceforward. There's only one worse actor on earth than you, and that's G. Starr Bright. Who ever told Sabre-tooth Fenson he was a grease-paint artist? He couldn't do a decent job painting a set of back door-steps for a poorhouse. Your make-up was rotten, simply rotten. Those cotton-wool eyebrows of yours—by the Sacred Loon, if you'd been blacked up you'd've

Twink up-set a pipe-table and two chairs in a mad dash for the desk.



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looked like 'po' ol' *Uncle Tom* 'in the last act. Aw, don't talk to me; you make me sick. I don't want to hurt your feelings, Bugs, but really, you're the most distasteful, odious human I ever knew. That's right—fade! Best thing you ever did."

Twink sent a pillow after the departing guest, and went back to his room and pulled the sheet over his head. After a while he heard footsteps in the hall, followed by a hesitating and apologetic knock. He chose not to heed it.

"Some fresh John comin' over to start the kiddin'," he surmised.

He heard the door open, and regretted having failed to lock it after Bugs, but lay quiet, hoping for the sounds of an exit. Wanting such evidence, he stood off curiosity for perhaps three minutes, then slipped silently out of bed and peeked past the jamb of his study door.

Professor Mersey Thames stood in the center of the room, gravely surveying its walls and furnishings. He turned a square envelope slowly over and over in his hands, and Twink could make out his own name written large thereon.

Professor Thames advanced toward Twink's desk, and would have laid the note down; but he stopped, frowned, and then pounced upon something with the eagerness of *Sherlock Holmes*, coralling a clew. Twink's heart made a noise like a dollar watch. Professor Thames was turning his clue over and around, examining it avidly. It was a wig of snow-white hair, edged with coquettish little curls, and surmounted by a lace cap with ribbons in two shades of lavender. The Professor felt it, held it up to the light, even sniffed it with an inquiring and knife-like nose.

He sighed as he laid it down, then walked over to the mantel and tore the note across and across and across. He made a little bundle of the pieces, which he lighted with a match and laid in the

grate. When they had quite burned, he drew another long, very deep and troubled sigh and went slowly out.

Twink Bright clutched the door jamb, sagged heavily against it and exclaimed in a raucous, choking whisper:

"Oh, darn!"

But before he had time to recover, the door opened and Professor Thames came in again. He went straight to the desk, bent over it and scribbled something hastily on a stray sheet of paper. After this, he picked up the white wig and cap, crowded them into his pockets and went away.

As the sound of his footsteps grew faint in the hall, Twink knocked over a pipe-table and two chairs in a mad dash for the desk. This is what he read:

My dear Bright:—I have decided that the eighth question in the examination on Mathematics 18 X would admit of two possible constructions. Therefore I have decided to give you the benefit of the doubt, and raise your mark from C plus to B minus.

But I wish it distinctly understood that the ambiguity of the question is my sole reason for doing this. In support of this assertion, I am providing myself with evidence which, I am sure, you will find most convincing. Tradition, in any college, my dear Bright, is a very sacred thing, and must be guarded at all hazards.

Just a word more: if you find yourself, upon graduation, at a loss in the choice of a profession, allow me to suggest that the higher forms of dramatic work might offer a suitable field for your talents.

Faithfully yours,
M. THAMES.

Two hours later one of the Famous Class of Oofy Eight had temerity enough to ask:

"Well, Twink, did you put it over on Mersey T.?"

"Jimmie," answered Twink, "I'll be jiggered if I know!"



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Billy caught her hand as they slipped out into the rain and darkness. Her little fingers clasped convulsively about his own.

Hope O'Hara

by OLIVER JAMES

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

WILLIAM Percival Grief, smoking the remnant of a cigar in Ashtabula County, Ohio, scowled across the State line and spat forth an oath at Sheriff Smuggs, who was smoking a corn-cob pipe over in Erie County, Pennsylvania.

William, more commonly known as Billy, was sitting in an old-fashioned high-back rocker, with a rag carpet under his feet and an uncomfortable sensation of hunger in his stomach. The sheriff of Erie County, who was a tall, bony, mean looking man with little eyes, a rank growth of chin-whiskers and shaggy gray hair, grinned with an evil hunch of his shoulders as Billy swore, and taunted him with a flourish of a neatly folded and official looking document which he held in one of his bony hands.

The state line ran though the middle of the room in which they sat. This fact had saved Billy. The official looking document was a warrant for his arrest. If Sheriff Smuggs' evidence did not lie, Billy was no gentleman at all, but merely a common horse-thief and a midnight despoiler of peacefully slumbering chicken-

roosts. For two months the farmers of Erie County had been on his trail, swearing vengeance. And during those two months the fat of the land had come unto Billy, if reports were to be believed. He had done a splendid horse business, going so far as to unharness one of his stolen nags from a plow while the owner was enjoying a jug of cider. As a fancier of chickens he had never had an equal in the state of Pennsylvania, and his hypnotic influence over them was almost magic. In a single night he had carried off two hundred and ninety-nine of one man's three hundred cockerels, already fattened for the market. The one rooster left behind had the pips. At least these things were asserted of Billy, and it was also said that he did his work in an automobile. Billy looked his part here. He was tall and good-looking, with a fine, clean-cut face, gray eyes, and the all-round appearance of one who wouldn't do things by halves, even in robbing roosts and horse-thieving.

Billy was undeniably in a hole at the present moment. That part of his brother's sitting-room which he was occupying had neither door nor window.

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He was safe enough from the law in this little corner of Ashtabula County, Ohio, but the Sheriff of Erie County, Pennsylvania, held the winning hand, and was only waiting for starvation, or something else, to drive his victim over the fateful line. Billy was growing restless, especially as he had been cornered for three hours, and it was now two hours past dinner time.

He rose from his chair and shook his fist at Sheriff Smuggs.

"If you weren't the uncle of the prettiest girl in Erie county, I'd come over there and wallop the dickens out of you!" he exclaimed.

"I dares you to come!" cried Mr. Smuggs, jumping also to his feet and flourishing the warrant wildly. "I dares you to come over into the state o' Pennsylvania, where this warrant holds good an' legitimit. I dares you to come, you danged horse-thief!" And he chuckled with the glee of a small boy who has caught a rat in a trap.

The sheriff had drawn a white chalk mark across the rag carpet, and Billy came so near to it that his toes touched the proscribed territory. He was not afraid. The sheriff knew that. But his face was white. Once or twice, when he had come near, the sheriff had backed away from the look in those eyes. Billy struggled to save his failing sense of humor. He tried to smile.

"I'm liable to come," he said gently. "I'm liable to come any time, and when I do I'll commit murder."

"Come on!" invited Peter Smuggs again. "Come on, dang ye! I've got three deptyies campin' out there in the shade of the apple tree. Come on!"

To carry weight to his invitation he thrust the warrant into his coat pocket and began rolling up his sleeves, baring the fore-part of two skinny arms. Then he spat on his hands and also toed the line, his chin-whiskers bristling out at right angles to his face, his lips and thin cheeks distorted by a dog-like

snarl. He hated Billy, and he had told him so at least half a dozen times.

Only the face of a girl—a pair of wonderful blue eyes that haunted and troubled him, lips whose tremulous sweetness had filled his heart with both joy and pain, had restrained Billy from offering violence to his enemy. But the whiskers were too much. With a quick movement Billy caught the sheriff's hirsute appendage in his left hand, yanked him over into Ohio, and began cuffing him soundly with his right. With a wild yell for help Peter Smuggs ducked his head into the



"Too late for the first show," said Billy affably. "If you'll sit down while I get my wind and smoke this stub, I'll go on with the performance."

pit of Billy's stomach. The next instant he was lifted clean off his feet by his whiskers and landed with a crash against the wall. With a second yell he made for the Pennsylvania line. But Billy was ahead of him, and for a full sixty seconds after that the three deputies smoking under the apple tree sat in paralytic silence listening to the sounds of battle that came from within the cottage. Those sounds were chiefly made by Peter Smuggs. Yells, muffled groans, heavy thumps; then silence. In a body the three deputies rushed into the cottage. Over in Ohio, Peter Smuggs was lying on his face with Billy Grief sitting on him.

"Too late for the first show, gentle-

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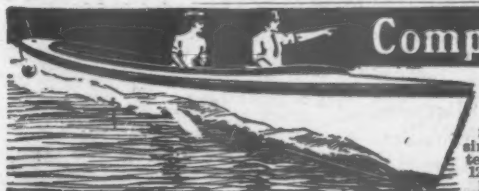


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men," said Billy affably, striking a match on the seat of Peter's trousers. "If you'll sit down while I get my wind and smoke this stub, I'll go on with the performance."

"'Elp me, boys, 'elp—'elp—" groaned Peter. "Drag the scoundrel over into—Penn-syl-van-y—"

"Shut up!" exclaimed Billy, bringing down his weight with a bump that cut off the sheriff's wind. "If you open that yap of yours once more—"

He expected what happened then. With a joyous yell he sprang to his feet to meet the oncoming deputies. One of them was an old man with tawny whiskers and a hump between his shoulders developed through the course of half a century by picking up stones on an exploded quarry that he had mistaken for a farm. A second was his son, somewhat incapacitated for active duty because of a wooden leg. The third was a short, exceedingly fat young man, with an exceedingly red face, and a front on him like a small house. They were all relatives of Peter Smuggs, and as his deputies, drew certain remunerations from the state whenever an excuse could be found to place them in the way of duty.

Billy stepped half over the line to meet the overfed fatness of Thaddeus Smuggs, Peter's nephew, and when that young gentleman came to a few moments later, he gazed upon a volcanic and bewildering scene over in Ohio, in which father, grandfather, uncle and Billy Grief were all playing active parts. Not until his wooden-legged parent turned a funny kind of somersault in his direction, and turned toward him a face that looked as though it had fallen into a raspberry, pie, did he venture again into the field.

Up until that moment, Billy had enjoyed himself. Grandfather's pale nose was bleeding from an accidental kick of Peter's boot, and as he hammered futilely upon the back of Billy's head, Billy hammered with more effect the upturned face of Peter Smuggs. That individual's eye-sight was already badly impaired, and his whiskers were broken and twisted. He was roaring lustily when Thaddeus dropped his two hundred and eighty pounds across Billy's shoulders. Billy had not quite forgotten one of his old

wrestling tricks. All in one moment he ducked his head, elevated his hips, and sent the unscientific Thaddeus to the floor with a crash that made the cottage tremble. He was on his feet to meet Peter's nephew when he scrambled up, and just as his doubled fist cracked on the point of Thaddeus' heavy jaw, the door opened and a slim, blue ginghamed figure with big, startled blue eyes, and a color like rosedawn in her cheeks came in.

Billy Grief drew back with a low gasp, and Hope O'Hara gazed straight across at him. For an instant the flush deepened in her cheeks; then it paled—and so swiftly that he marveled at the transformation; her eyes gleamed like deep blue fighting steel, and her face was white. With a groan Peter Smuggs lifted himself and turned his bruised and swollen face toward his niece, who had lived with him ever since her mother died, years and years ago. From almost at her feet Thaddeus stared up dizzily. His wooden-legged father had not yet recovered from his somersault; grandfather was wiping his pale and bleeding nose on his sleeve. The eyes of the girl turned slowly upon the wreck, and they came back to Billy Grief, tall and straight against the wall, and breathing hard.

"I'm sorry, Miss Hope," he said. "I'm sorry."

The girl made no answer. Peter Smuggs had dragged himself across the line into Pennsylvania, and now he staggered to his feet. Grandfather Smuggs was already disappearing through the door behind Hope.

"I'm blinded," groaned Peter. "John, 'elp me out. An' you, Tad—you git the shotgun, take this 'ere paper, an' if that murderer crosses the line—"

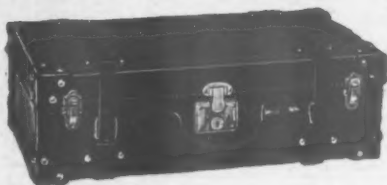
Hope reached out quickly and took the paper from her uncle's hand.

"I'll stay, Uncle," she said, and a wild thrill shot through Billy Grief. "I'm a deputy, as well as Tad, and even if this man is a thief I don't think he'll attack a girl. You and Uncle John better go up to the house and wash your faces in salt water. Tad can wait outside. I'll watch him."

As he went through the door Peter turned and shook his fist.

"Watch 'im, Hope—watch 'im close,"

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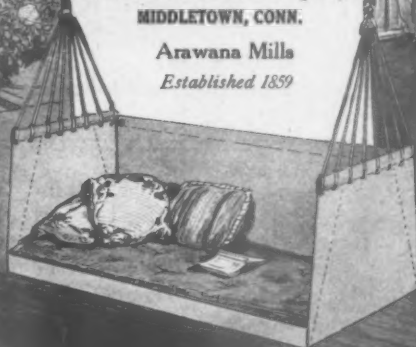
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he warned. "I'm going out to swear in some depities as *is* depities!"

The door closed and Billy Grief stepped toward the line. Hope O'Hara straightened and her blue eyes flashed indignantly.

"I'm not at all afraid," she said quietly, "so please don't attempt to frighten me!"

look out through one of the windows.

"I'd rather you wouldn't," she said. "And please don't try to escape now. I can see Tad waiting outside with the shot-gun, and I'm sure he would shoot."

"I don't want to escape—at least not now."

The girl turned toward him again.



"Watch 'im, Hope; watch 'im close," he warned. "I'm going out to swear in some depities as *is* depities."

"My God, you don't think I'd hurt you!" he cried. "I—I—" He stopped himself with an effort, and then said: "If it wasn't for you I wouldn't be here now. Haven't you wondered why I allowed myself to be cornered within a stone's throw of your home? Wont you let me tell you—"

She had turned her back on him to

"Why?" she asked. In an instant she was sorry that she had spoken, for she could not fail to see what was in Billy Grief's face.

"I may be a low-down thief, and an outlaw, but I love you, Hope O'Hara—I love you as truly as a man ever loved a woman," he said, and in all her life she had never seen the hopelessness in any



*Detail from
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man's eyes that she saw in Billy Grief's; and with that hopelessness she saw something else that made her turn again toward the window, her face as pale as the bit of lilac tangled in her hair, and her lips quivering for a moment in a way that Billy could not see.

He saw no sign of the struggle that had passed when she faced him again.

"This—this that you have said—is an insult to me," she quivered, and her eyes were steady and unflinching. There were two bright spots in her cheeks now, and she seemed to grow taller as she looked at Billy, her small head with its shining crown of heavy braids erect and defiant. He had never seen her look lovelier, not even on that first day when he had surprised her in the little old cemetery on the hill, her hair rippling loose about her in the sun while she dug and planted over her mother's grave.

That day he had first marked the strange something in her face that had told him that Hope O'Hara was not happy. He had seen it again after that, and it was in her face now, so subtle that it was almost a part of her beauty; a thing indefinable, glowing softly away back in the filmy blue clouds of her eyes; a tremulous sweetness of laughter, a tremulous sweetness about her mouth and joy, but of something that made him love her more than all else in the world. She spoke again, looking straight at him. "It is an insult," she repeated. "You are taking advantage of me because—because there are no men here. You—"

"I swear that I've not attempted to take advantage of you," he interrupted. "Perhaps those words are an insult—coming from me. That is why I haven't spoken them before. I knew you'd think I wasn't fit. But I've dreamed of saying them a thousand times. You've been with me day and night ever since I first saw you up in the cemetery on the hill. And, do you know, I've thanked God that your name isn't Smuggs—Hope Smuggs! I—"

In spite of his earnestness his lips twitched, and his eyes laughed.

"Hope Smuggs!" he repeated, and the little devil inside of him conquered, and his white teeth gleamed in a brazen and joyous smile. "I'm glad it's not that," he said.

It was that smile that won hearts for Billy Grief, and the little devil of humor that nothing could kill in Billy's breast passed over into Pennsylvania, and Hope O'Hara smiled back.

"Thank you," she said.

"I—I don't mean that as another insult," he hastened to explain. "I'm glad that it isn't Smuggs because all the Smuggses hate me, and you—you—"

"I've been with you day and night," she taunted, "and during those days and nights you have been—" She caught herself and then added, "—what you are."

He was smiling at her, his eyes laughing, his cheeks a little flushed with the joy of her presence. And the little devil of fate tempted him to say:

"Yes, just that. And, do you know, I'm just a little proud of it. It isn't every man who can go into a chicken-coop and get away with two hundred and ninety-nine out of three hundred chickens—"

"Stop," she commanded. "Haven't you—you made me despise you sufficiently—without boasting of it—boasting of your lowness—your—"

Her voice choked her. She stood facing him, her hands clenched.

"You are a—a common thief—and you boast of it," she panted, looking at him as if she still disbelieved. "You boast!"

Billy half held out his arms. One foot was on the dead-line. His face was serious enough now.

"Hope—Hope—let me explain," he pleaded. "If you'd only have faith in me a little longer—a day, two days! If I tell you the truth now, I'm breaking my word—my word of honor—"

"Your *honor*!" she interrupted tauntingly. "And I have *faith* in you!" Her eyes flashed. "Why do you continue to insult me?" she cried. "Is there not a spark of manhood left in you? Stop! You are going to say that you have paid for all your crimes and suffering and that you are sorry—but I have no sympathy for you. You need say nothing, because I would believe nothing you have to say. I am glad you are where you are. I will be glad when you are in jail. And I—I hate you—*hate* you."

Billy was stunned.

"You don't mean that, Hope," he cried

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entreatingly. "You don't mean to say that you think I'm—I'm lying, and that I don't care for you—"

"Oh, you must love me very much," she interrupted him again, pouting her red lips tauntingly. "No doubt you will soon be declaring that I was your inspiration when you went out stealing horses and chickens."

Billy's eyes had traveled to the small table a little distance from the girl.

"Will you let me prove it to you?" he asked with sudden eagerness. "Will you let me prove that I love you?"

"I might allow you to tell me how you would do it," she granted.

"For one touch of your lips I will cross this line into Pennsylvania," replied Billy. "You know what that means."

"You would surrender?"

"I will cross the line. I swear it."

Hope O'Hara's little hands clutched at her side. He could see the quick in-taking of her breath, the slow surrender in her face.

"Will you prove me out?" he pleaded.

"You would go to jail—for that?"

"I will cross the line. I will come to you there."

"Then—you may come."

Before she could move he was at her side. In another instant he had her in his arms, and as he turned her lips up to his own she saw that in his face which she could no longer disbelieve, and the red blood swept up into her own face as he looked down into her eyes before he kissed her. Not until she felt the touch of his lips did she struggle to free herself, and then with a little cry she thrust him back. The paper was on the table. Quickly she sprang toward it and caught it in her hand. When she turned Billy was gone. He was smiling happily at her from over in Ohio.

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "You said—"

"That I would cross the line," he finished for her. "Didn't I keep my word, Hope? I'm sorry you didn't have the paper—"

"You've tricked me," she cried passionately. "You've tricked me, and I hate you!" With a sob she turned toward the door.

"Hope—listen to me!" cried Billy,

crossing the line. "Come back! Here I am! Hope—Hope—"

In the open door the girl turned. There were tears in her eyes now, tears of indignation and of shame. Almost fiercely she flung the warrant at Billy's feet.

"Take the old thing!" she exclaimed.

"I wouldn't serve you with it now—not to save your life! I hate you, hate you, hate you!" And with a slam of the door she was gone.

Half dazed, Billy Grief picked up the warrant, looked at it, and then quickly opened the door through which the girl had gone. The blue-ginghamed figure was running now, and he called out hopelessly. He was about to follow, almost determined to force himself a prisoner upon her, when Peter and Thaddeus Smuggs came into his vision around the corner of the cottage. Their unpleasant visages worked an immediate reaction in him. He knew that if he went out, there would be a fight, and that every blow he struck would be a blow at Hope. He shut his teeth hard, backed through the door, turned the key in the lock, and turned to encounter the exultant and grimacing face of Peter Smuggs leering at him through the window.

"We've got you now!" he shouted in his cracked voice. "We've got y' now—like a rat!"

Billy went to the window and looked out, as Peter Smuggs drew away. He saw a team of horses turning in at the lane that led to the cottage. The man who was driving the team was a stranger, and on the stone-boat at his side were a heavy log-chain and a number of round posts. Peter's face appeared at the window again.

"We've got y' now," he almost screamed. "Darn y', if you wont come over into Pennsylvania we're goin' to move y' over!"

Billy was not long left in doubt as to the significance of Peter's words. The cottage which he occupied was a tiny two-room affair. And Peter Smuggs was going to move it over into Pennsylvania!

In spite of himself Billy grinned. Peter had spoken the truth. Once the cottage was dragged over the line they had him—like a rat in a cage. On his own territory the sheriff and his deputies



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could lawfully shoot him if he resisted arrest. About the only thing he could do after the moving operation, would be to open the door, walk out, and give himself up. And then—jail! The smile gave place to a low laugh. He was hungry, almost starved—but the thought of jail tickled him, even in his discomfort. He—Billy Grief—in jail! Billy Grief—a chicken thief! He closed his eyes, still chuckling, and in that moment he saw like a flashlight picture the scene of that night that had marked the turning point in his career. He saw the brilliantly lighted ball-room; he heard the murmur and laughter of voices about him, the soft music of the orchestra playing a Mendelssohn encore, and then everything gave way to a face—Dick Harding's face.

"Darn Dick Harding!" he exclaimed suddenly, and jumped to his feet.

And then, in the next breath, he was blessing the man who had turned him into a chicken thief. For if it had not been for Harding, and his turning into a robber of chicken roosts, he would never have met Hope O'Hara. But Hope had said that she despised him—hated him. And perhaps—after it was all over—she would not change. The flash of humor left his eyes as he thought of that.

He heard voices outside, the shrill commands of Peter Smuggs, the rattling of chains and the clatter of pick and shovel, but it was nearly an hour before



"Chickens," he whispered. "Hope, do your uncle's chickens roost in here?" "Yes. But, Billy—oh, Billy—" "I've got to have 'em, sweetheart," whispered Billy soothingly.

he felt the first tremor of movement under his feet. He could see none of the work from the window, but he knew that the cottage had moved several inches. A few minutes later there followed another rolling movement—of fully a foot, and for an instant the sheriff's face appeared at the window, distorted with triumph. He shouted something, but Billy did not understand because of a heavy rumbling crash. It was thunder.

Behind Peter's white face the sky was black, and preceding a second crash of thunder a flare of lightning cut through the gathering gloom. Peter's face withdrew, and Billy could hear his cracked voice urging the men to quicker action outside. It grew steadily darker. A wailing wind followed for a few moments after the last crash of thunder. Then there was a dead silence, broken suddenly by the teamster's raucous voice, a rattle of chains, the creaking of

timber—and the cottage moved for another foot or two. The storm broke in that moment, not in a drizzle or a steady downpour, but in a deluge that shut out all vision through the window. From off Lake Erie a gale drove in with the rain, and the cottage rocked and slipped.

For ten minutes the storm gained steadily in force. Then there came a lull, and Billy peered through the window. Twenty yards from the cottage was a small outbuilding, and in the shelter of this stood one of the deputies, with a shotgun. None of the others was in

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sight, and Billy guessed what had happened. The sheriff and the rest of his force had retreated to the Smuggs' home until the storm passed over, leaving a man on guard with instructions to shoot if Billy made an attempt to escape.

The lull was of brief duration, and even as Billy looked through the window the storm broke again with redoubled fury. For half an hour the rain fell in floods, and the wind raged about the little cottage until it shook and trembled under Billy's feet and over his head. Gradually the fierceness of the wind and floods wore itself out until the rain fell steadily. After a time Billy looked at his watch. It was five o'clock, and the darkness of night was gathering with the gloom of the storm outside. If the storm continued there might be a chance for him to slip out unseen—

A knock at the door interrupted his thoughts. It came again, quick and imperative, so quick that his heart gave a sudden jump. Without reasoning he knew that it was not a man's knock. In an instant he was at the door.

"Who's there?" he cried.

"Open the door, please," came back faintly. "It's I, Hope O'Hara."

With a strange cry Billy flung open the door and took a step back as Hope O'Hara came in. She had on a storm coat. Her head was bare. The soft brown masses of her hair were drenched and blown about her face and shoulders. But the wet and the gathering gloom could not hide the wonderful color in her cheeks, or the glorious light in her blue eyes.

"They're afraid you may escape in the darkness, so they're coming down to finish the work in the storm," she cried swiftly. "I ran ahead—told the guard that Uncle wanted him and that I would watch in his place—and you can get away—now—now!"

She had caught him by the arm, and was pulling him through the door.

"Hurry, hurry, *please* hurry."

Billy caught her hand as they slipped out into the rain and darkness. Her little fingers clasped convulsively about his own. He could feel them trembling, and a hundred steps from the cottage he stopped, and before Hope O'Hara could

say a word, he had caught her drenched little figure in his arms.

"Hope, my darling, tell me—tell me why you are doing this?" he demanded. "Is it because—"

"I want you to get away," she sobbed. "I don't care if you have stolen chickens, and horses, and—things; and I guess it won't hurt if you steal just once more. There's a horse and buggy over in the shed. You can take that."

"Hope! Hope!" cried Billy ecstatically, "I swear that I have never stolen horses and things. I've taken only chickens. And you, Hope, my sweetheart, will you go with me?"

He turned her face up to his. For a moment through the dusk and rain he saw her blue eyes shining. In the distance they heard excited voices. Above them all rose the snarling rage of Hope's uncle. And then, suddenly, the girl's arms went up around Billy's neck, and with a little sobbing cry she answered him.

Hand in hand they ran through the darkness to the shed, close to Peter's house.

"We can rest here for a few minutes," said Billy, as they reached the shelter. He drew Hope close in his arms, and kissed her soft mouth. "They'll never think of hunting for me so close at home. And Hope, little sweetheart, you're not sorry now that I—I stole chickens—for if I hadn't been after chickens I would never have found you. And I want you, always, always; and I'm going to take you home; and you're going to be my wife—"

Her arms closed tighter about his shoulders.

It was then that a sound came to their ears—a restless flapping of wings, a sleepy, clucking sound. All at once Billy's arms and body grew tense.

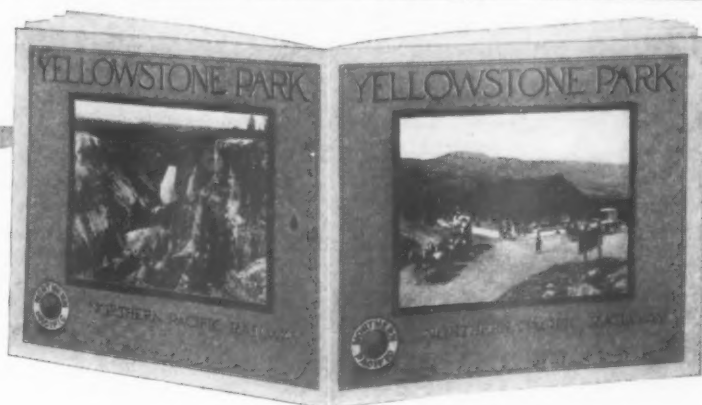
"Chickens!" he whispered, and Hope heard him. "Hope, do your uncle's chickens roost in here?"

Her arms clutched his almost fiercely.

"Yes. But, Billy—oh, Billy—"

"I've got to have 'em, sweetheart," whispered Billy soothingly. "I've got to have 'em—or but. Little girl, won't you have faith in me just for this one night? And I'll promise never to steal another chicken as long as I live—never—never."

"You'll promise—that?" sobbed Hope.



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"Nothing but kisses from you, dear."

"Then—then I'll help you, Billy. Only hurry, hurry! If they should catch you now—" He could feel her trembling and sobbing. And then she added, so low that he scarcely heard: "There are two or three grain sacks in the back of the buggy."

In a minute Billy had secured one of the sacks.

"Hold it wide open, Hope, while I chuck 'em in," he said. "I only need twenty!"

Tremblingly Hope obeyed, and Billy went to the roosts. He had grown skillful at handling fowls. His method was to shut off their wind. Flapping wings couldn't be heard for any distance, but even this commotion frightened Hope. At last she cried:

"Twenty, Billy. You've got twenty!"

"I'll take just two more for good measure," said Billy. "It wouldn't do to fall short, dear."

An hour later, over in Ashtabula County, Ohio, it was still raining. And through the rain there drove an open rig, and in that rig there were two young people who sat in pools and puddles of water, but whose faces were radiant with happiness, and whose hearts were warm with the joy of living. Under the seat twenty-two fowls rode with occasional squawks of protest.

Billy had driven at a desperate pace, and there had been small opportunity for conversation. For the third time he stopped the horse, drew out his watch, and lighted

a match. Half a mile away they could see the lights of a town.

"Hurrah, we've made it in time for the train!" he cried exultantly. "We've got twenty minutes yet, Hope. We'll be home by ten o'clock, and then—"

He didn't finish, but whipped up the horse, and drew Hope close to him. Fifteen minutes later they were at the village station. The train was ten minutes late.

"That gives me time," said Billy. He found a seat for Hope, rushed into the agent's office, and wrote two telegrams. He returned to Hope as the train whistled up the track.

"We'll hide the chickens under our seat," he said, as the train stopped, and he helped her on. "Hope, my darling, I'm the happiest man on earth. I'm fairly mad—mad with the joy of possessing you!"

In the hour and a half that followed, Billy said not a word about chickens. Nor did he say much about himself. He talked about her, about everything but himself, and yet in spite of this she found herself growing happier and happier with him. She knew that he was keeping something back from her, and her woman's intuition told her not to question until they had reached the big city.

At last they pulled in to the big depot, and Billy led her at once to a big automobile where a man in livery was already opening the door. Hope hesitated, a questioning look in her blue eyes. With a happy laugh Billy lifted her into the machine.

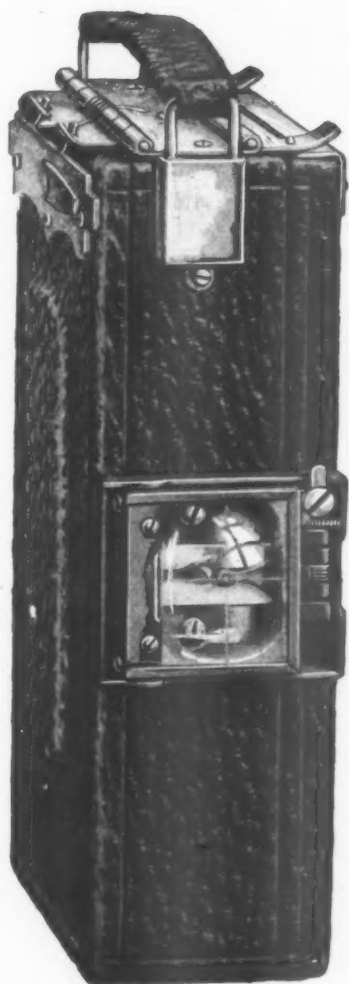
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here for a minute or two, dear?" he asked, the love shining in his eyes. "I want to do a little telephoning. I'll leave the chickens with you."

It was ten minutes before he returned.

"It's all right," he cried. "Now, Charles, *home!*" He leaped in beside her, and as the big machine shot off he caught her so close in his arms that she could hardly breathe. "I've been telephoning the folks," he whispered in her hair. "Told Mother and Sis' all about you, and to have a dry dress waiting for us. You'll like Mother and Sis'."

Hope nestled a little closer to him, and he kissed her. The car seemed scarcely to have started before it stopped again, Billy was out, the door was open, and he was holding up his arms to her. Hope gave an affrighted look over his shoulder. They were in front of a big stone house, with many lighted windows. The door was opening; she heard voices; and her pretty head was in a whirl as Billy half carried her up the walk.

It had stopped raining, and some one stood at the top of the broad stone steps to meet them—a wonderful young creature all in white, with the glow of the electric light shining in the gold of her hair. And just behind her, in the doorway, was an older woman, with beautiful white hair, and a face remarkably like Billy's. And while poor little Hope was still in a daze, the younger woman had her in her arms, wet as she was, and then the older woman kissed her, and kissed Billy, and the beautiful girl kissed Billy, and the older woman was saying: "Billy has been writing us about you every day for a month, dear. And I don't blame him. And you don't know how we worried about him. We were so afraid this chicken business would get him into trouble."

"Chickens—" gasped Hope. It was the only word she could utter, and as if in answer to it there came a protesting squawk from the sack which Billy had dragged in. Billy's sister took her hand.

"Come with me," she said. "You're wet to the skin. My dresses will just fit you. And you, sir," she added, turning to Billy, "take those chickens immediately into the barn. We've had enough

chickens to last this family a lifetime!"

"Tell Hope all about the chickens, Jo," pleaded Billy. "She doesn't know—and she's trusted me in the face of that. You know why I couldn't tell. It was a part of the agreement that I should tell no one until the job was done."

Josephine Grief gave her brother a scornful look.

"You men are disgusting," she said, as she led Hope away. "I've a notion not to marry Dick Harding, and I wouldn't blame Hope a bit if she went right back home. Think of it!" she said to Hope in a lower voice. "Dick—that's the man I'm going to marry—offered to shove a peanut a block with his nose at high noon on the public square if *Wilson lost!* Now what if Roosevelt had won? I wouldn't have married him—*ever*. Papa's in the wholesale peanut business, and Dick is a chicken fancier, so of course Billy—"

That was all Billy heard. He changed his clothes, took a shave and waited. It was three-quarters of an hour before his sister brought Hope to him, and then left them. Hope was a vision of loveliness. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes shone gloriously. She put out a hand as Billy hurried toward her.

"Stop, Billy!" she commanded. "I want to tell you what I think of you—first. You have stolen—five hundred chickens?"

"Yes," said Billy. "That last twenty of your Uncle Peter's made up the five hundred. That's why I had to have them."

"You *stole* them—" repeated Hope, and there was something in her voice that disquieted Billy.

"Well—yes-s-s—it sort of looks that way now," Billy conceded. "But I've arranged to pay for 'em, Hope. I'm sending back a dollar for every chicken I took. The checks go in to-morrow's mail."

Hope was breathing quickly.

"I think that any man who will push a peanut a block with his nose, or steal five hundred chickens, *just to keep his word*, is a—a—" Hope stopped. Billy held out his arms entreatingly.

"A what?" he begged.

"A *hero!*" she said, and ran into Billy's arms.

A Wonderfully Designed and a Wonderfully Built Motorcycle

Moderation is out of the question in describing this superb mechanism. In the motor alone there are over thirty exclusive details of design—many of them basic in importance—which were developed by our own engineers and which are not found in other motorcycles. For instance, we employ two crank pins in the twin cylinder, which means, simply, that the Iver Johnson has the only motor with an even stroke. Our valve action and magneto drive are the simplest and most positive ever designed. Valve stems are protected. Crank construction is of automobile strength. Bearings are very large. Shafts have glass hard sleeves shrunk on. Our book tells all about these and many more advanced ideas.

IVER JOHNSON

And now about construction. This motorcycle is built in a factory equipped to make high-grade revolvers, shotguns and bicycles. Probably only an engineer realizes what that means. Suffice that our automatic machinery is so delicately accurate that a variation of one one-thousandth of an inch in a thousand parts is practically impossible. The

Iver Johnson motorcycle compares to a mechanical instrument in accuracy and finish. We make twin and single cylinder models.

You need our 72-page book. It tells all about Iver Johnson Revolvers, Shotguns, Bicycles and Motorcycles; shows how they are made and why they are better. The book is bound in board covers, library style. We want every man who is interested to have a copy. It is free.

One word about Iver Johnson Shotguns. We make the finest single-barrel gun in the world. The barrel and lug are forged from one piece of steel, resulting in great strength at the breech. The stock is walnut, hand polished. It is a two-piece gun, the pin holding fore-end being solid in frame. Coil springs are used throughout. Described in our book.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
 New York: 99 Chambers St.
 San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.

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Charles Klein



Gaby Deslys



Viola Dana

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Q The big scene from John Drew's new play.

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Napierkowska



Harry Lauder

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An Article on the Rebel of Stagedom. A study by Ada Patterson of Oliver Morosco and his method of rocking the theatrical cradle.

Do You Remember the "Good Old Days at the Bijou?" The days which introduced Julia Marlowe, Lillian Russell, Clara Bloodgood, Louise Montague, Kate Claxton, Alice Harrison, Hetty Tracy, Daisy Murdoch, Richard Mansfield and a host of others to the American public? Vanderheyden Fyles brings it all back in his article in the June Green Book.



Julia
Marlowe
in 1895



Lillian
Russell
in 1882

Magazine

**On Sale at All News
Stands. Price 15 Cents**

Next Year's Cars

By R. E. Olds, Designer

All men can see that these are some features which next year's cars must have.

Reo the Fifth is the only car in its class which offers them all *this* year.

Left Drive

The leading cars this year have left-side drive. You know that all cars must follow.

The delay on some cars is simply due to the cost of changing old-style models.

The laws in Europe compel the driver to sit close to the cars he passes. And he sits there now in the best cars built in America.

Reo the Fifth has this left-side drive. More than that, it has a single-rod center control.

All the gear shifting is done by moving this rod only three inches in each of four directions.

There are no side levers to block one front door. There are no center levers to block entrance at

right. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So the Reo driver is never forced to dismount in the street.

Another year, cars with levers in the way will hardly be considered.

Big Tires

Skimpy tires are also going out. Big tires are costly. But they save the extra, over and over, in cost of tire upkeep.

We could save \$60 on Reo the Fifth by using smaller tires. But your cost per mile would be twice as much

Set-in Lights

All the best cars now have set-in dash lights—electric lights—instead of projecting oil lamps.

Note all the fine models. Projecting lamps, by

another year, will be sadly out-of-date. Reo the Fifth, like all the best cars, abandoned them this year.

Fine Finish

Cars are also coming to lasting finish. Reo the Fifth has a 17-coated body. It has genuine leather upholstering, filled with the best curled hair. Even the engine is nickel trimmed. And every detail shows the final touch.

Cars skimped in these things, however well they look today, will very soon look shabby.

Watch these features. They are visible, conspicuous. The lack of them, to every man who sees it, marks a passing type of car.

Better-Built Cars

Men are also coming to well-built cars. By the Reo standard, this is what that means.

Our steel is made to formula. Each lot is analyzed twice.

Gears are tested in a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity. Springs are tested for 100,000 vibrations.

All driving parts are made one-half stronger than necessary. That leaves a vast margin of safety.

Each engine is given— for 48 hours—five very radical tests.

Costly Parts

We use 15 roller bear-

ings, 11 of them Timkens. Common ball bearings would cost one-fifth as much.

We use 190 drop forgings, to avoid risk of flaws. Steel castings cost half as much.

We use a \$75 magneto, a doubly-heated carburetor, a smokeless oiling system, a centrifugal pump.

We build slowly and carefully, grind parts over and over, employ countless tests and inspections.

Does It Pay?

A car without these extremes, on fair roads for one summer, may serve

about as well as the Reo. But the second year brings costly repairs. From that time on the upkeep is excessive.

I am building a car to run in five years as well as it runs when new. It is costly to build, but I save the extra by building a single model.

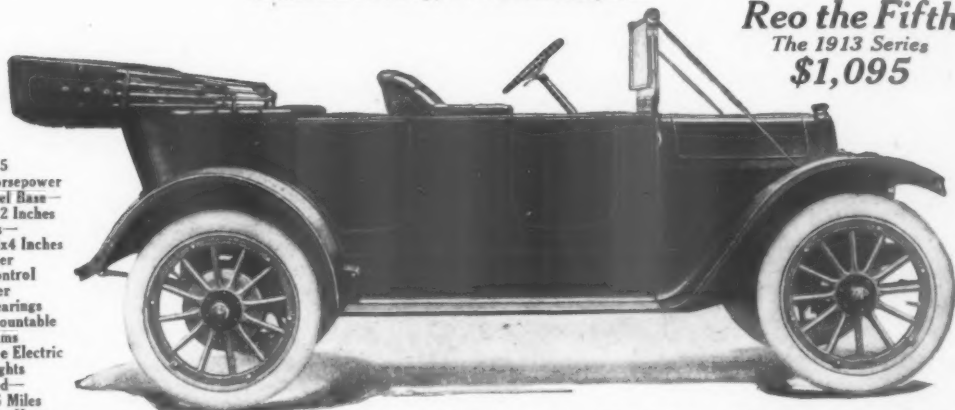
Thus we offer a car, built as I describe, at a price which none will match. Will it pay to get a lesser car?

Sold by a thousand dealers. Write for our catalog and we will direct you to the nearest Reo showroom.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**
Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

Reo the Fifth
The 1913 Series
\$1,095

30-35
Horsepower
Wheel Base—
112 Inches
Tires—
34x4 Inches
Center
Control
Roller
Bearings
Demountable
Rims
Three Electric
Lights
Speed—
45 Miles
per Hour
Made with
5 and 2
Passenger
Bodies

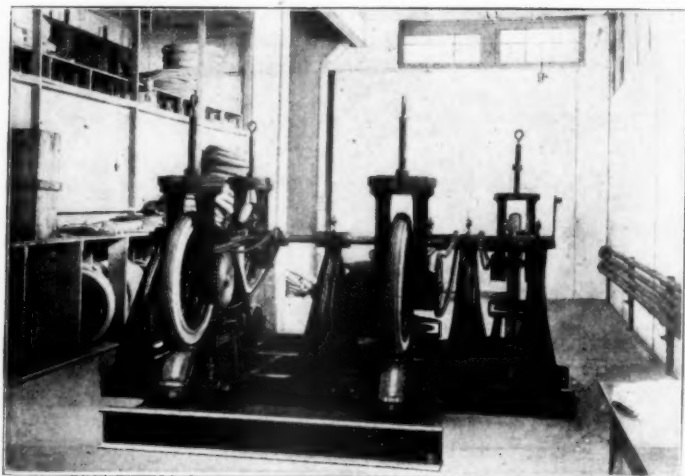


Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, Prest-O-Lite gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for \$100 extra (list price \$170)

Gray & Davis Electric Lighting and Starting System at an extra price, if wanted.

(196)

No-Rim-Cut Tires



This Machine Tells Mileage

This is how we know that Goodyears show the lowest cost per mile.

This machine, running night and day, wears out four tires at a time under road conditions.

Meters record the mileage.

Here we compare fabrics and formulas, methods and processes. Here we compare rival tires with our own.

Goodyear tires, as made today, are the final result of these countless comparisons.

This is part of our department of research and experiment—a department which costs us \$100,000 per year.

There scores of our experts spend their time in seeking ways to better tires.

But every new idea—every seeming improvement—has to meet this mileage test.

That's the main reason why Goodyear tires have come to outsell all others.

We proved them best on this machine—by actual metered mileage. Then the meters on countless cars told the same story this did.

And no other tire, while these methods are used, is likely to equal the Goodyear.

10% Oversize

Do You Know—by Meter— Any Equal Tire?

You who use our rivals' tires—have you ever proved them better?

Have you ever compared them, as we compare them, by actual metered mileage?

Or do you use them because your favorite dealer happens to sell those tires?

What Tests Did

Some 300,000 other motorists have actually proved the Goodyears. They have used two million of them.

They found immense economy. Savings so large, so convincing, that they told the facts to others.

This is how we know:

The demand for Goodyears has grown like a flood—doubled over and over—in the past few years.

Last year's sales by far exceeded our previous 12 years put together.

These tires, once in bottom place, now far outsell all others.

Doesn't that show clearly what the meters told about these premier tires?

New-Type Tires

No-Rim-Cut tires—
which we control—
opened the way to end
rim-cutting.

And, by actual statistics, rim-cutting ruins 23 per cent of all old-type tires.

Our 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Our tire making machine—controlled by our patents—gives every inch of every layer exactly equal tension.

Our double-cure process, which adds to our cost about one million dollars per year, adds further to the mileage.

These things together have won for Goodyears the topmost place in Tiredom.

Let Them Show

Let Goodyears show what these perfections mean.

Tires are too costly to be bought by guess. Make some comparisons, then get the tires your meter marks as best.

That has brought hundreds of thousands to Goodyears. It will this year bring hundreds of thousands more.

You have the same wants they have. The facts that won them will win you.

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AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

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More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

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(1081)

"Fire's Out"

THEN comes the matter of insurance. You get out your policy and note the company in which you are insured. Certain questions should not arise to worry you at such a time.

You should not be worried by the question of whether you will be fairly treated by the company in which you are insured.

You should not be worried over the question of whether the company can pay the loss.

You should not be worried by the question of whether you have had enough protection to cover your claim.

To be insured in the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** eliminates the first two of these worries. By consultation with a **Hartford Agent** before taking out your policy, he will tell you the proper proportion of insurance to carry and that eliminates the third.

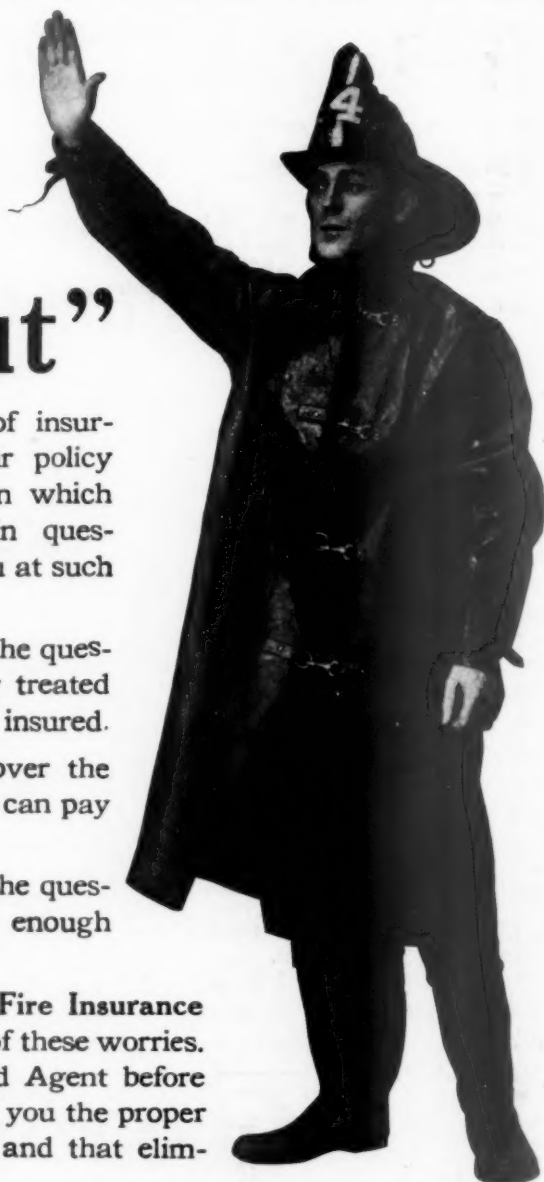


The evident thing to do before the fire in order to eliminate worry is to be insured in the right kind of company.

INSIST on the HARTFORD

Agents Everywhere

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Toilet Refinement and Mouth Health

The former *suggests*, the
latter *demand*s, the twice-
daily use of the

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

Because of the manner of its construction and the way in which it does its work the Pro-phy-lac-tic has been called the "Toothpick Tooth-brush." Exactly as you use the pointed end of a toothpick to reach *in between, in front of, around behind* the teeth, just so does the Pro-phy-lac-tic perform its best work.

Each tuft is scientifically formed—or pointed—to search out and penetrate into every hidden crevice, fissure or irregularity in tooth structure. It does exactly this, because this is exactly what it was built to do. That's why dentists and doctors recommend the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Just as the brush itself conforms to the shape of the teeth, so does the curved handle of the Pro-phy-lac-tic (stiff or flexible) conform to the shape of the mouth. It's as easy for the big end tufts to clean the back teeth as it is for an ordinary flat-faced brush to clean the outside surface of front teeth.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic ("Always Sold in the Yellow Box") is made in 3 sizes—child's, youth's and adult's; 3 styles—rigid, flexible and de luxe; and 3 bristle textures—hard, medium and soft.

If you are interested in the proper care of your teeth, the vital bearing clean teeth have upon your general health and physical well-being, send to-day for our

Free Booklet

It is full of things you ought to know about teeth and tooth-brushes—most interestingly written.

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic guaranteed; we replace if defective.


Florence Mfg. Co.
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Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth,
Hair, Military and Hand Brushes

The
ordinary tooth brush
merely brushes
the surfaces

Only ONE
tooth brush really
cleans between
the teeth

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Boys and girls—men and women—who wish to guard their health, give their teeth a minute's care twice-a-day. These minute-men—and women—are ready to do their best at work or play.

Enroll to-day—make the common-sense care of your teeth a pleasure by using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

There should be a tube for every member of your household—just as there is a tooth-brush for each. Get it at your dealer's or send 4c for a generous trial tube.

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LIES FLAT
ON THE BRUSH

CANNOT
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DELICIOUS
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